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THE

NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

ORIGINAL PAPERS.

AUTO-BIOGRAPHY OF THEOBALD WOLFE TONE.

A MANUSCRIPT of considerable interest and curiosity has, through the kindness of an Irish friend, been put into our hands, with permission to make such selections from it as under all the circumstances of the times and persons to which it relates, may appear to us to be not unfit for publication. It is a fragment of the personal and political biography of Theobald Wolfe Tone, entitled "Memorandums relative to my Life and Opinions." Of its authenticity we have been completely satisfied. It was written in France towards the latter end of 1796, while the armament for Ireland, under Hoche, which he had prevailed upon the French Directory to fit out, and with which he subsequently embarked, was in the act of being organised at Brest. The opening paragraph adverts to his situation and intentions at the time.

"*Paris, August* 7, 1796.

"As I shall embark in a business within a few days, the event of which is uncertain, I take the opportunity of a vacant hour to throw upon paper a few memorandums relative to myself and my family, which may amuse my boys, for whom I write them, in case they should hereafter fall into their hands."

The commencing pages are accordingly taken up with a minute account of the members and circumstances of his family; but, as he advances, the subject expands, and finally assumes the more comprehensive form of a memoir of the part the writer had acted and was acting in the public history of his own time. The style throughout is natural and simple; some of the details are given with a degree of playfulness and ease that form a remarkable contrast with the solemn trains of thought which must have habitually pressed upon a man on the eve of plunging into the most doubtful and dangerous of human enterprises.

He was born in Dublin on the 20th of June, 1763. His father was a coach-maker, and having acquired by inheritance some freehold leases in the county of Kildare, became involved in a Chancery suit regarding them, which ended in his ruin. His mother, whose maiden name was Lamport, was the daughter of a Captain of a vessel in the West India trade. Both his parents were ordinary persons. All their children were remarkable for a romantic spirit of enterprise. After specifying the early voyages and adventures of his three brothers, William, Matthew, and Arthur, and his sister Mary, he proceeds—

"I come now to myself.—I was, I have said, the eldest child of my parents, and a very great favourite. I was sent at the age of eight and nine to an excellent English school, kept by Lisson Darling, a man to whose kindness and affection I was much indebted, and who took more than common pains with me. I respect him yet. I was very idle, and it was only the fear of shame

which could induce me to exertion. Nevertheless, at the approach of our public examinations, which were held quarterly, at which all my parents and friends attended, I used to labour for some time, and generally with success, as I have obtained six or seven premiums in different branches at our examinations, as mathematics, arithmetic, reading, spelling, recitation, use of the globes, &c. In two branches I always failed—writing, and the catechism, to which last I never could bring myself to apply. Having continued with Mr. Darling about three years, and pretty nearly exhausted the circle of English education, he recommended strongly to my father to put me to a Latin school, and to prepare me for the University, assuring him that I was a fine boy of uncommon talents, particularly for the mathematicks; that it was a thousand pities to throw me away on business, when, by giving me a liberal education there was a moral certainty I should become a Fellow of Trinity College, which was a noble independence, besides the glory of the situation. In these arguments he was supported by the parson of the parish, Dr. Jameson, a worthy man, who used to examine me from time to time in the Elements of Euclid. My father, who, to do him justice, loved me passionately, and spared no expense on me that his circumstances could afford, was easily persuaded by these authorities. It was determined I should be a Fellow of Trinity College. I was taken from Mr. Darling, from whom I parted with regret, and placed about the age of twelve under the care of the Reverend William Craig, a man very different in all respects from my late preceptor. As the school was in the same street (Stafford-street) where we lived, and I was under my father's eye, I began Latin with great ardour, and continued for a year or two with great diligence, when I began Greek, which I found still more to my taste. But about this time, whether unluckily for me or not the future colour of my life must determine, my father, who had for some years entirely neglected his business, and led a very dissipated and irregular life, meeting with an accident of a fall down stairs, by which he was dreadfully wounded in the head, so that he narrowly escaped with his life, found on his recovery his affairs so deranged in all respects, that he determined on quitting business, and retiring to the country; a resolution which he executed accordingly, settling with all his creditors, and placing me with a friend near the school, whom he paid for my diet and lodging, besides allowing me a trifling sum for my pocket. In this manner I became, I may say, my own master before I was sixteen; and as at this hour I am not remarkable for my discretion, it may be well judged I was less so then. The superintendence of my father being removed, I began to calculate that, according to the slow rate chalked out for me by Craig, I could very well do the business of the week in three days, or even two if necessary, and consequently that the other three were lawful prize: I therefore resolved to appropriate three days at least in the week to my amusements, and the others to school, always keeping in the latter three the day of repetition, which included the business of the whole week; by which arrangement I kept my rank with the other boys of my class. I found no difficulty in convincing half a dozen of my schoolfellows of the justice of this distribution of our time; and by this means we established a regular system of what is called *mitching*, and we contrived, being some of the smartest boys at school, to get an ascendency over the spirit of the master, so that, when we entered the school in a body after one of our days of relaxation, he did not choose to burn his fingers with any of us, nor did he once write to my father to inform him of my proceedings: for which he most certainly was highly culpable. I must do myself and my schoolfellows the justice to say, that, though we were abominably idle, we were not vicious. Our amusements consisted in walking to the country, in swimming-parties in the sea, and particularly in attending all parades, field-days, and reviews of the garrison of Dublin in the Phœnix Park. I mention this particularly, because, independently of confirming me in a rooted habit of idleness, which I lament most exceedingly, I trace to the splendid appearance of the troops, and the pomp and parade of military show, the

untamable desire I have ever since had to become a soldier, a desire which has never since quitted me, and which, after sixteen years of various adventures, I am at last at liberty to indulge. Being at this time approaching seventeen years of age, it will not be thought incredible that women began to appear lovely in my eyes; and I very wisely thought that a red coat and cockade, with a pair of gold epaulettes, would aid me considerably in my approaches to the objects of my adoration. This, combined with the reasons above mentioned, decided me. I began to look on classical learning as nonsense, on a fellowship of Dublin College as a pitiful establishment; and, in short, I thought an ensign in a marching regiment was the happiest creature living. The hour when I was to enter the University, which now approached, I looked forward to with horror and disgust. I absented myself more and more from school, to which I preferred minding the recruits on drill at the barracks, so that at length my schoolmaster, who apprehended I should be found insufficient at the examination for entering the college, and that he in consequence would come in for his share of the disgrace, thought proper to do what he should have done at least three years before, and wrote my father a full account of my proceedings. This immediately produced a violent dispute between us. I declared my passion for the army, and my utter dislike to a learned profession; but my father was as obstinate as I, and, as he utterly refused to give me any assistance to forward my scheme, I had no resource but to submit, or to follow my brother William's example*, which I was too proud to do. In consequence I sat down again with a very bad grace to pull up my lost time; and at length, after labouring for some time sorely against the grain, I entered a pensioner of Trinity College, in February 1781, being then not quite eighteen years of age. My tutor was the Rev. Matthew Young, the most popular in the University, and one of the first mathematicians in Europe. At first I began to study logic courageously, but unluckily, at my first examination, I happened to fall into the hands of an egregious dunce, one Ledwiche, who, instead of giving me the premium, which as best answerer I undoubtedly merited, awarded it to another, and to me very indifferent judgments. I did not stand in need of this piece of injustice to alienate me once more from my studies. I returned with eagerness to my military plan. I besought my father to equip me as a volunteer, and to suffer me to join the army in America, where the war still raged. He refused me, as before; and in revenge I would not go near the College, nor open a book that was not a military one. In this manner we continued about a twelvemonth on very bad terms, as may be well supposed, without either party relaxing an inch from their determination. At length, seeing the war in America drawing to a close, and being beset by some of my friends who surrounded me, particularly Dr. Jameson, whom I have already mentioned, and a Mr. G. J. Brown, who had been sub-master at Mr. Darling's academy, and was now become a lawyer, I submitted a second time and returned to my studies, after an interval of above a year. To punish me for my obstinacy, I was obliged to submit *to drop a class*, as it is called, in the University; that is, to recommence with the students who had entered a year after me. I continued my studies at college, as I had done at school; that is, I idled until the last moment of delay. I then laboured hard for about a fortnight before the public examinations; and I always secured good judgments, besides obtaining the premiums in the three last years of my course."

The two next years, 1783 and 1784, were chiefly dedicated to a hopeless passion. He formed an acquaintance with a married lady of rank, and, to his youthful fancy, of surpassing attractions: she had, he says, extraordinary talents for the stage, which she displayed on a private theatre, fitted up for the occasion in her own house. Young Tone,

* Who had run off to London at the age of sixteen, and enlisted as a volunteer in the East India Company's service.

"being somewhat of an actor," was invited to live in the house, and bear a part in the representations. The perilous familiarity of rehearsals, fainting scenes, &c. followed; and, "having an imagination easily warmed, without one grain of discretion to regulate it," he in due course fell desperately in love. We pass over the details, though there is nothing in them which would not bear to be published. He was miserable for two years, when an accidental dispute with the lady's husband separated him from her, and he never saw her more.

"But," he says, concluding this passage of his life, "if I suffered, as I did most severely by this unfortunate passion, I also reaped some benefit from it. The desire to render myself agreeable to a woman of elegant manners and a mind highly cultivated, induced me to attend to a thousand little things, and to endeavour to polish myself to a certain degree, so that, after the first transport of rage and grief at her loss had subsided, I considered myself on the whole as considerably improved; and as no human passion is proof against time and absence, in a few months I recovered my tranquillity."

A more permanent attachment quickly succeeded. The following is his brief, but characteristic account of his courtship and marriage.

"At length, about the beginning of the year 1785, I became acquainted with my wife. She was the daughter of William Witherington, and lived at that time in Grafton street, in the house of her grandfather, a rich old clergyman of the name of Fanning. I was then a scholar of the house in the University, and every day after commons I used to walk under the windows with one or two of my fellow-students. I soon became passionately fond of her, and she also was struck with me, though certainly my appearance neither then (nor now) was much in my favour. So it was, however, that before we had ever spoken to each other, a mutual affection had commenced between us. She was at this time not sixteen years of age, and as beautiful as an angel. She had a brother some years older than herself. As it was necessary for my admission to the family that I should be first acquainted with him, I soon contrived to be introduced to him; and as he played well on the violin, and as I was myself a musical man, we soon grew intimate, the more so, as it may be well supposed I neglected no fair means to recommend myself to him and the rest of the family with whom I soon grew a favourite. My affairs now advanced prosperously; my wife and I grew more passionately fond of each other, and in a short time I proposed to her to marry me, without asking consent of any one, knowing well it would be in vain to expect it. She accepted the proposal as frankly as it was made, and *one beautiful morning in the month of July we ran off together and were married.* I carried her out of town to Maynooth for a few days; and when the first *eclat* of passion had subsided, we were forgiven on all sides, and settled in lodgings near my wife's grandfather. I was now for a very short time as happy as possible, in the possession of a beautiful creature that I adored, and who every hour grew more and more upon my heart. The scheme of a fellowship, which I never relished, was now abandoned; and it was determined that when I had taken my degree of bachelor of arts, I should go to the Temple to study the law, and be called to the Bar. I continued, in consequence, my studies in the University, and obtained my last premium two or three months after I was married. In February 1786 I commenced Bachelor of Arts, and shortly after I resigned my scholarship, and quitted the University. I may observe here that I made some figure as a scholar, and should have been much more successful if I had not been so inveterately idle,—partly owing to my passion for a military life, and partly to the distraction to which my natural disposition and temperament but too much exposed me. As it was, however, I obtained a scholarship, three premiums and three silver medals from the Historical Society, a most admirable institution, of which I had the honour to be auditor, and also to close the session

with a speech from the chair, the highest compliment which that Society is used to bestow. I look back upon my college days with regret, and I preserve, and ever shall, a most sincere affection for the University of Dublin."

Soon after his marriage, disputes having arisen between him and his wife's relations, he removed to his father's, who resided in the county of Kildare. The midnight rulers of Ireland were then as active, though probably less ferocious than at present. The following account of one of their domiciliary visits, which happened nearly forty years ago, has such a modern air about it, that one almost fancies one has already read the details in some of the recent despatches from the Rock districts. We extract it, as affording from the comparison of dates an edifying specimen of the stability of crime and danger, with which particular plans of government, heroically persevered in, are ever sure to be rewarded.

"After an interval of a few months, my wife was brought to bed of a girl, a circumstance which, if possible, increased my love for her a thousand-fold; but our tranquillity was again broken in upon by a most terrible event. On the night of the 16th of October 1786, the house was broken open by a gang of robbers, to the number of six, armed with pistols and having their faces blackened. Having tied the whole family, they proceeded to plunder and demolish every article they could find, even to the unprofitable villainy of breaking the china, looking-glasses, &c. At length, after two hours, a maid servant whom they had tied negligently having made her escape, they took the alarm, and fled with precipitation, leaving the house such a scene of horror and confusion, as can hardly be imagined. With regard to myself, it is impossible to conceive what I suffered. As it was early in the night, I happened to be in the court-yard, where I was seized and tied by the gang, who then proceeded to break into the house, leaving a ruffian sentinel over me with a case of pistols cocked in his hand. In this situation I lay for two hours, and could hear distinctly the devastation that was going on within. I expected death every instant, and can safely and with great truth declare, that my apprehension for my wife had so totally absorbed the whole of my mind, that my own existence was just then the least of my concern. When the villains, including my sentry, ran off, I scrambled on my feet with some difficulty, and made my way to a window, where I called, but received no answer. My heart died within me. I proceeded to another, and another, but still no answer. It was horrible. I set myself to gnaw the cords with which I was tied, in a transport of agony and rage; for I verily believed that my whole family lay murdered within, when I was relieved from my unspeakable horror and anguish by my wife's voice, which I heard calling on my name at the end of the house. It seems, as soon as the robbers fled, those within had untied themselves with great difficulty, and made their escape through a back window. They had got a considerable distance from the house, before, in their fright, they recollected me, of whose fate they were utterly ignorant, as I was of theirs. Under these terrible circumstances my wife had the courage to return, alone and in the dark, to find me out, not knowing but she might again fall into the hands of the villains from whom she had scarcely escaped, or that I might be lying a lifeless corpse at the threshold. I can imagine no greater effort of courage; but of what is not a woman capable, for him she truly loves? She cut the cords which bound me, and at length we joined the rest of the family at a little hamlet within half a mile of the house, whither they had fled for shelter. Of all the adventures wherein I have been hitherto engaged, this undoubtedly was the most horrible. It makes me shudder even now to think of it. It was some consolation that none of us sustained any personal injury, except my father, whom one of the villains scored on the side of the head with a knife. They respected the women, whose danger made my only fear; and one of them had even the humanity to carry our little daughter from her cradle, where she lay screaming, and to place

her beside my wife on the bed, wherein she was tied with my mother and sister. This terrible scene, besides infinitely distressing us otherwise by the heavy loss we sustained, and which my father's circumstances could very ill bear, destroyed in a great degree our domestic enjoyments. I slept continually with a case of pistols at my pillow; and a mouse could not stir but I was on my feet and through the house from top to bottom. If any one knocked after night-fall, we flew to our arms; and in this manner we kept a most painful garrison through the winter."

As soon as the family affairs had in some degree recovered from this disaster, his father supplied him with a small sum of money; and he set off for London, leaving his wife and child under the care of his father, who treated them, during his absence, with great affection. From this period the story increases in personal and general interest.

"I arrived in London in January 1787, and immediately entered my name as a student at law, on the books of the Middle Temple; but this, I may say, was all the progress I ever made in the profession. I had no affection for study in general; but that of the law I particularly disliked, and to this hour I think it an illiberal profession, both in its principles and practice. I was likewise answerable to nobody for my conduct; and in consequence, after the first month I never opened a law-book, nor was I ever three times in Westminster Hall in my life. In addition to the reasons I have mentioned, the extreme uncertainty of my circumstances, which kept me in much uneasiness of mind, disabled me totally from that cool and systematic habit of study which is indispensable for attaining a knowledge of a science so abstruse and difficult as that of the English Code. However, one way or another I contrived to make it out. I had chambers in the Temple (No. 4, Hare-court) on the first floor; and whatever difficulties I had otherwise to struggle with, I contrived always to preserve the appearance of a gentleman, and to maintain my rank with my fellow-students, if I can call myself a student. One resource I derived from the exercise of my talents, such as they were: I wrote several articles for the European Magazine, mostly critical reviews of new publications. My reviews were but poor performances enough; however, they were in general as good as those of my brother critics, and in two years I received, I suppose, about fifty pounds for my writings: which was my main object, for as to literary fame, I had then no great ambition to obtain it. I likewise, in conjunction with two of my friends, named Jebb and Radcliffe, wrote a burlesque novel, which we called Belmont Castle, and was intended to ridicule the execrable trash of the circulating libraries. It was tolerably well done, particularly Radcliffe's part, which was by far the best:—yet so it was, that we could not find a bookseller that would risk the printing of it, though we offered the copyright *gratis* to several. It was afterwards printed in Dublin, and had some success; but I believe, after all, it was most relished by the authors and their immediate connexions.

"At the Temple I became intimate with several young men of situation and respectability, particularly with the Honourable George Knox, son of Lord Northland, with whom I formed a friendship, of which I am as proud as of any circumstance of my life. He is a man of inappreciable merit, and loved to a degree of enthusiasm, by all who have the happiness to know him. I scarcely know any person whose esteem and approbation I covet so much; and I had long after the commencement of our acquaintance, when I was in circumstances of peculiar and trying difficulty, and deserted by many of my former friends, the unspeakable consolation and support of finding George Knox still the same, and preserving his esteem unabated. His steady friendship on that occasion I shall mention in its place—it has made an indelible impression of gratitude and affection on my heart. I likewise renewed an old college acquaintance with John Hall, who by different accessions to his fortune was now at the head of about fourteen thousand a-year. He had

changed his name twice for two estates; first to that of Stevenson, and then Wharton, which is his present name. He was then a member of the British Parliament, and to his friendship I was indebted for the sum of a hundred and fifty pounds at a time when I was under pecuniary difficulties. Another old college friend I recall with sentiments of sincere affection, Benjamin Phillips of Cork. He kept a kind of bachelor's house, with good wine and an excellent collection of books (*not law books*), all of which were as much at my command as at his. With some oddities, which to me only rendered him more amusing, he had a great fund of information, particularly of political detail; and in his company I spent some of the pleasantest hours which I passed in London. At length, after I had been at the Temple something better than a year, my brother William, who was returned a few months before from his first expedition to St. Helena, joined me, and we lived together in the greatest amity and affection for about nine months, being the remainder of my stay in London. At this distance of time (now eight years) I feel my heart swell at the recollection of the happy hours we spent together. We were often without a guinea; but that never affected our spirits for a moment; and if ever I felt myself depressed by any untoward circumstance, I had a never-failing resource and consolation in his friendship, his courage, and the invincible gaiety of his disposition, which nothing could ruffle. With the companionable qualities he possessed, it is no wonder he recommended himself to Ben Phillips, so that he was soon, I believe, a greater favourite with him than ever I was. They were inseparable. It fills my mind now with a kind of tender melancholy which is not unpleasing, to recall the many delightful days we three have spent together, and the walks we have taken, sometimes to a review, sometimes to see a ship of war launched, sometimes to visit the Indiamen at Deptford, a favourite expedition with Phillips. William, besides his natural gaiety, had an inexhaustible fund of pure Irish humour. I was pretty well myself, and Phillips, like the landlord of the "Hercules Pillars," was "an excellent third man." In short we made it out together admirably."

There is simplicity, and to us a good deal of interest, in all this. What follows is more immediately characteristic of the man and his future destiny, exhibiting, in a very striking point of view, that inordinate zeal for action which was so soon to connect his life and death with the public history of his country.

"As I foresaw by this time that I should never be Lord Chancellor, and as my mind was naturally active, a scheme occurred to me, to the maturing of which I devoted some time and study. This was a proposal to the minister to establish a colony in one of Cook's newly-discovered islands in the South Sea on a military plan (for all my ideas ran in that track), in order to put a bridle on Spain in time of peace, and to annoy her grievously in that quarter in time of war. In arranging this system, which I think even now was a good one for England, I read every book I could find relating to South America, as Ulloa, Anson, Dampier, Woodes, Rogers, Narborough, and especially the Buccaneers, who were my heroes, and whom I proposed to myself as the archetypes of the future colonists. Many and many a delightful evening did my brother, Phillips, and I spend in reading, writing, and talking of my project, in which, if it had been adopted, it was our firm resolution to have embarked. At length, when we had reduced it into a regular shape, I drew up a memorial on the subject, which I addressed to Mr. Pitt, and delivered with my own hands to the porter in Downing-street. We waited, I will not say patiently, for about ten days, when I addressed a letter to the minister, mentioning my memorial, and praying an answer; but this application was as unsuccessful as the former. Mr. Pitt took not the smallest notice of either memorial or letter; and all the benefit we reaped from our scheme was the amusement it afforded us during three months, in which it was the subject of our constant speculation. I regret those

delightful reveries which then occupied my mind. It was my first essay in what I may call politics, and my disappointment made such an impression on me as is not yet quite obliterated. In my anger I made something like a vow, that if ever I had an opportunity, I would make Mr. Pitt sorry, and perhaps fortune may yet enable me to fulfill my resolution. It was about this time that I had a very narrow escape. My affairs were exceedingly embarrassed; and just at a moment when my mind was harassed and sore with my own vexations, I received a letter from my father, filled with complaints, and a description of the ruin of his circumstances. In a transport of rage, I determined to enlist as a soldier in the India Company's service, to quit Europe for ever, and to leave my wife and child to the mercy of her family, who might, I hoped, be perhaps kinder to her when I was removed. My brother combated this desperate resolution by every argument in his power; but at length, when he saw me determined, he declared that I should not go alone, and that he would share my fate to the last extremity. In this gloomy state of mind, deserted as we thought by Gods and men, we set out together for the India House in Leadenhall-street, to offer ourselves as volunteers; but on our arrival there we were informed that the season was past, that no more ships would be sent out that year, but that, if we returned about the month of March following, we might be received. The *commis* to whom we addressed ourselves seemed not a little surprised at two young fellows of our appearance presenting ourselves on such a business; for we were extremely well dressed, and Will, who was the spokesman for us both, had an admirable address. Thus were we stopped; and I believe we were the single instance, since the beginning of the world, of two men absolutely bent on ruining themselves, who could not find the means. We returned to my chambers, and, desperate as were our fortunes, we could not help laughing at the circumstance that India, the great gulf of all undone beings, should be shut against us alone. Had it been the month of March instead of September, we should most infallibly have gone off; and in that case I should most probably at this hour be carrying a brown musket on the coast of Coromandel. Providence, however, decreed it otherwise, and reserved me, as I hope, for better things."

Having completed his terms at the Temple, he caused an application to be made to his wife's grandfather to learn his intentions as to her fortune. The old gentleman consented to give 500*l.* and expressed a wish for Tone's immediate return.

"In consequence I packed up directly, and set off with my brother for Ireland. We landed in Dublin the 23d December, and on Christmas-day 1788 arrived at my father's house at Blackhall, where I had the satisfaction to find all my family in health, except my wife, who was grown delicate principally from the anxiety of her mind on the uncertainty of her situation. Our little girl was now between two and three years old, and was charming. After remaining a few days at Blackhall, we came up to Dublin, and were received as at first, in Grafton-street, by my wife's family. Mr. Fanning paid me punctually the sum he had promised, and my wife and I flattered ourselves that all past animosities were forgotten. I now took lodgings in Clarendon-street, purchased about a hundred pounds worth of law-books, and determined in earnest to begin and study the profession to which I was doomed. In pursuance of this resolution, I commenced Bachelor of Laws in February 1789, and was called to the Bar in due form the Trinity Term following; shortly after which I went my first (the Leinster) circuit, having been previously elected a member of the law club. On this circuit, notwithstanding my ignorance, I pretty nearly cleared my expenses, and I cannot doubt, if I had continued to apply sedulously to the law, that I might have risen to some eminence; but, whether it was my incorrigible habit of idleness, or the sincere dislike I had to the profession, which the little insight I was beginning to get into it did not tend to remove, or whether it was a controlling

destiny I know not, but so it was, that I soon got sick and weary of the law. I continued, however, for form's sake to go to the courts, and wear a foolish wig and gown for a considerable time; and I went the circuit, I believe, in all three times; but as I was, modestly speaking, one of the most ignorant barristers in the Four Courts, and as I took little or rather no pains to conceal my contempt and dislike of the profession, and especially as I had neither the means nor the inclination to treat Messrs. the attorneys, and to make them drink (a sacrifice of their respectability which even the most liberal-minded of the profession are obliged to make) I made, as well it may be supposed, no great exhibition at the Irish Bar."

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"As the law grew every day more and more disgustful, to which my want of success contributed, though in that respect I never had the injustice to accuse the world of insensibility to my merit, as I well knew the fault was my own, but being, as I said, more and more weary of a profession for which my temper and habits so utterly disqualified me, I turned my attention to politics; and as one or two of my friends had written pamphlets with success, I determined to try my hand on a pamphlet:—just at the period the Whig Club was instituted in Ireland, and the press groaned with publications against them on the part of Government. Two or three 'Defences' had likewise appeared, but none of them extraordinary. Under these circumstances, though I was very far from entirely approving the system of the Whig Club, and much less their principles and motives, yet seeing them at the time the best-constituted political body which the country afforded, and agreeing with most of their positions, though my own private opinions went infinitely farther, I thought I could venture on their defence without violating my own consistency. I therefore sat down, and in a few days finished my first pamphlet, which I entitled 'A Review of the last Session of Parliament.' To speak candidly of this performance, it was barely above mediocrity,—if it rose so high; nevertheless, as it was written evidently on honest principles, and did not censure or flatter one party or the other without assigning sufficient reason, it had a certain degree of success. 'The Northern Whig Club' reprinted and distributed a large impression at their own expense, with an introduction highly complimentary to the author, whom at that time they did not even know; and a very short time after, when it was known that the production was mine, they did me the honour to elect me a member of their body, which they notified to me by a very handsome letter signed by their secretary, Henry Joy, Jun. of Belfast, and to which I returned a suitable answer. But this was not all. The leaders of the Whig Club, conceiving my talents, such as they were, might be of service to their cause, and not expecting much intractability from a young lawyer who had his fortune to make, sent a brother barrister to compliment me on my performance, and to thank me for the zeal and ability I had shewn. I was in consequence introduced to George Ponsonby, a distinguished member of the body, and who might be considered as the leader of the Irish Opposition. With him, however, I never had any communication further than ordinary civilities. Shortly after the barrister above-mentioned spoke to me again. He told me the Ponsonbys were a most powerful family in Ireland, that they were much pleased with my exertion, and wished in consequence to attach me to them; that I

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* The fatal issue of Wolfe Tone's career may be ultimately attributed to his ignorance of one of the most notorious maxims of the English law on the doctrine of allegiance. Previous to the action of Lough-Swilly, and while Admiral Warren was bearing down with a greatly superior force upon the French fleet, a fast-sailing French brig hove alongside the Hoche, and sent a boat aboard to carry off Tone and the other united Irishmen. All but Tone escaped. He could not be persuaded to accompany his friends. He had taken up the notion that his commission in the French army would operate as a legal defence to a prosecution for high treason. He attempted to avail himself of the plea upon his trial, but of course ineffectually.

should be employed as counsel on a petition then pending before the House of Commons, which would put an hundred guineas in my pocket; and that I should have professional business put in my way from time to time that should produce me at least as much per annum. He added that they were then, it was true, out of place, but that they would not be always so, and that on their return to office, their friends, when out of power, would naturally be first considered. He likewise observed that they had influence, direct or indirect, over no less than two and twenty seats in parliament; and he insinuated pretty plainly, that when we were better acquainted, it was highly probable I might come in for one of the first vacancies. All this was highly flattering to me, the more so as my wife's fortune was now nearly exhausted, partly by our inevitable expenses, and partly by my unsuccessful efforts to extricate my father. I did, it was true, not much relish the attaching myself to any great man or set of men; but I considered, as I have said before, that the principles they advanced were such as I could conscientiously support, *so far as they went*, though mine went much beyond them. I therefore thought there was no dishonour in the proposed connexion; and I was certainly dazzled at the prospect of a seat in parliament, at which my ambition began to expand. I signified, in consequence, my readiness to attach myself to the Whigs, and I was instantly retained, on the petition for the borough of Dungannon, on the part of James Carrigen Ponsonby, Esq. I now looked upon myself as a sort of political character, and began to suppose that the House of Commons, and not the Bar, was to be the scene of my future exertions. But in this I reckoned like a sanguine young man. Month after month elapsed without any communication on the part of George Ponsonby, whom I looked upon as most immediately my object. He always spoke to me, when we met by chance, with great civility; but I observed that he never mentioned one word of politics. I therefore at last concluded that he had changed his mind, or that, on a nearer view, he had found my want of capacity. In short, I gave up all thoughts of the connexion, and determined to trouble myself no more about Ponsonby or the Whigs; and I calculated that I had written a pamphlet which they thought had served them, and that they had in consequence employed me professionally in a business which produced me eighty guineas. Accounts were balanced on both sides, and all further connexion was at an end. But my mind had now got a turn for politics. I thought I had at last found my element, and I plunged into it with eagerness. A closer examination into the situation of my native country had very considerably extended my views; and, as I was sincerely and honestly attached to her interests, I soon found reason not to regret that the Whigs had not thought me an object worthy of their cultivation. I made speedily, what was to me a very great discovery, though I might have found it in Swift and Molyneux, that the influence of England was the radical vice of our government, and consequently, that Ireland would never be either free, prosperous, or happy, until she was independent, and that independence was unattainable while the connexion with England lasted. In forming this theory, which has ever since unvaryingly directed my political conduct, to which I have sacrificed every thing, and am ready to sacrifice my life if necessary, I was exceedingly assisted by an old friend of mine, whom I look upon as one of the very *very* few honest men in the Irish House of Commons. It was he who first turned my attention to this great question, but I very soon ran far ahead of my master. It is in fact to him I am indebted for the first comprehensive view of the actual situation of Ireland. What his conduct might be in a crisis, I know not; but I can answer for the truth and justice of his theory.

"I now began to look on the little politics of the Whig Club with great contempt—their piddling about petty grievances, instead of going to the root of the evil: and I rejoiced that if I was poor, as I was actually, I had preserved my independence, and could speak my sentiments without being responsible to any body but the law. An occasion soon offered to give vent to my newly

received opinions. On the appearance of a rupture with Spain, I wrote a pamphlet to prove that Ireland was not bound by the declaration of war, but might and ought, as an independent nation, to stipulate for a neutrality. In examining this question, I advanced the question of separation with scarcely any reserve, much less disguise. But the public mind was by no means so far advanced as I was, and my pamphlet made not the smallest impression. The day after it appeared, as I stood *perdu* in the bookseller's shop, listening after my own reputation, Sir Harry Cavendish, a notorious slave of the House of Commons, entered, and throwing my unfortunate pamphlet on the counter in a rage, exclaimed, '*Mr. Byrne, if the author of that work is serious, he ought to be hanged.*' Sir Harry was succeeded by a Bishop, an English doctor of divinity, with five or six thousand a year laboriously earned in the church. His Lordship's anger was not much less than that of the other personage. '*Sir,*' said he, '*if the principles of that abominable work were spread, do you know that you would have to pay for your coals at the rate of five pounds a ton?*' Notwithstanding these criticisms, which I have faithfully quoted against myself, I continue to think my pamphlet a good one; but, apparently, the publisher, Mr. Byrne, was of a different opinion, for I have reason to believe that he suppressed the whole impression, 'for which his own G——ds damn him!'"

THE WIND.

THE Wind has a language I would I could learn:
Sometimes 'tis soothing, and sometimes 'tis stern,
—Sometimes it comes like a low, sweet song,
And all things grow calm, as the sound floats along,
And the forest is lull'd by the dreamy strain,
And slumber sinks down on the wandering main,
And its crystal arms are folded in rest,
And the tall ship sleeps on its heaving breast.

Sometimes, when Autumn grows yellow and sear,
And the sad clouds weep for the dying year,
It comes like a wizard, and mutters its spell,
—I would that the magical tones I might tell—
And it beckons the leaves with its viewless hand,
And they leap from the branches at its command,
And follow its footsteps with wheeling feet,
Like fairies that dance in the moonlight sweet.

Sometimes it comes in the wintry night,
And I hear the flap of its pinions of might,
And I see the flash of its withering eye,
As it looks from the thunder-cloud sailing on high,
And pauses to gather its fearful breath,
And lifts up its voice, like the angel of death,—
And the billows leap up when the summons they hear,
And the ship flies away, as if winged with fear,
And the uncouth creatures that dwell in the deep,
Start up at the sound from their floating sleep,
And career through the waters, like clouds through the night,
To share in the tumult their joy and delight,—
And when the moon rises, the ship is no more,
Its joys and its sorrows are vanish'd and o'er,
And the fierce storm that slew it, has faded away,
Like the dark dream that flies from the light of the day!

O.

GRIMM'S GHOST.

LETTER XVIII.

Advisers.

THERE is a family named Partington, that has lately commenced its residence in Upper Harley-street. It consists of a father, a mother, two sons, and two daughters. The father is a sturdy, red-faced, good sort of man, and the mother is a slender, sallow, good sort of woman. John, the elder son, is with his father in the wine and spirit line, in America-square: Charles, the younger son, is in the law: the two girls expect to be married. There is at present a great deal of *Advice* stirring about London, and the Partingtons have given and received more than their due proportion of it. It has often astonished me why so much of that commodity has been, and continues to be given: nobody thanks you for it: indeed, nine people out of ten tell you, in pretty plain terms, to keep your advice to yourself—yet still we continue to give it. Never was benevolence more gratuitous than ours!

Hardly was old Partington well settled in Upper Harley-street, in a most commodious situation, inasmuch as it commanded a corner view of the outside of the Diorama, with a peep at the little statue of the late Duke of Kent at the top of Portland-place, when he received a visit from his crony Mr. Chapman, of Devonshire-square, Bishopsgate-street, who called to give him some advice as to his recent proceedings. Mr. Chapman commenced his harangue in one of the accustomed forms: "Now, Mr. Partington, I am sure you have too much good sense to be offended at what I am about to say:" Mr. Partington assured him, in answer, that he had a great deal too much good sense; whereupon the adviser, in reply, began to descant upon the extreme folly of Mr. Partington in quitting his city residence to sojourn in Upper Harley-street. The adviser reminded the advisee of those happy days when, Bedlam being then standing upon London Wall, they used to walk up and down Moorfields in front of the iron gates of that edifice, for half an hour before dinner, to get an appetite. A needless ceremony, but persisted in notwithstanding. Mr. Partington owned, with downcast eyes, that such had been their practice; but alleged in his defence, that nobody lived in the city at present,—"even Bedlam has deserted it," exclaimed he, with a sigh. "True," answered the adviser, "and if you had removed your quarters to St. George's Fields, I should not have so much wondered; but what the deuce could draw you to Upper Harley-street? Why, now, there was last Thursday, you gave us a dinner; the party consisted of Tom Jackson, Chatfield, Shuttleworth, Newman, and myself. Jackson lives in Watling-street, Chatfield in Crutched Friars, Shuttleworth in Barbican, Newman in Sise-lane, and I in Devonshire-square. We came, as you may remember, in a hackney-coach together, and we talked you and your family over all the way, from Cheapside to the corner of Cavendish-square. We each of us agreed to give you some good advice with respect to coming back again to the city: but, somehow, when it came to the push, nobody was bold enough to begin. Let me now advise you as a friend: if you have not yet signed and sealed, declare off, and come back again. We have dined with you once, in the way of friendship; but, my dear Jonathan, when you could have us all to dinner in a ring fence, within one hundred yards of the

Royal Exchange, what could put it into your head to drag us four miles off, to cut your mutton in Marybone parish?" Mr. Chapman now retired, and Mr. Partington took his advice as children take physic, by canting it out of the window the moment the apothecary's back is turned. The lease was executed that very morning, and Mr. Partington, notwithstanding a strong internal aversion to the hot chalky dusty corner of the Portland-road, became tenant of the house in Upper Harley-street for twenty-one years, from Christmas-day then last past. Men in the spirit line are not to be advised with impunity.

Whilst this affair was transacting in the small back apartment behind the dining-room (the only one in the whole house which a married man can call his own, and even this is apt to be invaded by hats, canes, and umbrellas out of number), advice was going on at a great rate in the front drawing-room upstairs. Mrs. Chambers was full tilt at Mrs. Partington, advising her how to manage her family. "My dear Mem, (for to this diminutive is our French madame humbled since the Revolution)—my dear Mem," said this matronly Mentor, "only conceive that you should never have heard of Doctor Level. I've got three of my girls down under his hands, and I hope to get Julia down the moment she comes from school."—"Down! Mrs. Chambers, I don't quite understand you."—"No! only conceive how odd! By down, I mean down flat upon their backs upon three sofas. Doctor Level says it's the only way to bring up girls straight. All depends upon the spine: nerves, bile, tooth-ache, asthma, and every thing of that kind: all springs from the spine."—"Well! but, Mrs. Chambers, is not horse exercise a better thing? my girls ride in St. James's Park now and then, with their brother Charles, as a make-weight. I can assure you, several young men of very considerable property ride there; and, according to my calculation, men are more apt to fall in love on horseback than on foot."—"Horseback! only conceive how dreadful! Doctor Level won't hear of it: he says girls should be kept quiet—quite quiet: now you know Anna is short and rather thick in her figure: the poor girl burst into tears on reading that Lord Byron hated a dumpy woman: I was quite in despair about her: only conceive! no more figure than my thumb! I spoke to Doctor Level about it, and he said, 'It's no matter, she must have the *long gaiters*.'"—"Long gaiters, Mrs. Chambers! a very pretty appurtenance to a grenadier, but surely for a diminutive young lady—."—"Oh, Mem, I beg your pardon; it's the best thing in the world: let me advise you as a friend to try the long gaiters.* I'll venture to say, that in six years he would make little Crachami as long as the Queen of the Sandwich Islands. How he manages it I don't know: but there are two long straps that keep down the shoulders and flatten the ankles; then he turns a sort of screw, under the sofa, which sets the straps in motion, and pulls out the body just for all the world, as if he were rolling out paste for a gooseberry-pie crust. Well, my dear Mem, would you believe it? we have already gained two inches; and Doctor Level promised me, if I keep Anna quite quiet for three years and seven months, she may get up quite a genteel figure—Jemima and Lucy are rather better figures: I hope to have them up and about in a twelve-

* Qu. Elongaters? EDITOR.

month."—"Poor girls, don't they find it very dull?"—"Oh no; I left them this morning with 'Irving's Four Orations,' and 'Southey's History of the Brazils.' Plenty of amusement, that's my maxim! Let me advise you as a friend to follow my example." Mrs. Chambers was qualified to give all this advice from living in Lower Grosvenor-street, which gave her much more knowledge of the world (especially on a fine Sunday), than could be possessed by an inhabitant of Upper Harley-street. Mrs. Partington, for the same reason, was bound to take it in seeming thankfulness. Most fortunate was it for the two Misses Partington, that their mamma was "advised as a friend." But for those soul-revolting expressions, Mrs. Partington might have been induced to call in Doctor Level to bind her daughters' back-bones over to their good behaviour: and the two Misses Partington, in lieu of cantering under the back-wall of Marlborough House, and kicking up as much dust as a couple of countesses, might, at this present writing, have been flat on their backs, in the back drawing-room in Upper Harley-street, like a couple of Patiences on a monument, smiling at a whitewashed ceiling!

The trunk of the family-tree of the Partingtons is not the only part of that venerable fabric destined to be assailed by advice. The branches have suffered considerably by the same tempest. John Partington, the eldest son, is suspected of entertaining a *penchant* for Fanny Smith, a figurante at the Coburg Theatre. The affair has been long whispered in the family, and his aunt Isabella has lately thought it her duty to give him a little advice. Aunt Isabella lives in Great George-street, Westminster: a celebrated beauty in her day, but that day was not this. The private nickname of Aunt Isabella in the family, is Aunt *Was*-a-bella, but this has never come to her ears, as she has money to leave. Aunt Isabella now inserts red paint into the channels of her cheeks. With such an admirable specimen of "the florid gothic" under his very nose, how could Mr. Soane have clapped a Grecian court of justice upon the right flank of Westminster Hall? "Nephew John," said aunt Isabella, "sit down by the fire, but don't put your feet upon that hearth-rug. Is not it pretty? I bought it of Mrs. Fry, who bought it of an interesting young woman in Newgate. John, you know I have your good at heart." John fidgeted, and looked wistfully at his hat, which he had left unluckily out of reach. Mrs. Isabella, after the above stock prelude, poured forth her cornucopia of advice; which she assured him she should not have given, if she had not been sure of his having too much good sense to feel offended at what she was about to say. She begged to hint to him in confidence that his goings on were no secret: she pointed to Hogarth's "Rake's Progress," a series of delicate engravings that adorned the walls of her boudoir: she then took down a volume of Bell's "British Theatre," which she opened at George Barnwell, and assured him that it was every word true: she proved to his conviction that virtue was a good thing and vice a bad one: and concluded by intimating, that figurantes were, like tetotums, to be looked at, but not touched. John Partington promised amendment; and on the very day following, drove Fanny Smith in his Stanhope to Epsom races, in a white satin pelisse and a Leghorn hat with an undulating brim. In so doing, John Partington, I fear, acted too hastily. He should first have consulted his biographical dictionary, wherein he might surely have found many instances of men who had given up a young mistress,

because desired so to do by an old aunt. No such case occurs to me, off hand, but many are doubtless to be met with in the books.

But of all advisers, commend me to Charles Partington, the youngest son; who, as I before mentioned, is bred to the law. To be sure the young man has suffered advice in his time, about giving up Lord Byron and sticking to the Term Reports, but that is no reason for his inflicting it so unmercifully upon others. Charles always advises his two sisters whom to dance with, and where to buy their white kid gloves and Albums. He advised his aunt Isabella by all means to go to the University Club-house, to meet the Duchess of Gloucester: aunt Isabella complied, with a private hope of meeting a cherry-cheeked fiddler from Oriel, who wrote Mus. Bac. Oxon. after his name: but she lay four hours upon the stairs, and after all missed the fiddler. He also advised his said aunt to go to Cross-street, Hatton-garden, where there is more advice wasted than in all the Metropolis besides. Aunt Isabella complied, but did not much like it. She objected to the phrase of "a guilty heart striking its fangs into its own proper bosom," alleging that a heart has no fangs; and that though a bosom has a heart, it by no means follows that a heart has a bosom. I fear she is growing too nice in her metaphors. Charles Partington's last advices are scattered upon his cousin Emily Green, who was courted by Captain Taper. Charles advised her by no means to think of him, and then trotted all over London in quest of proofs. These did not extend beyond shewing the lover to be a swindler, a drunkard, and a debauchee; but they seemed to answer every purpose. Emily cried; and, possessed by her adviser of all the Captain's frailties in a focus, said she was now quite happy: she could never sufficiently thank her cousin Charles for the good advice he had given her: she begged he would take charge of a whole packet of love-letters and deliver them to the Captain, receiving hers in exchange. Charles snatched up the deposit, and ran across the Park to Arabella-row, Pimlico, as hard as he could lay leg to ground. He found the Captain at home, and, after giving him a world of good advice with respect to paying his debts and leaving off wine and women, laid his budget of epistles upon the table. The Captain, with sorrowful solemnity, gave up Emily's letters in return; and as a parting request, urged Charles Partington to deliver a final leavetaking letter to Emily. Charles (with a sagacity which hereafter must make him a Master in Chancery, at least) complied with the lover's request; and on his return, advised Emily as a friend not to read it. Emily said she would not, but told him he might as well leave it on the table. Charles did leave it on the table. (A Master in Chancery? phoo! he will be a Master of the Rolls!) and, in a week, the Morning Post told the world that Captain Taper and Emily Green were man and wife.

With these, and many other examples that might be cited, surely it is high time to have done with advice altogether. Why should not a certain association prefix a syllable to the commodity they aim to crush, and dub themselves the Society for the Suppression of *Ad*-vice? Or why should not Mr. Rothschild institute a Grand Alliance Advice Company, into which every friend of every family might cast his stock of spare wisdom? This might be afterwards sold in shares. Individuals might apply at the office for advice when they wanted it, and state their respective cases with a fee of three guineas, "to advise as within." Nothing is worth having that is not paid for!

THE VASSAL'S LAMENT FOR THE FALLEN TREE.

"Here (at Brereton in Cheshire) is one thing incredibly strange, but attested, as I myself have heard, by many persons, and commonly believed. Before any heir of this family dies, there are seen in a lake adjoining, the bodies of trees swimming on the water for several days."—*Camden's Britannia.*

Yes! I have seen the ancient Oak
  On the dark still water cast,
And it was not fell'd by the woodman's stroke
  Or the rush of the sweeping blast;
For the axe might never touch that tree,
And the air was still as a summer-sea.

I saw it fall, as falls a chief
  By an arrow in the fight,
And the old woods shook, to their loftiest leaf,
  At the crashing of its might!
And the startled deer to their coverts drew,
And the spray of the lake, like a fountain's, flew!

'Tis fall'n! but think thou not I weep
  For the forest's pride o'erthrown;
An old man's tears lie far too deep
  To be pour'd for this alone!
But by that sign too well I know
That a youthful head must soon be low!

A youthful head, with its shining hair,
  And its quick bright-flashing eye—
Well may I weep! for the boy is fair,
  Too fair a thing to die!
But on his brow the mark is set—
Oh! could *my* life redeem him yet!

He bounded by me as I gazed
  Alone on the fatal sign,
And it seem'd like sunshine when he raised
  His joyous glance to mine!
With a stag's fleet step he bounded by,
So full of life!—but he must die!

He must, he must! in that deep dell,
  By that dark water's side,
'Tis known that ne'er a proud tree fell,
  But an heir of his fathers died!
And he—there 's laughter in his eye,
Joy in his voice—yet *he* must die!

I've borne him in these arms, that now
  Are nerveless and unstrung,
And must I see, on that fair brow,
  The dust untimely flung?
I must!—yon green oak, branch and crest,
Lies floating on the dark lake's breast!

The noble boy! how proudly sprung
  The falcon from his hand!
It seem'd like youth to see *him* young,
  A flower in his father's land!
But the hour of the knell and the dirge is nigh,
For the tree hath fall'n, and the flower must die!

Say not 'tis vain!—I tell thee, some
  Are warn'd by a meteor's light,
Or a pale bird flitting calls them home,
  Or a voice on the winds by night.
And they must go!—and he too, he—
Woe for the fall of the glorious Tree!

F. H.

THE SPIRITS OF THE AGE.—NO. V.

Lord Eldon.

Lord Eldon is an exceedingly good-natured man; but this does not prevent him, like other good-natured people, from consulting his own ease or interest. The character of *good-nature*, as it is called, has, indeed, been a good deal mistaken; and the present Chancellor is not a bad illustration of the grounds of the prevailing error. It is supposed, when we see an individual whose countenance is "all tranquillity and smiles;" who is full of good-humour and pleasantry; whose manners are gentle and conciliating; who is uniformly temperate in his expressions, and punctual and just in his ordinary dealings—we are apt to conclude that under so fair an outside,

"All is conscience and tender heart"

within also, and that such a one would not hurt a fly. And neither would he without a motive. But mere good-nature (or what passes in the world for such) is often no better than indolent selfishness. A person distinguished and praised for this quality will not needlessly offend others, because they may retaliate, and, besides, it ruffles his own temper. He likes to enjoy a perfect calm, and to live in an interchange of kind offices. He suffers few things to irritate or annoy him. He has a fine oiliness in his disposition, which smooths the waves of passion as they rise. He does not enter into the quarrels or enmities of others; he bears their calamities with patience; he listens to the din and clang of war, the earthquake and the hurricane of the political and moral world, with the temper and spirit of a philosopher; no act of injustice puts him beside himself, the follies and absurdities of mankind never give him a moment's uneasiness; he has none of the ordinary causes of fretfulness or impatience that torment others from the undue interest they take in the conduct of their neighbours or in the public good. None of those idle or frivolous sources of discontent, that make such havoc with the peace of human life, ever discompose his features, or alter the serenity of his blood. If a nation is robbed of its rights,

"If wretches hang that Ministers may dine"—

the laughing jest still collects in his eye, the cordial squeeze of the hand is still the same. But tread on the toe of one of these amiable and imperturbable mortals, or let a lump of soot fall down the chimney and spoil their dinners, and see how they will bear it. All their patience is confined to the accidents that befall others; all their good-humour is to be resolved into giving themselves no concern about any thing but their own ease and self-indulgence. Their charity begins and ends at home. Their being free from the common infirmities of temper is owing to their indifference to the common feelings of humanity; and if you touch the sore place, they betray more resentment, and break out into greater fractiousness than others, like spoiled children, partly from a greater degree of selfishness, and partly because they are taken by surprise, and mad to think they have not guarded every point against annoyance or attack by a habit of callous insensibility and pampered indolence.

An instance of what we mean occurred but the other day. An allusion was made in the House of Commons to something in the proceed-

ings in the Court of Chancery, and the Lord Chancellor comes to his place in the Court, with the Newspaper in his hand, fire in his eyes, and a direct charge of falsehood in his mouth, without knowing any thing certain of the matter, without making any inquiry into it, without using any precaution or putting the least restraint upon himself, and all on no better authority than a common newspaper report. The thing was (not that we are imputing any strong blame in this case, we merely bring it as an illustration,) it touched himself, his office, the inviolability of his jurisdiction, the unexceptionableness of his proceedings; and the wet blanket of the Chancellor's temper instantly took fire like touchwood! All the fine balancing was at an end, all the doubts, all the delicacy, all the candour, real or affected, all the chances that there might be a mistake in the report, all the decencies to be observed towards a Member of the House, are overlooked by the blindness of passion; and the wary judge pounces upon the paragraph without mercy, without a moment's delay, or the smallest attention to forms! This was, indeed, serious business; there was to be no trifling here; every instant was an age till the Chancellor had discharged his sense of indignation on the head of the indiscreet interloper on his authority. Had it been another person's case, another person's dignity that had been compromised, another person's conduct that had been called in question, who doubts but that the matter might have stood over till the next term—that the Noble Lord would have taken the newspaper home in his pocket—that he would have compared it carefully with other newspapers—that he would have written in the most mild and gentlemanly terms to the Honourable Member to inquire into the truth of the statement—that he would have watched a convenient opportunity good-humouredly to ask other Honourable Members what all this was about—that the greatest caution and delicacy would have been observed—and that to this hour the lawyers' clerks and the junior counsel would have been in the greatest admiration of the Chancellor's nicety of discrimination, and the utter inefficacy of the heats, importunities, haste, and passions of others, to influence his judgment? This would have been true; yet his readiness to decide and to condemn where he himself is concerned, shews that passion is not dead in him, nor subject to the control of reason; but that self-love is the main-spring that moves it, though on all beyond that limit he looks with the most perfect calmness and philosophic indifference.

> "Resistless passion sways us to the mood
> Of what it likes or loaths."

All people are passionate in what concerns themselves, or in what they take an interest in. The range of this last is different in different persons; but the want of passion is but another name for the want of sympathy and imagination.

The Lord Chancellor's impartiality, and conscientious exactness, are proverbial; and are, we believe, as inflexible as they are delicate in all cases that occur in the ordinary routine of legal practice. The impatience, the irritation, the hopes, the fears, the confident tone of the applicants, move him not a jot from his intended course; he looks at their claims with the "lack-lustre eye" of professional indifference. Power and influence apart, his next strongest passion is to indulge in the exercise of professional learning and skill, to amuse himself with the dry details

and intricate windings of the law of equity. He delights to balance a straw, to see a feather turn the scale, or make it even again; and divides and subdivides a scruple to the smallest fraction. He unravels the web of argument, and pieces it together again; folds it up and lays it aside, that he may examine it more at his leisure. He hugs indecision to his breast, and takes home a nice doubt or a *moot-point* to solace himself with it in protracted, luxurious dalliance. Delay seems in his mind to be of the very essence of justice. He no more hurries through a question than if no one was waiting for the result, and he was merely a *dilettanti*, fanciful judge, who played at my Lord Chancellor and busied himself with quibbles and punctilios as an idle hobby and harmless humour. The phlegm of the Chancellor's disposition gives one almost a surfeit of impartiality and candour: we are sick of the eternal poise of wilful dilatoriness; and would wish law and justice to be decided at once by a cast of the dice (as they were in Rabelais) rather than to be kept in frivolous and tormenting suspense. But there is a limit even to this extreme refinement and scrupulousness of the Chancellor's. The understanding acts only in the absence of the passions. At the approach of the loadstone the needle trembles, and points to it. The air of a political question has a wonderful tendency to brace and quicken the learned Lord's faculties. The breath of a court speedily oversets a thousand scruples, and scatters the cobwebs of his brain. The secret wish of power is a thumping *make-weight*, where all is so nicely balanced beforehand. In the case of a celebrated beauty and heiress, and the brother of a noble lord, the Chancellor hesitated long, and went through the forms, as usual: but who ever doubted where all this indecision would end? No man in his senses, for a single instant! We shall not press this point, which is rather a delicate one. Some persons thought that, from entertaining a fellow-feeling on the subject, the Chancellor would have been ready to favour the poet-laureate's application to the Court of Chancery for an injunction against Wat Tyler. His Lordship's sentiments on such points are not so variable; he has too much at stake. He recollected the year 1794, though Mr. Southey had forgot it!

The personal always prevails over the intellectual, where the latter is not backed by strong feeling and principle. Where remote and speculative objects do not excite an interest and passion in the mind, gross and immediate ones are sure to carry the day, even in ingenuous and well-disposed minds. The will yields necessarily to some motive or other; and where the public good, or distant consequences, excite no sympathy in the breast, either from apathy or an easiness of temperament, that shrinks from any violent effort or painful emotion, self-interest, indolence, the opinion of others, a desire to please, the sense of personal obligation, come in and fill up the void of public spirit, patriotism, and humanity. The best men in the world, in their own natural dispositions, or in private life, for this reason often become the most dangerous as public characters, from their pliancy to the headstrong passions of others, and from their having no set-off in strong moral *stamina* to the temptations that are held out to them, if, as is frequently the case, they are men of versatile talent or patient industry.—Lord Eldon has one of the best-natured faces in the world; it is pleasant to

meet him in the street, plodding along with an umbrella under his arm, without one particle of pride, of spleen or discontent in his whole composition, void of offence, with almost rustic simplicity and honesty of appearance; a man that makes friends at first sight, and could hardly make enemies, if he would; and whose only fault is that he cannot say *nay* to power, or subject himself to an unkind word or look from any he may deem higher than himself. He is a thorough-bred Tory. Others boggle or are at fault in their career, or give back at a pinch; they split into different factions, have other objects to distract them; their private friendships or antipathies stand in their way: but he has never flinched, never gone back, never missed his way; he is an *out-and-outer* in this respect; his allegiance has been without flaw, like "one entire and perfect chrysolite;" his implicit understanding is a kind of taffeta-lining to the Crown, his servility has assumed an air of the most determined independence, and he has "read his history in the Prince's eyes!" There has been no stretch of power attempted in his time that he has not seconded: no existing abuse, so absurd, of which he has not opposed the removal. He has gone the whole-length of the most unpopular designs of every minister. When the heavy artillery of interest, power, and prejudice is brought into the field, the paper-pellets of the brain go for nothing. His labyrinth of nice, lady-like doubts explodes like a mine of gunpowder. The Chancellor may weigh and falter—the courtier is decided, the politician is firm, and riveted to his place in the cabinet. On all the great questions that have divided the cabinet or public opinion, or agitated the public mind, the Chancellor has been found uniformly and without a single exception on the side of prerogative and power, and against every proposal for the advancement of freedom. He was a strenuous supporter of the wars and coalitions against the principles of liberty abroad; he has been equally zealous in urging or defending every act and infringement of the Constitution for abridging it at home: he at the same time opposes every amelioration of the penal laws, on the alleged ground of his abhorrence of even the shadow of innovation: he has studiously set himself against Catholic emancipation; he laboured hard in his vocation to prevent the abolition of the Slave-trade; he was Attorney-general in the trials for High Treason in 1794; and the other day, in giving his opinion on the Queen's trial, shed tears and protested his innocence before God! This was natural and to be expected; but on all occasions he is to be found at his post, true to the side of prejudice, to power, to the will of others, and to his own interest. In the whole of his public career, and with all his goodness of disposition, he has not shewn "so small a drop of pity as a wren's eye." He seems to be on his guard against every thing liberal, as his weak side. Others relax in their obsequiousness, either from satiety or disgust, or a hankering after popularity, or a wish to be thought above narrow prejudices. But the Chancellor alone is fixed and immoveable. Is it want of understanding or of principle? No; it is want of imagination, a phlegmatic habit, an excess of false complaisance and good-nature. Humanity and justice are no better than vague terms to him: he acts upon his immediate feelings and least irksome impulses. The King's hand is velvet to the touch: the Woolsack is a seat of honour and

profit. That is all he knows about the matter. As to abstract metaphysical calculations, the ox that stands staring at the corner of the street troubles his head as much about them as he does; yet this last is a very good kind of animal, with no harm or spite in him, unless he is goaded on to mischief, and then it is necessary to keep out of his way, or warn others against him!

THE ROSE.

The Rose of the summer is gone,
The fairest and loveliest one,
Of mortals an emblem how true!
 While the leaves yet are lying
All under the tree where it grew,
 As if sweetest in dying,
Their odour would waft not away
With the sigh that is breathed in decay.

Alas, if the brightest of eye
And the warmest of heart are to die,
If all we love truest and best,
 Whom in absence we cherish,
Shall go to the home of their rest:
 Like those roses that perish,
Their memory will cast a perfume
O'er the silence and night of the tomb.

Lamented through many a long year,
If time e'er can hallow the tear
That fond recollection will give
 For those we adore so,
Shall their virtue direct us to live,
 And cease to deplore so;
For they know neither sorrow nor pain
In the land where we soon meet again.

W. T.

CANZONETTA, FROM THE ITALIAN.

Yes, thine will be the happier fate—
 Thy spirit frail and light,
Still fluttering on with joys elate,
 Can know, like mine, no blight.

For thou canst sparkle in the crowd
 Of slaves thine eyes have made,
Smile on the false, and court the proud,
 Nor be thyself betray'd.

I cannot prize the sweetest smile
 The vain and fickle share;
The heart which with a trifler's wile
 Spreads for each fool a snare.

Thou shin'st the giddy throng to wound,
 I ask one pure and faithful sigh;
The weak, the vain, the false, abound—
 But where art thou, Fidelity?

D * *.

SPECIMENS OF A TIMBUCTOO ANTHOLOGY.

"Nor ought a Genius less than his that writ
Attempt translation; for transplanted wit
All the defects of air and soil doth share,
And colder brains like colder climates are."—DENHAM.

At the very moment when repeated and painful failures seemed to have extinguished the last hope of ever penetrating to Timbuctoo, when the staunchest friends of African civilization and the extension of British commerce feel themselves bound to discourage the temerity of the fresh victims who are willing to sacrifice themselves in an enterprise of so hopeless and desperate a nature, accident has made us acquainted with an individual who has passed several months in the capital of this hitherto unexplored country, upon whose authority we mean to gratify the curiosity of our readers with a very brief and hasty notice of its manners and *literature*. In order that they may duly appreciate the authenticity of our narrative, we think it right to state the name of our informant, Capt. Jonathan Washington Muggs, a citizen of Georgia in the United States, whose vessel, the Black eyed Lass, as some of our readers may perhaps recollect, was surrounded and nearly crushed a few years ago by the terrible sea-serpent, until several shot from a twelve-pounder, judiciously directed into the monster's left eye, induced him to uncoil himself and dart through the waters in search of a Collyrium. Mr. Muggs, it seems, is the son of a Timbuctoo slave by an American residing on the banks of the Turtle River in Georgia; and as his father was almost constantly at sea, his mother instructed him in her native tongue, a fortunate circumstance to which himself and the British public are equally indebted, the former for the preservation of his life, the latter for the invaluable information we are now about to communicate.

Capt. Muggs was bound from Charleston to Liverpool with a cargo of cotton, when in a violent storm from the South-west, which continued for several days, his vessel was driven ashore and wrecked on the coast of Africa, not far from the Island of Goree, and the whole of the crew were instantly made prisoners by the savage Mandingoes. Such as were able-bodied and capable of working were sold as slaves; two sick sailors, and an old American author, who happened to be on board as a passenger, being deemed inapplicable to any useful purpose, were confined and treated with the utmost politeness until the feast of the great idol Mumbo-Jumbo, when a hope was expressed, that in return for such hospitality, they would comply with the immemorial usages of the country, and suffer themselves to be quietly killed and eaten. The author stoutly pleaded his privilege of being cut up by none but reviewers, but they knocked down him and his argument by one blow, and his remains afforded a higher treat to the public of Mandingo, and appeared better adapted to the taste of the people, than those of any literary individual upon record. As to Capt. Muggs, who swore by the magician Obi, that he was born at Timbuctoo, had been made a prisoner in his youth, and degraded into his present mulatto colour by a long residence abroad—averments which he substantiated by a woolly head and a song in the language of the country,—they gave him a sort of passport, and left him at liberty to explore his way to the

asserted place of his birth in the best manner he could. His adventures in this perilous enterprise are preparing for the press in four volumes quarto, all written by himself on the leaf of the chickachoo tree, and we can only gratify public curiosity by anticipating a very few of the more remarkable facts.

Every one who has read Herodotus is aware that an expedition was fitted out by Necho, King of Egypt, of whom mention is made in the Second Book of Kings. The Phenician mariners employed in this daring enterprise, completely circumnavigated Africa, but were discredited upon their return, because they stated they had seen the setting sun on their right hand; an assertion which our present knowledge of astronomy enables us to confirm. In the Journal of Hanno, the Carthaginian, preserved for so long a time in the Temple of Saturn, mention is made of several marvellous circumstances observed by that enterprising voyager, which have been hitherto considered fabulous, although the researches of Capt. Muggs upon the same coast, establish in every respect the perfect fidelity of his relation. Thus we are told that Hanno caught two women entirely covered with hair, whose skins he carried to Carthage, which has generally been interpreted to mean two specimens of the ouran-outang; but Capt. Muggs, while tracing up to the sources of the Senegal River, encountered a whole tribe of these people, whom he at first took for an immense flock of baboons, until they accosted him very courteously in a language which proved to be a dialect of the Timbuctoo. They are described as a very civilized and cleanly race, regularly using the curry-comb every morning; a fact which strongly tends to support Swift's relation of the Houyhnhnms. When it is recollected what ridicule was first thrown upon this story, as altogether improbable; and what taunts and doubts were launched at Bruce's narrative of Abyssinia, although every one of his statements has been subsequently verified, we hold it our duty to hurl defiance beforehand at that ignorant scepticism which might feel disposed to cavil at the Journal of Capt. Muggs, merely because it contains facts that may startle the narrow intellects of Europe.

Hanno talks of having discovered a whole country in a state of ignition, with rivers of fire running into the sea; and Capt. Muggs has no doubt whatever, that at certain seasons of the year, the entire surface of the land may be in the fiery condition described by the Carthaginian, since he himself, in the neighbourhood of Baromaya, came to a deep valley surrounded by mountains of lead ore. Such was the intensity of the heat in this confined spot, that the rays of the sun, by perpetually melting the ore, had formed a metallic lake of considerable extent in the valley, which was kept in constant fusion by new supplies. When the surface was gently agitated by the wind, an almost blinding brilliancy was cast by the ripple of its waves; but by moonlight its softened radiance is described as inconceivably beautiful and enchanting. Of course it is much resorted to by the boys of the surrounding district for the purpose of supplying themselves with dumps, a game which, to use the school slang, is *in* all the year round; and as the natives are obliged to keep the heat out of their houses with glass, a number of glaziers are settled upon the spot, that they may obtain a material so indispensable in their trade. The lake is sadly infested with Salamanders, and considerable ingenuity is manifested in the mode of catching

them. A pan of red-hot coals being provided, a small portion is thrown upon the bank as a bait, which the animal eagerly devours, when he is lured away from his molten element by fresh coals tossed to him every now and then, and not unfrequently caught in his mouth before they touch the ground. In this manner he is decoyed to a net at some distance, where he is secured; the great art consisting in so casting the coals as that they shall not burn and destroy the net. Once caught, the creature is popped into a baker's oven, where it lives comfortably enough while the fire is blazing, but is apt to be chilled to death in the night. Capt. Muggs wished to have ascertained the temperature of this singular valley, but from the violence of the heat, the quicksilver burst out at the top of his thermometer, and spirted up a considerable height into the air.

Leaving this interesting neighbourhood, our traveller proceeded eastward, over a desert and uninhabited tract, until he came to the banks of a great river, flowing from West to East, along which he wandered for several days in search of a ford. In one of these excursions he observed an ancient pyramidal stone, almost buried in the sand; and upon clearing away the soil to a depth of five feet, a rude inscription became visible, of which the following is a faithful transcript.

HIC . NIGER . EST . HVNC . TV . ROMANE . CAVETO.

which there can be no doubt must have been carved by those Nasamones mentioned by Herodotus, as having penetrated from Cyrene into the very centre of Africa, where they were made prisoners by men of a diminutive stature, and carried to a city washed by a great river flowing from West to East, and abounding in crocodiles. Pliny expressly says this river was the Niger, and the inscription was indisputably set up to record that fact, and warn future Romans against bathing in it on account of the crocodiles. Cavils have been raised on account of the gender of the pronoun, which it is contended should have been either neuter or feminine to agree with the common Roman terms for a river; but if we suppose the river *God* to have been understood, a very common practice with the ancients, the difficulty will instantly vanish.

Being now resolved to settle the long-contested point as to the termination of this river, he followed its banks eastward, for several hundred miles, subsisting upon fish, until he reached an immense level desert in the very heart of Africa, over the burning surface of which the waters spread themselves in a thin sheet, something like our artificial salt-pans, where they were either absorbed into the sand or speedily evaporated by the intense heat of the sun. This will appear the less marvellous when it is recollected that there is no other way of accounting for the consumption of water in the Mediterranean, into which the tide perpetually flows from the Straits of Gibraltar, than by a similar process of evaporation. Retracing his steps, our adventurous traveller found his way back to the inscribed stone, feeling confident that the city to which the Nasamones were carried, as mentioned by Herodotus, must have been Timbuctoo, and that he should discover it somewhere in the neighbourhood of the memorial they had left.

Crossing the river accordingly upon a float constructed of the leaves of the chickachoo-tree, and following the sinuosities of the opposite coast, he had the inexpressible delight, after three days' journey, of looking down from a small eminence upon this celebrated and long-

sought city, then sparkling in all the radiance of a setting-sun. Capt. Muggs is aware that the same enthusiasm which almost intoxicated Mr. Bruce as he bestrode the sources of the Nile, may have induced him to attribute an undue magnificence to the capital which he has discovered; but after his senses have been sobered by a lapse of several months, he remains still convinced that its first aspect is decidedly superior to that of the finest Kraal of Hottentots in all Caffraria. The mud of which the hovels are constructed is of a finer texture, and the architecture, if that term may be applied to buildings seldom exceeding eight feet in height, is of a more artificial kind, approaching in several instances to the ingenuity displayed in the nidification of birds. Not only are the dunghills before the doors smaller and less offensive, but civilization has made such progress, that in several of the houses of the nobility a hole has been left in the thatched roof for the escape of the smoke, a luxury quite unknown to the Hottentots. The royal palace stood proudly eminent in the middle of the city, being full three feet higher than any other building, and having a pyramid of human skulls on each side of the door, which was guarded by half-naked soldiers, armed with bows and poisoned arrows.

It happened to be a grand levee on the day of our traveller's arrival, and as he was immediately conducted into the royal presence, he had an opportunity of observing the court etiquette. His woolly majesty was seated on a throne of skulls, and, spite of his diminutive stature, distorted features, and an exorbitant squint, preserved an air of dignity which fully proclaimed him to be "every inch a king." A red cloth, nearly as fine as a hopsack, was girt round his loins; in his right hand was a crocodile's jaw for a sceptre; in his left, a bunch of feathers for a fan; and two attendants were constantly employed in anointing his most sacred and woolly head with fat, grease, and soot. On either side were ranged his guards, each wielding a long lance with a skull at the top; and at a signal given by the Poet Laureate, the whole court fell prostrate, and chanted in chorus the following legitimate ode, or loyal address to their Sovereign Lord, King Quashiboo.

"Hoo! Tamarama bow-now!
Slamarambo-jug!!"

Hurrah! for the son of the Sun!
  Hurrah! for the brother of the Moon!
Throughout all the world there is none
Like Quashiboo the only one
  Descended from the Great Baboon, Baboon,
  Descended from the Great Baboon.*

Buffalo of Buffaloes, and Bull of Bulls!
He sits on a throne of his enemies skulls;
And if he wants others to play at foot-ball,
Ours are at his service—all! all! all!
  Hugaboo-jah! Hugaboo-joo!
  Hail to the royal Quashiboo,
  Emperor and Lord of Timbuctoo!

Referring to the forthcoming volumes for the particulars of this most interesting audience, we shall merely observe, that as to the com-

* Their principal idol, whose temple adjoins the palace.

mercial advantages to be derived from an intercourse with this people, Captain Muggs is of opinion that as they all wear a coarse cloth round their bodies, there might be a considerable sale of this article, did they not unfortunately manufacture it much cheaper for themselves than it could be conveyed to them across the desert; and he has no doubt there would be an almost unlimited demand for perfumery, could the natives be once induced to discontinue the use of their present cosmetics: videlicet, buffalo's fat, soot, pitch, tar, grease, and cow-dung. Our limits not allowing us to go into any further details, we must hasten to conclude with a few specimens of their poetry, furnished by the Court Laureate, and translated by Captain Muggs, who has devoted his fourth quarto volume to their preservation, and assures us that his version is as literal as the different idioms of the languages will allow. The Timbuctoo tongue is excessively guttural and harsh, nearly as much so as the Dutch, of the Anthology of which we have lately had specimens, and the reader will, perhaps, be surprised that any thing so cacophonous, and apparently barbarous, should be made the medium of such refined and delicate sentiments as are exhibited in the following

ELEGY.

"Funke rumbo yaya, blubdub mum y funghyzz."

To Tambooshie.

Awed as I am and in thy presence dumb,
Deny me not the solitary bliss
To sing thy lips, each thicker than my thumb,
Lips that seem form'd as cushions for a kiss.

Thy flatten'd nose still haunts me in my sleep,
Whose upturn'd nostrils are the bowers of love,
Where Cupid lingers, playing at bo-peep,
Or stealing arrows from thine eyes above.

With gooroo juice are stain'd thy yellow teeth,
Bracelets of entrails clasp thy legs and arms;
Tobacco gives its perfume to thy breath,
And grease its radiance to thy sable charms.

O wert thou mine, Tambooshie! I would make
Suet and soot pomatum for thy head,
Then powder it with bucku dust, and take
Cowdung cosmetics o'er thy face to spread.

Ah! when the mothers o'er their shoulders throw
Their breast to feed the young one at their back,*
The husband's, father's joys I sigh to know,
And disappointed hopes my bosom rack.

Presumptuous thought!—Tambooshie for my wife!
She who was form'd for monarchs to adore?
I feel that I must love her all my life,
But hope both life and love will soon be o'er.

We shall only offer one more selection from their amatory poetry, which, we think, our readers will confess to be not altogether unworthy of Shenstone.

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* A common practice in the interior of Africa.

"Schneik-boo Dsirika cha-cha ben."

I know what my Dsirika loves,
And I'll creep by the light of the moon
To the jungles and tamarisk groves,
To steal a young howling baboon.
My charmer shall make it a cage,
And feed it with lizards and frogs,
And when it attains its full age,
Shall bait and torment it with dogs.

I will catch her a fat yellow snake,
To be eaten with crocodile's eggs,
Form of buffalo's entrails a cake,
And a jam of tarantula's legs.

From the banks of the Niger I'll bring
Fish-bones to be thrust through her nose,
And sew up live worms in a ring,
To encircle her fingers and toes.

I told her my plan, but her heart
Is so tender she winced at the worms,
And proposed I should alter that part
Before she accepted my terms.

"I had rather," she cried, quick as thought,
"On my finger a wedding-ring hung;"
And I loved her the more when I caught
Such a delicate hint from her tongue.

Their lyric poetry possesses a most noble and animated pæan or battle-ode, which has been much admired by the critics for the truly Pindaric and daring abruptness of its commencement, and which, moreover, is curious not only as describing the Timbuctoo mode of battle, but as containing their most approved receipt for dressing and eating the prisoners. We had begun its translation, but as its beauties could not be fully felt in an extract, and our limits would not allow us to insert the whole, we were reluctantly compelled to desist.

It will perhaps excite some surprise when we state that their literature is richer in epigrams than any other with which we are conversant, the point being generally made to turn upon some familiar proverbs, and their proverbs bearing such a striking affinity to ours, that with no other than the fair latitude of a free translation they might be actually identified. Fragments of Latin are not unfrequently encountered in these caustic and witty effusions, an additional proof that Timbuctoo was the actual city discovered by the Nasamones, to whom we have already made allusion, and who must have left behind them these curious relics of the Roman tongue. It is principally on this account that we select the following

EPIGRAM.

As Slug-shoo was courting the fat-smear'd Boo-jeer,
On the snake-cover'd banks of the Niger,
Her lover pass'd by, and exclaim'd with a sneer,
"Optat ephippia bos piger."

The next which we shall translate was composed upon Squosh, a prime minister, who appears to have severely oppressed the people for the gratification of his own architectural extravagance, and to have richly merited the cutting irony of the last line.

"Pilferbo pickpock Squosh."

Squosh ravages, pillages,
Houses and villages,
To build his mud-palace at Squosh-dungjalee;
But, egad, it's no wonder
The rogue's fond of plunder,
For two of a trade can never agree.

Some of our own exquisites might be benefited if they would pay due attention to the sting of this happy *jeu d'esprit.*

"Bu dripscotce switchcoo turpen."

With suet-dripping head and pitch'd rattan,
Perfumed with tar, a dandy in attire,
Phopfoo seems more a woman than a man;
The reason's plain—a burnt child dreads the fire.

We shall conclude with a brilliant sally, which, had it been launched upon the banks of Cam or Isis, would have alone established the fame of its author as a sparkling epigrammatist.

On Gourla a celebrated beauty, wearing the cheek-bones of sacrificed prisoners in her ears.

"Avch flatsnoutah tom bu dirah."

Forbear, proud beauty, with such cruel skill
To make dead heroes their survivors kill;
Too many cooks, we know, will spoil the broth,
So cut your coat according to your cloth. H.

STUDIES IN SPANISH HISTORY.—NO. II.*

Prince Don Juan Manuel, and his Book El Conde Lucanor; *with the History of Count Don Rodrigo* the Liberal, *and his Knights.*

The love of letters appears at an early period among the sovereigns who reigned in different parts of Spain. Alfonso III. who held the crown of Leon from 862 to 910, is believed to be the author of one of the Spanish chronicles. But the learning of that age hardly deserves the name of literature, in the sense which we are accustomed to give that word. The dim rays of knowledge which are discovered in the scanty documents of that century, whether proceeding from a crowned or a tonsured head, are all the legitimate offspring of the cloisters.

Not so the polite literature of the courts of Aragon and Castille from the twelfth to the fifteenth century, which, perfectly independent of the clerical schools, sprang up round the thrones, and flourished in the camps of those noble-hearted nations. Four kings of Aragon, three of whom stood in the relation of father, son, and grandson, were poets historians, and legislators.† Ferdinand III., in whose person the crowns of Leon and Castille were finally and permanently united, notwithstanding his incessant and successful wars against the Moors,

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* It is not intended that these sketches should appear in a chronological order. They are, in fact, what their title imports, short essays, towards a work which the writer has in contemplation, and for which he is collecting materials.

† Alfonso II., James I., Peter III., and Alfonso III. See Nicholas Antonio, *Bibliotheca Vetus.*

by which he confined them to the kingdom of Granada, had (says his son Alfonso the Sage*) a great value for minstrels, whose art he possessed; and shewed favour to high-bred gentlemen who were poets and musicians. To this taste for literature that great man united a love of every kind of useful knowledge. He gave his son and successor, Alfonso the Sage, an education which has immortalized his name as a man of learning. The cultivation of the mind, according to the means which that age afforded, still continued to be an object of the first consideration in the royal family of Castille. Sancho IV., the Strong, second son of Alfonso the Sage, who usurped the throne from the children of his deceased brother, Ferdinand *de la Cerda*, found leisure among the employments of a warlike and ambitious life, to write a work on general knowledge, which might supply the deficiencies of the theological system of instruction which the regular tutors of princes and noblemen seem to have pursued in that age. His work, *el Lucidario*, is still in manuscript at the royal libraries of Madrid and the Escurial. It is written in questions and answers, the dialogue being opened by an observation of the pupil, that though he is indebted to his tutor for the knowledge of many things, yet they all relate to divinity.† On this ground the learned king catechises the imaginary tutor, furnishing him with answers in Natural Philosophy, Ethics, and even Divinity, which a real one might probably have been at a loss to give.

But the most striking proof of talent and literary acquirements exhibited by that family, is the work which affords a subject to the present article. Don Juan Manuel, the author of the *Conde Lucanor*, was a grandson of Ferdinand III., called the Saint, by the Prince Don Manuel, third son of Alfonso the Sage, and a younger brother of Sancho IV., called the Strong. We cannot learn the year of his birth, though it is known that in 1310, his cousin, Ferdinand IV., *el Emplazado*,‡ made him Lord High Steward of his household. On the death, however, of that monarch, the heir, Alfonso XI., being an infant, a contest for the guardianship arose among his numerous and powerful relations; and three guardians were finally appointed, one of whom was our author.

During the minority of Alfonso, Don Juan Manuel appears to have enjoyed the favour of his royal relative, from whom he obtained the command of the Moorish frontiers, and a promise of marriage with his daughter Constanza Manuel.

The talents of Don Juan Manuel were no less fitted for private than public and military life. He greatly distinguished himself against the Moors of Granada, whom he distressed and defeated by frequent inroads. But the turbulent state of the Castilian court soon turned his

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* In the preface to a book entitled El Setenario. "Pagabase de hombres cantadores; sabiendolo él fazer; e otrosí pagandose de homes de Corte que sabien bien trobar e cantar."

† Yo só tu discipulo, e tu me has ensenado mucho. Empero el saber que tu me mostraste, es todo de Teologia." Bayer, in a note to Nicholas Antonio, *Bibl. Vetus*, tells us, that the *Lucidario* was translated into Italian, and that the translation is mentioned by Maittaire, *Annales Typographici*.

‡ The *Summoned*. Two brothers, the *Caravajales*, who, on suspicion of having committed a murder, were precipitated from the Rock of *Martos*, summoned the king to appear before God forty days after their death. Ferdinand died at the end of the appointed period.

arms from the national enemies against the king his master. Alfonso, freed from the restraints of his minority, indulged a feeling of revenge against Don Juan, *el Tuerto*,* his uncle and late guardian, by treacherously putting him to death, having seized him in the palace, at his own table, whither he was invited under semblance of reconciliation and returning friendship. Don Juan Manuel, whose daughter had at this time been sent back before the consummation of her espousals, conceiving that he could not be safe under the government of his fierce and faithless relative, availed himself of the ancient Spanish privilege by which a vassal might legally abjure his allegiance; and having sent due notice of his determination, declared war at the expiration of the term appointed by the common law of the country. This civil war was conducted with great skill and determination on both sides. Alfonso's treacherous murder of his uncle seemed to preclude all agreement; but, though tainted in early youth with the bloody and savage spirit of the times, he was not deficient in good qualities, which age and experience confirmed and improved. He saw the necessity of maintaining his authority against the rebels, though he found it at times difficult to withstand their forces, directed by the genius of his relative Don Juan Manuel: but, by courage and firmness, he succeeded at last against them, forcing Don Juan Nuñez to surrender at discretion, and Don Juan Manuel to fly to Aragon, where he remained till, at the intercession of his mother, a princess of that royal house, he was again received into Alfonso's favour.

From that time Don Juan Manuel devoted his military talents to the advancement of the Christian interest in his native country. He attended the king in his incessant wars against the Moors, who, though confined, as a nation, to the territory of Granada, had still possession of many fortified places in Andalusia. Seventeen of these strong holds were taken by Alfonso, with the assistance of Don Juan Manuel: and such was the renown for valour which he left after his death, that his name alone was able to stir up the courage of the Spanish nobility on any emergency of uncommon danger. Of this there was an instance during the siege of Antequera, where Don Juan Manuel's great-grandson, the Infante Don Fernando, commanded the besieging army. The Moors had taken a hill so advantageously situated, that the siege could not be pressed while the enemy possessed it. A council of war was held; but the practicability of an attempt to dislodge the Moors was questioned by most of the knights present. "Oh!" exclaimed Don Fernando, "oh for my ancestor Don Juan Manuel to lead us!" The courage of all present fired up at these words; the troops were instantly led out, and the Moors driven into the town with great slaughter.

The most surprising trait in the character of Don Juan Manuel is his love of learning, and his proficiency in literature, at a period when the Spaniards were still a nation of mere warriors. One can hardly conceive how a Spanish prince, whose life was spent in camps or besieged towns, who had to oppose the power of his own king, for a considerable period, and manage the interests of his own family and vassals,

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* *One-eyed*, or blind of one eye; a contemptuous appellation among the Spaniards.

could find leisure, not only to collect a great variety of information, but to impart it to his countrymen in no less than eleven works, on history, military tactics, ethics, politics, and the chase, besides a collection of original poems. Of these works the greatest part appear to be lost. The list of their titles is found in a MS. of his work *De los Exemplos*,* which the learned Bayer believes to have been written during the life of the author, and is now preserved in the Royal Library at Madrid. Don Juan Manuel died about the year 1347.

We proceed to acquaint our readers with the only work of our author which has been published. The first edition of the *Conde Lucanor*, a beautiful copy of which lies before us,† was made at Seville in 1575. Gonzalo de Argote y de Molina, a native of that town, no less distinguished by his birth than for the services he rendered to the literature of his country, met, at Madrid, with a manuscript of the *Conde Lucanor*; and, being highly pleased with the work, obtained a royal licence for printing it. Before he got it through the press, the celebrated historian of Aragon, Zurita, lent him his own written copy of the same work, and Doctor Oretano, the tutor of the Duke of Medina Sidonia, furnished him with another; so that the original edition was made from the collation of three old MSS.

The *Conde Lucanor* is a collection of historical anecdotes, tales and apologues, amounting in all to forty-nine. A person of elevated rank, to whom the author gives the above name, is supposed to consult *Patronio*, a man of superior learning and judgment, whom the Count employs as his adviser. The questions are always practical, and relating either to morals or politics. The case is stated to Patronio, who never fails to recollect an anecdote, or fable, expressive of his own opinion upon the subject. This is followed by an application of the most prominent circumstances of the example to the original question; and the whole concludes with the moral of the tale, compressed into a poetical sentence.

The German critic, Bouterweck, has spoken of the Conde Lucanor in terms of commendation. But though he, among the foreign writers who have treated of the literature of Spain, appears to us the best acquainted with his subject, we cannot help a suspicion that his opinions are sometimes the result of but a slight examination of works written in a language not perfectly familiar to him. In choosing a specimen from the Conde Lucanor, Bouterweck fixed upon the first story in the book; perhaps the dullest in the whole collection. We cannot explain to ourselves how a professed admirer of the romantic should have overlooked some historical anecdotes of uncommon interest, as it appears to us, in that line. A regular history of Spain could hardly furnish the imagination with a more striking sketch of the original Spanish character, than the following

HISTORY OF DON RODRIGO EL FRANCO (THE LIBERAL) AND HIS KNIGHTS.

Count Don Rodrigo the Liberal had married a daughter of Don Garcia de Azagra. She was no less virtuous than noble; yet her hus-

* We cannot ascertain whether this is a MS. of the *Conde Lucanor*, under a different title.

† For the perusal of this very rare book we are indebted to the civility of the Rev. Stephen Weston.

band opened his heart to jealousy, and charged her with being faithless to his bed. The heart of the noble matron was wrung with this undeserved reproach, and she fell upon her knees, raising her eyes and hands to Heaven. "Great and just God!" she exclaimed, "if I am guilty of the crime which is laid to my charge, let thy hand strike me so visibly, that I may not be able to hide my shame from the eyes of man. But if I am innocent and falsely accused"... Here she stopped, and a gush of tears choked her voice.

In vain did the rash husband try to subdue her grief and indignation. She retired without listening to the excuses and entreaties which he now made to obtain pardon. A husband who doubted her honour was unworthy of her love. The countess retired with her women, and left the self-degraded Rodrigo to reproach himself for the injustice and weakness of his conduct.

Few days had elapsed when, to the utter dismay of the wretched count, the most indubitable symptoms of leprosy appeared upon his body. Such a calamity would have been sufficiently appalling without the conviction which now flashed upon his mind, that the Almighty hand which his innocent wife had adjured to point out the guilty, was now laid upon him, in anger. The disease was rapid in its progress, and Rodrigo soon became a loathsome object both to himself and those who approached him.

Three, of all his retainers, would not desert their lord in his affliction. These were Don Pero Nuñez de Fuente Almexir, Don Ruy Gonzalez de Zavallos, and Don Gutierre Rodriguez de Languerüella, all of them knights of honourable descent and connexions. The countess had pleaded her husband's disease, and obtained a bull of divorce from the Pope. The rest of his household, fearing the consequences of the law, which doomed those who approached a leper to live by themselves in the fields, had fled the baronial mansion. Oppressed with sorrow, Count Don Rodrigo could not endure a life of misery and degradation in his own country; but, disposing of the remnant of his fortune, which was, it seems, greatly reduced by the prodigality which obtained him the addition of *el Franco,* resolved to pass the rest of his days in the Holy Land.

The three faithful knights, who appeared to have but one great aim in life, that of standing as bright and spotless patterns of feudal loyalty, took leave of their families, and set off with their master, vowing never to return without either him or his bones. The money which the count had raised was spent in the course of a few years; and both he and his knights began to feel the bitterness of want in a strange and distant land. In the accumulated distress which was the natural result of sickness and poverty, Rodrigo found that one treasure alone is inexhaustible,—the friendship of noble hearts. One of the three knights used, by turns, to nurse him in the day-time, whilst the other two, hiring themselves at the public market as day-labourers, earned what would support them all. In the evening they joined for the purpose of relieving their master's sufferings, by putting him into a warm bath.

It happened that, while performing this service, their patient, exhausted both in body and mind, observed them turning aside to spit. The idea of his loathsomeness instantly overpowered him, and he burst into tears. No sooner, however, had the feeling attendants ascertained

the cause, than they covered his hands and face with kisses,* to shew that affection made them insensible to impressions of disgust. With undiminished zeal and tenderness did these noble Castilians watch and tend their master to the last; nor did they consider themselves as released from their duty when death had closed the eyes of the count. They had promised not to leave his bones in a strange land, and they would not remove to a distance from the place where the body was buried, till the skeleton could be conveyed by themselves to the tomb of the count's ancestors. Means having been suggested by the natives to hasten the destructive process of the grave, the knights rejected them with scorn, and swore upon their swords, that they would not allow a profane hand to touch the remains of their lord. They patiently waited till nature had lightened their intended load; and having procured a box to inclose the bones, the three knights set off bearing it, travelling on foot, and trusting to the charity of the people for their sustenance.

As they were approaching Toulouse, the preparations for an execution by fire drew the attention of the pilgrims. They then learnt that a lady, accused of adultery by the brother of her absent husband, was to undergo the penalty of the law, there being no knight who undertook to save her by battle. The heart of Don Pero Nuñez, the boldest and best knight of the three, smitten with the recollection of his late master's unhappy jealousy, could not brook the idea of this unfortunate female dying without a chance of rescue. But compassion could never induce the brave Castilian to draw his sword in defence of wickedness and disloyalty. He addressed himself to the judges, and begged to be allowed a private conference with the prisoner, engaging himself to take up the accuser's gauntlet, if from her own statements he was convinced of her innocence. The proud cavalier who demanded the lady's blood, opposed the pilgrim's interference with scorn. But the Spaniards had not ventured to travel in such a humble garb, without a certificate of their rank, and the honourable cause of their poverty.

When Pero Nuñez was introduced to the lady, he conjured her, in the name of the high God, who was soon to allot life or death to her and her champion, not to conceal the truth from him. With those indescribable, yet self-evident marks of sincerity, which in certain cases no good heart ever missed or doubted, she assured him she had never dishonoured her husband; yet, she must confess, her soul had unguardedly opened itself to an unlawful attachment, which might have led her she knew not to what extremes, if Heaven had not thrown seasonable discouragements in her way. Upon this free declaration the good knight Pero Nuñez bade her trust in God and his lance, that her life and honour would be saved: "yet," added he, "I cannot escape without hurt; for I undertake the defence not of pure innocence, but of weak and tottering virtue."

When Don Pero Nuñez, laying aside the ragged clothes in which he was travelling, had buckled on the armour and mounted the horse which the lady's relations brought forward, he well might have spared

* We are here obliged to depart from the facts mentioned in the original, which, though extremely characteristic, and really heroic from their motive, are too disgusting to be told in our days.

himself the trouble of asserting his knighthood by a certificate. Knight and gentleman were stamped on his every look and motion. The battle was fierce, and for some time doubtful. The enraged French knight, unexpectedly thwarted in his plans of revenge, fought with uncommon fury, and had once nearly unhorsed his opponent by driving the lance through the bars of the Castilian's helmet. But the latter kept his saddle, in which for a few moments he had appeared to totter; and roused by the blow to a decisive effort, laid the Frenchman at his feet. Nuñez, upon raising his beaver, was found to have lost an eye, according to his own prediction.

The presents which the gratitude of the lady's family forced upon the Spanish pilgrims, afforded them means of prosecuting their journey with more comfort than hitherto. The romantic fidelity which they had evinced in their whole conduct towards their lord, and the self-devotion of Don Pero Nuñez in saving the life of the French lady, had now preceded the travellers to the court of Castile. The king felt proud of such subjects, and announced his determination to receive them with the most marked honours. A messenger was despatched to meet the noble pilgrims before they reached the Castilian territory, with the king's commands that they should cross the frontier in the humble and worn-out clothes which they had upon them before they arrived at Toulouse. At the distance of five Spanish leagues beyond the divisory line of Aragon and Castile, the three knights were met by the king, who, attended by the grandees of his household, had gone out, on foot, to receive them. The bones of Count Rodrigo were conducted without delay to Osma, whither the king and his suite followed them; adding no common solemnity to a funeral which, from all its circumstances, was one of the most impressive ceremonies ever beheld in Spain. To the honour which the king, by his reception of the knights, had conferred on their persons and families, considerable grants of land were added, which their descendants possessed in the time of Don Juan Manuel.

The picture of manners and feelings exhibited in the preceding narrative, would be incomplete without the anecdotes connected with the return of two of the knights to their homes, which our royal author subjoins.

On the arrival of Don Ruy Gonzalez, as he sat at table for the first time with his wife, she raised her hands to Heaven, and thanked God that she had seen the day when she could again taste meat and wine. Ruy Gonzalez felt surprised and grieved at what he heard, supposing that some calamity had compelled his wife to undergo the greatest privations. "No; it was not poverty," replied the lady, "that forced me so long to abstain from the pleasures of the table. But remember, Ruy Gonzalez, that the day we parted, thy last words were, 'I have vowed not to return without Count Rodrigo, whether alive or dead. Be thou a true Castilian wife; and, I trust God, bread and water will never fail in thy house.' Such were thy words; and they fell too deep into my heart for me to forget them. From that moment I made a vow to live upon bread and water till I saw you again.'

In the conjugal love of the wife of Don Pero Nuñez we have such a striking illustration of that vehemence, bordering on savageness,

which is still found in the best feelings of a Spaniard, when too much exalted, that the reader will, we hope, excuse us for the shock which we cannot spare him in relating our concluding story.

A crowd of relatives had flocked to receive Don Pero Nuñez. The joy which his return, and the meeting of so many near relatives had kindled, made the whole house ring with jokes and laughter. This riotous mirth, however, had the effect of wakening a suspicion in the knight's mind, which seems to have disturbed him since his battle with the Frenchman. In consequence of a national prejudice, which time has scarcely weakened, a person who is blind of one eye, becomes an object of scorn among the Spaniards. The appellation of *Tuerto* adheres inseparably to his name, and he is subject to a certain degree of suspicion, as if so visible a mark were intended to caution others against something mischievous and unsafe in his disposition.* Don Pero Nuñez became more and more uneasy at the continual laughter which prevailed among his visitors; till, unable to bear a mirth of which he suspected he was the object, and in which his own wife seemed to join, he retired to his chamber, and threw himself on the bed, hiding his head under his cloak. The wife, observing Nuñez's long absence, went after him, and was alarmed to find him in this state. Being assured that he was not ill, she would not leave him till, though with shame, he had confessed the cause of his grief. She then left the room, and had not been out many minutes, when, entering again, she hung upon her husband's neck, her face discoloured with blood. "My husband," she said, "if any one should be so dead to honour, so heartless, as to be jocular on the subject of your lost eye, I shall be sure to share the scorn: for my hands have done that on myself which you suffered from the lance of your enemy."† B. W.

SONNET.

Answer to "The Rhine Revisited," in a contemporary publication.

'TWAS not a dream—a golden lustre played
On the pure bosom of the western sea,
And gently from the calm wave's deep-blue shade
There rose a swell, which sounded mournfully
As low it trembled o'er the shipwreck'd shore,
Or echoed midst the trees which darkened near,
Charming the eye, that soon would gaze no more
Upon its loveliness, its witchery there.
It was no dream. The sun-beam slept profound
On the wide main, and from the murmuring grove
Borne onwards, came the wild soft note of love,
While sea-birds flew the rocky caves around:
And though so fair, so beautiful, this scene,
Still Memory whisper'd—all is not a Dream. L.

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* The reader will observe that one of the three Regents during the minority of Don Alfonso XI. whose names we mentioned at the beginning of this article, is called Don Juan *el Tuerto*. Neither his royal descent, nor his power, could exempt him from this scornful surname.

† As a literal translation from antiquated Spanish would preserve nothing of the original style but its quaintness, we have used considerable freedom in rendering it into English. The story, in the words of the Spanish author, will be found in No. IV. of the *Variedades o Mensagero de Londres*, published by Mr. Ackermann, in the present month.

REMINISCENCES OF A LOVER.

> "Margarita first possest,
> If I remember well, my breast,—
> Then Joan, and Jane, and Andria,
> And then a little Thomasine,
> And then a pretty Katharine,
> And then a long et cætera."—*Cowley's Chronicle.*

When, at the mature age of five and forty, a man reviews his past life, and retraces in memory the course of that stream which admits no voyager's return, he will generally discover ample materials for wonder, ridicule, gratitude, and regret. As opinions once warmly advocated, pursuits once madly followed, errors long since abandoned, wishes long since recalled, rise in review before that being, another yet the same, who sits in sober judgement on his former self, he will be almost tempted to doubt his own identity, and will scarcely credit the power that a few short years have exercised over his mind. How the heedless, pertinacious youth escaped the ruin so often courted, and gained the blessings so often repelled, will be matter for grateful astonishment; and whatever misfortunes may have attended him, he will, perhaps, thankfully acknowledge that but for the disappointment of his own wild wishes, and the rejection of his own earnest prayers, their number would have been trebled.

When I look back upon the escapes of my youth, there is one which is peculiarly surprising. I cannot comprehend how I reached five and twenty without being married. A more susceptible being than myself never existed. Before I was fourteen I had fancied myself in love with two or three of my partners at children's balls, and had made many ineffectual attempts to seduce good little girls in muslin frocks and coral necklaces into talking sentiment. Alas! young ladies of my own age rejected my hand, and aspired to older admirers; while to the children who would condescend to dance with a boy, manly gallantries were quite unintelligible. True, while I brought them cakes and negus with a lover's alacrity, they thought me very agreeable; but if I gazed at them earnestly, they told me it was rude to stare; and I made one pretty, blue-eyed creature cry by squeezing her hand, and sent another in angry complaint to her mamma, because I insisted on carrying away her beautiful new fan.

I would gaze, too, at that time, with inexhaustible delight on handsome women, who, when they detected my artless admiration, would mortify me by unblushing cheeks, and by a good-natured smile, which seemed to say,—"Pargoletto, non sai che cosa è amore."

At eighteen I had been guilty of twenty flirtations. I never went to a dance without seeing some one pretty enough to keep me awake half-an-hour after I was in bed; and even the bright eyes and blooming cheeks which passed me in the streets, set my breast in a flutter, and I would love to nurture the romantic idea that the fair visions would again cross my path. As yet, however, my fancies had been fleeting, my passion unacknowledged and unreturned. Many a flaming love-letter had been written, but timidity or inconstancy had consigned them unsent to the flames. I spent the vacation after I left school, at the country-seat of one of my father's intimate friends. For the first few days I was very uncomfortable—there was not a woman in the house

with whom I could fall in love. Two were old, two married, one engaged, and another inexcusably plain. I was just making up my mind to be very much smitten by a widow of twice my age, when I was informed that Miss Emily B. was expected. Her name was much in her favour, and I was in love with her before she arrived. My heart palpitated violently when I heard that she was in the house, and the moment I saw her face I told myself that my fate was fixed. Emily was just the beauty that boys admire, a skin all lilies and roses, laughing eyes, dimpled cheeks, high spirits. She was in the first riotous delight of *coming out*, ready to dance all night and every night, in that happy state between girl and woman so attractive even to those who are old enough to mourn over its vanity and brevity. Natural tastes, childish pleasures had not lost their charm; she loved battledore and shuttlecock, and delighted in long rambles, and in being lost in woods. If she tore her best gown, she laughed with infectious gaiety; if she had an elderly partner, she tried to tire him by the violence of her dancing; and if any thing ridiculous occurred, no power on earth could keep her risible muscles in subjection. This gay creature and myself were soon on the most friendly terms. She netted me purses, and tied on my watch-ribbons; I wrote her out new waltzes, and puzzling charades. She wore pink to please me, I learned the flageolet to please her. We seemed made for each other; for we thought alike on several important subjects—we liked the same songs and the same novels—and each doted upon the Boulanger, and considered it almost sinful to leave off dancing before the sun rose. Eight hours' dancing could not subdue Emily's buoyant spirits; when every one else was tired and languid, she was ready to laugh and to dance with all around, and I verily believe never left a ball-room till she was fairly carried off by her exhausted chaperon. My attentions and devotions soon won upon Emily's regard, while her beauty and vivacity made me desperately in love. I offered her my heart, which she willingly accepted. I believe she thought marriage would be one long country-dance, for she plighted her faith for life with the same careless gaiety with which she gave me her hand for "Sir Roger de Coverley." I was all joy and transport for two or three days; but, alas! fathers on both sides interfered; Emily wept, I raved, but all would not do; we were parted—she was taken to a watering-place, I was hurried into Scotland to shoot grouse; the anxieties of a sportsman superseded those of a lover, and I was astonished to find that I did not drink poison. Ten years afterwards I saw Emily again. I was passing through Southampton, on my return from a tour in the Isle of Wight, when a lady, leaning on the arm of two officers, accosted me by my name. She was altered beyond recognition; but an explanation ensued, and she informed me that she had been married eight years to a Captain of infantry, had accompanied him abroad, had given birth to six children, and buried three. She had lost her colour and her beauty; she was smartly but tawdrily dressed; her spirits seemed changed into an habitual titter, and her temper to have acquired a fretfulness once unknown. I gazed upon her with astonishment. Vanished were the graces and sportiveness once so attractive—nothing recalled to me the Emily of earlier years, till at length she laughed heartily and naturally at a prank of her eldest boy, who was with her, and I again caught the jocund notes which ten years had not

quite effaced from my remembrance. The Emily I had loved in her early bloom rose before me, a thousand frolics and pleasures accompanied the image, and scenes and feelings long faded, started into vivid colours at the sound.

While in Scotland I fell more than half in love with a young Highland beauty, in silken snood and robe of plaid, whom I met at an Edinburgh ball; but as this was only three months after I had assured my father that my attachment to Emily could end but with my life, I thought I should look rather ridiculous if I broke my resolution so soon. I checked, therefore, my budding passion, and sighed and looked miserable a little longer. During the Christmas holidays I had to subdue another threatening *penchant* towards an agreeable cousin; and set off for Oxford without having regularly forfeited my reputation for constancy.

Within a few miles of my new residence lived a clergyman and his wife, who had one fair daughter, just returned from a fashionable school, her head full of novels and nonsense, and her heart, like a highly charged electric jar, ready to explode at the slightest touch of a lover's finger. Chance threw me first in her way. One fine evening in spring I helped her over a stile, and this was obliged to suffice instead of rescuing her from a ruffian or a mad bull. In love we fell most romantically, and nursed the flame by concealment and stratagem. This was a most sentimental, serious concern; I soon learned to despise the merry-making style of my former attachment, to consider a smile as high treason against the doubts and anxieties of love, and to think that "all lovers should look melancholy mad." We sighed to the sighing groves, sate pensive under trees, quoted Petrarch, preferred the moon to the sun, and gave many other signs of eternal affection. Of course I became a poet, at least (I beg pardon of half a dozen living authors) I began to write in rhyme. I read my verses to my charmer, who was celebrated in them by the name of Fiordelisa. She was delighted with my effusions, compared them with the compositions of our best poets, requested copies of them, which she kept in a rose-coloured satin French pocket-book trimmed with silver, and urged me incessantly to show my extraordinary talents to the world, and publish a volume of poems. I did not love my Fiordelisa the less for her favourable opinion of my infant muse, and my flattered vanity soon persuaded me that her judgment and taste were peculiarly correct. I began to prepare my verses for the press, and for all the immortality which fine wove paper can bestow. Already I heard in fancy the wonder, the suspicions, and admiration which would follow their anonymous publication, and Fiordelisa was evidently most impatient for the time when her charms would be recorded in print. We never met without my reading to her some new addition to the tiny bulk of my future volume. How well can I remember the spot, the scene of the lover's and the author's delusions. It was a small wood, from which the brushwood had been cleared, and the extreme unevenness of the ground denoted that it had at some distant period been dug for chalk or gravel. Now, however, every miniature mountain and fairy valley was covered with a fresh green turf, and shaded by trees of fifteen or twenty years' growth. The lively verdure of the grass was here diversified by the deeper,

richer tints of the velvet moss, there overhung by the tall feathery fern, and every where adorned by those innumerable creeping plants which love the shelter of woods and groves. At a distance from any high road, and accessible only through by-lanes and meadows, the spot seemed destined for the secret meetings of lovers, whose wooing need fear no other listeners than a blind horse and patient donky sometimes put in to graze, and no louder interruption than the cawing of rooks, or the twitter of the larks that rose from the corn-field which skirted one side of the wood. Hither I used to walk from Oxford, and wait the arrival of my Fiordelisa. If she lingered, I paced impatiently about, and fancied myself jealous and miserable; then when at length I saw her approaching, I hurried towards her, uttered a thousand tender reproaches, and believed that every hope and happiness of life hung upon her smiles. How eloquently I talked! how approvingly she listened! At length, after I had lingered at Oxford during great part of the long vacation, my father summoned me to his country-seat, and insisted upon my allowing myself a short relaxation from study. I wrote some most pathetic verses upon my separation from my charmer, and tore myself away, convinced that I should be dreadfully out of spirits till my return to Oxford—I was not quite sure that I should not be seriously ill. Affairs, however, took a more favourable turn. My sporting propensities returned with original ardour; a morning's success with my dogs, made me cheerful in the evening with the ladies, and, what with walking and talking, I was too tired to complain to my pillow of Fiordelisa's absence. A handsome widow, too, universally courted and admired, condescended to dance and talk with me, to choose my arm when we walked, to sing my favourite songs and to wear my favourite colours. A youth of twenty is in great danger from the regard of women older than himself; their notice flatters, their easy manners dissipate the timidity which girlish bashfulness might increase, and their maturer age permits a degree of encouragement which is denied to younger coquettes. Mrs. G.'s bright eyes, her spirited conversation, her musical talents, her smiles peculiarly bewitching because she smiled on *me*, soon convinced me that although my heart was irrevocably my Fiordelisa's, yet it would be only an act of common civility to give up my time and attention to my present kind companion. I wrote to my absent fair one, and was as much in love as ever upon paper. Fiordelisa answered my letter, thank God, for, if she had never written, I might have continued to nurse a fancied attachment, and she might now be my wife.

Nonsense, which breathes itself in gentle murmurs from the lips of a beautiful woman, is easily mistaken for sense; but, alas! put it on paper, and the delusion flies; give it a local habitation, and all its folly becomes visible. My charmer's letter, defective in both orthography and syntax, was inexpressibly silly, much too fond, too full of common-place quotation, and, alas! it contained a copy of verses on my departure and a request that I would print them at the end of my intended volume. Heavens! how indignant I felt at the idea of annexing such trash to my own superior productions; and yet too soon I remembered that it was in a great measure owing to the praises Fiordelisa had bestowed on my poetry that I had been induced to resolve on its pub-

fication. I rushed to my writing-desk, tore my neat manuscript from its concealment, and with the unpitying resolution of a Brutus or a Manlius, consigned my undeserving offspring to the flames. I watched the devouring element. In a few moments all was reduced to ashes. I swore over the mouldering remains "that I would henceforth be rhyme-proof till my last breath;" and as no muse or nymph appeared to crush my "infant-aith," I have persevered in my resolution. I then sat down to ruminate upon my engagement with Martha Anne—her poetical name had expired, Fiordelisa was no more. Engaged to her I was by a thousand tender vows, and her heart, I felt well assured, was firmly, irrevocably mine. I had promised that as soon as I came of age I would endeavour to procure my father's consent to our union; and how often had I talked of the "leaden pinions" upon which the intervening months would move! Now, however, I began to discover that a pretty simpleton could not long retain my affections; I remembered that

> "L'anima perchè sola è riamante,
> Sola è degna d'amor, degna d'amante.

I became suddenly alive to all the discomforts of an ill-assorted union.

It may be remembered that Mr. Edgeworth in his Memoirs tells us that he attached himself inconsiderately, and like me discovered his delusion; that he opened his mind to his affianced, offered her his hand if she chose to accept it, married her, and made her a bad husband. The honour of such a proceeding is universally allowed; nothing can be more honourable than to make a woman miserable for ever as your wife, instead of miserable for a few months by your inconstancy. To consign a woman to neglect and tears rather than be pointed at as an inconstant, may be honourable, but it is not humane; it is saying, I will be kind only to be cruel, I will purchase the approbation of the world by the sacrifice of my own happiness and that of my unfortunate wife.

I mused for half an hour on the awkwardness of my situation, and then, claiming the "high privilege of youthful time," put aside every uncomfortable reflection, hurried into the drawing-room to talk and flirt, and play chess, and sing duets with Mrs. G., and determined to leave my fate to fortune. She proved a kinder mistress than I either expected or deserved. In my next letter to Martha Anne, I called her by her real name, and announced my resolution not to publish my poems. When I returned to Oxford, she had just eloped with a youth of eighteen; and I am ashamed to say that my pride was much hurt by her dereliction. A fortnight or three weeks elapsed before I was properly grateful for my escape.

I now took to study, and resolved never to be in love in term-time. To make up, however, for so severe a deprivation, I generally lost my heart four times every long vacation, and twice every shorter one. My father heard of my approaching marriage in every direction, but was comforted when he found that no two people assigned me to the same bride. I proved the truth of Addison's assertion, that "there is no end of affection taken in at the eyes only," and, unwarned by former escapes, continued to dress every pretty woman I met, in a thousand imaginary perfections. I was only saved by fortunate chances from offering my hand to three simpletons, and as many viragoes; and as I

was heir to a handsome property, I should most likely have been accepted: once I was rescued by a regiment entering the town where the lovely Eliza lived, who speedily transferred her smiles to a diminutive red-haired coxcomb clothed in scarlet and gold. To this feminine weakness I am, however, greatly obliged, as it thus saved me from *one* imprudent engagement. The fair little Fanny, so delicate in feature and attire, was kind enough to eat a partridge which nearly sent me from table, and at every mouthful I found the pain in my left side diminish. Thick ancles cured me twice, ebony-tipped nails once; sometimes some fortunate interruption (duly cursed at the time) prevented my crossing the fatal Rubicon; and as I now recall the character, temper, and acquirements of these short-lived empresses of my affections, and then cast my eyes upon her who sits beside me, while all her excellencies of heart and head rush to my remembrance, I feel tempted to ask my heart how I have deserved so valuable a prize. Happily for the peace of my various charmers, my character as a flirt was so well known, that devotions and gallantries, which from another man would have almost warranted the purchase of wedding-clothes, from *me* spoke the language of common-place admiration and politeness.

One of my escapes from matrimony was almost miraculous. I was seated next the charming Matilda in one of the stage-boxes at Covent-garden Theatre. She turned to look at the performance, and I to look at her profile. She was most becomingly dressed. The purity of her skin, which braved the closest inspection, the classical correctness of her features, the rich, easy wave of her shining tresses, the deepened tints on her cheek, the gaze of admiration from the pit, the uplifted glasses in the opposite boxes, altogether operated powerfully on my passion and my pride: I longed to call so lovely a creature my own; and without a moment's reflection I uttered the feelings of my heart, and poured into her ear the open and full confession of eternal attachment. A merciful chance prevented her hearing me; a castle was just blowing up on the stage: when quiet was restored, she turned to ask if I had spoken; I made some remark on the performance, and deferred my declaration to a more convenient season. The next morning I met her at a panorama of Gibraltar. She asked aloud at what distance was the opposite coast of Asia; I blushed deeply for her then, and firmly resolved never to blush for her as my wife.

At this time I was studying the law at Lincoln's-Inn, and I found a London atmosphere much less favourable to love than the breezes of the country. Society and circumstances also are all unfriendly to the growth of town attachments. How much more natural and favourable to love are scenes of rural beauty; the winding lane with thick and tangled hedgerows; the friendly skreen of grove and coppice; the delicious quiet of a summer evening; the country ramble, when lagging love drops behind the other walkers—bright skies, soft gales, sweet flowers, pleasant sounds; do they not insinuate love into the breasts of the cold, cherish liking into affection, and raise affection to enthusiasm?

Either from the anti-amatory effects of London smoke, from my own advanced years and increased experience (for I was now turned of three and twenty) or from the occupation of my mind and time by my legal pursuits, I became by degrees less precipitate in my attachments, and

more fastidious with regard to female beauty. Six months passed away without my penning in my brain one intended love-letter, or squeezing one beauty's hand so fiercely as to give her pain, or sighing so loudly as to make her start, or pressing to my lips in the solitude of my own room one faded flower which had fallen from a lady's bosom. I began to think all danger was over for life, but, alas! I had speedily occasion to exclaim,

"Intermissa, Venus, diu
Rursus bella moves? Parce precor, precor." E.

GERALDINE.

Art thou indeed of earth, angelic child!
Art thou indeed of earth, or hast thou left
Thy starry dwelling-place, to win all hearts
And charm all thoughts, from mortal love, to Heaven?

Thy glance hath little of mortality,
So mild, so sweet, and yet so full of light—
And in thy voice there is a melody,
That wakens most unutterable thoughts,
Such as I did not hope to feel again.
—How the blush glows in thy transparent cheek,
Thou infant virgin! as thy gentle eyes
Turn from my thoughtful glance their modest light.
Alas! and must it fade before the kiss,
The whitening kiss, and withering eye of Death?
Angelic child! thy beauty makes me sad:
Oh! why art thou so fleeting, and so fair,
So full of loveliness that will not last!
Alas! a few bright summers will be thine,
And thou wilt deem thy youth and joy eternal;
—But they will melt away, like morning snow,
And turn to tears,—and passions yet unborn,
And earthly grief, will dim that sunny glance,
And thoughts which are not Heaven's, will find their way
Into thy heart, all sinless as it is;
A deeper blush will stain thy conscious cheek,
And other light will kindle in thine eye,
Brighter, but not so holy; and thy heart
Will lose its blank and virgin ignorance,—
For knowledge darkens innocence, as the page
Whereon I write grows dark beneath my touch;
—And earth will cleave to earth—and thou wilt fall
Down from thy happy childhood, like a star
That could not keep its path of light, alone.

Smile on, sweet child! while innocence is thine,
And with the music of thy happy look,
That tells the harmony which is within,
Make glad the thoughts of all who gaze on thee.
—Smile on, sweet child!—may many a stainless day
Of youthful joy, and guiltless love, roll by,
Bearing thee calmly into womanhood,
As gentle rivers bear a bark to ocean
In their transparent arms!—May some bright isle,
Too bright for aught save innocence like thine,
Woo thee to rest upon its sunny bosom:
And may all hearts grow holy at thy glance,
And hail thee with pure love, as I do now!

ABSENTEEISM.—NO. II.

"Les absens ont toujours tort."

The fate of O'Neil, O'Rourke, and of O'Connor, who, to his own eternal disgrace,* had been lured over to the English court, was not calculated to encourage others, or to bring absenteeship into fashion. Even those, who from long sufferings, harassed spirits, and subdued energies, were desirous of peace and forgiveness at the expense of independence, were still afraid, from experienced treachery, "to come in," as the phrase was; and were unwilling to absent themselves from the fearful security of their woods and mountains, to which they were romantically attached.

Lord Deputy Mountjoy, in a curious letter to the English council, observes that "all the Irish that are now obstinate, are so only out of their diffidence to be safe in forgiveness. They have the ancient swelling of liberty of their countrymen to work on, and they fear to be rooted out, and have their old faults punished upon particular discontents."

The plunder of Shane O'Neil, who, attainted, and driven beyond the pale of law and of humanity, died a miserable death, did not satisfy those who had benefited by his ruin. There was something too terrible to be endured in the name of these fierce toparchs of the North, who were still crowned in their stone chair, "with heaven for their canopy and earth for their footstool;" and when the young and gallant Hugh O'Neil, the last of his race, worthy of their illustrious descent, started up to claim his inheritance, his death or his absenteeship (a political decease) were the alternatives proposed to themselves by those who had so largely profited by the confiscation of the immense property of his family. "In an Irish parliament," says Morrison, "O'Neil put up his petition, that by virtue of the letters patent granted to his grandfather, his father, and their heirs, he might there (in parliament) have the place of Earl of Tyrone, and be admitted to his inheritance, the title and place there granted him." The inheritance, however, was "reserved for the Queen's pleasure;" for the obtaining whereof, Sir John Perrot, Lord Deputy, upon O'Neil's promise of a great rent to be reserved to the crown, gave him letters of recommendation into England, where he well knew how to humour the court; as in the year 1587 he got the queen's letters patent for the earldom of Tyrone without any reservation of the rent he had promised."

Whatever was O'Neil's secret for "humouring the court," great efforts were made to fix him there as a permanent absentee; and the queen (who at the same time had the young and unfortunate Earl of Desmond shut up in the Tower†) gave O'Neil a troop of horse, a pen-

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* O'Connor Sligo resided some time in the court of Elizabeth, where he was flattered up to his bent, though not into permanent absenteeship. He returned to Ireland in 1596, after obtaining a grant to secure him in the possession of his own property; in gratitude for which "he was extremely active in her (the Queen's) favour, and gained back, partly by menace and partly by cunning, many of the revolted clans." The celebrated O'Donnel of Tirconnel, hearing of O'Connor's desertion from the common cause, marched with an army to bring him to obedience: and, in spite of the assistance of Sir Conyers Clifford and Lord Mayo, he ravaged and destroyed O'Connor's country.

† This youth was the only son of the Earl of Desmond, already mentioned. He had been detained a prisoner in the Tower from his infancy as a pledge for his

sion of a thousand marks, and such proofs of her personal favour, as might have subdued a less energetic mind, and abated a less deep-seated feeling of patriotism and independence. But the young Irish Hercules soon became weary of the court of his middle-aged Omphale. He sought "*to do her Majesty service*" in Ireland by his influence over his countrymen, rather than to submit to the bondage which he foresaw awaited his protracted residence in England. "He lived," says Morrison, "sometimes in Ireland and much at the court of England:" yet by degrees he abandoned the English court altogether; and, resuming his natural position in Ireland as Earl of Tyrone, he contrived to preserve the good opinion of his countrymen even while acting for the queen, "with all the alacrity of a faithful subject."

The reappearance of O'Neil in Ireland, his loyalty, and the queen's favour, threw the Irish government into utter consternation; and the Lord Deputy Fitzwilliam, upon the execution of M'Mahon (who was put to death for an offence committed before the law which declared it capital had been enacted) let fall some speeches against the Earl of Tyrone (says Morrison) notwithstanding his late services,* "which speeches coming to the Earl's ears, were, as he afterwards said, the first causes which *moved him to misdoubt his safety*, and to stand upon his defence, now first combining with O'Donnel and other lords of the North, to defend their honour, estates, and liberties." The horrors which ensued during a civil war of ten years' duration, and which laid waste what Lord Verulam calls "the most miserable and desolate nation on the face of the earth," produced the most effectual species of absenteeship; for it sent out of the world, those that were not driven by any other means out of the country; exterminating more than a third of the native population!

The queen, however, says Bacon, "sought not an extirpation, but a reduction;" but such was the *reduction*, that at the end of the war, when Lord Mountjoy received the submission of a few "well-disposed chiefs," he *disposed* of the others in a very summary way, "and by fire, famine, or sword, weakened or ruined most of those who still continued obstinate." Still, however, the master-blow of this deputy (who was after all one of the best Irish viceroys who served under the Tudors) was the ruin of the once magnanimous and invincible O'Neil. Having "taken the most of his fortresses, and what perhaps was more mortifying to him, having broken in pieces the chair of stone, wherein for many cen-

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father's loyalty. He was afterwards sent to Ireland as a state engine to play off against another Geraldine who had made claims to the forfeited Palatinate; but after he had fretted his hour on the bloody stage of his own country, he was brought back to England, and lingering at court for a few months in hopeless despondency, he died in the prime of his youth, of a broken heart.—*See Pacata Hibernia.*

* Upon two occasions the Earl saved a large party of English from destruction. Macquire, chief of Fermanagh, had given the Lord Deputy three hundred cows to free his country from a sheriff; "after which bargain, the sheriff, one Willis, was let loose upon Fermanagh, leading about some hundreds of women and boys, with a guard of one hundred men, all living upon the spoils of the country." Macquire, having driven this model of a modern Irish police into a church, was about to put them to the sword, when the Earl of Tyrone interposed his authority. This same Willis was again rescued by Tyrone from an insurrection occasioned by similar circumstances in the O'Donnels' country.—*See Memorial to Queen Elizabeth.*

turies the O'Neils of his family had been invested with more than kingly authority, he obliged the unfortunate chief "to tender his submission on his knees before the Lord Deputy and the council, and in the presence of a great assembly; whereupon the Lord Deputy, in the Queen's name, promised the Earl for himself and his followers her majesty's gracious pardon." Is it wonderful that in the ensuing reign the O'Neils and the O'Donnels fled for ever from the scene of their sufferings and humiliation; or that having chosen Spain as the goal of their permanent absenteeship, they should have arrived there, only to die of broken hearts?

Remote as are the times, the events of which are here so slightly touched,—unfixed, capricious and despotic as were the government and the laws,—rude, wild, weak and disorganized as was the state of society,—yet, through the obscurity and confusion which hung over the neglected annals of the day, it is evident that absenteeism, sometimes encouraged or enforced by the English policy, was foreign to the national habits and natural temperament of the Irish; and that the aristocracy of the country were more than any other wedded to their native land by natural affection, by family pride, by power, by religion, and by every feeling and every prejudice which brightens or shadows the mixed and imperfect condition of humanity. Hitherto emigration had been the result of necessity or of despair; but it was reserved for the Stuarts, Ireland's direst foes, the flatterers of her foible, and the enemies of her rights, to give a spell to absenteeism, which even the policy and the despotism of the Tudors could not lend to it. When the rude home of the Irish had by the sanguinary crusades of Elizabeth been rendered no longer endurable, the Stuarts held out a lure and presented a blandishment which suffering humanity could not resist; and under an impulse, consecrated by a mistaken sense of loyalty and chivalrous devotion, the long-enduring Irish rushed from the dreariness of their desolate abodes, and thronged to a court where they fancied they saw the representative of their native kings, seated on the throne of their foreign tyrants.

The drivelling and despotic pedant, James, with the true family instinct towards power, sought to win over that portion of his subjects whose religion preached "passive obedience and the divine right of kings," and with whom he had so deeply tampered in the reign of his predecessor. On his coming to the throne, he loaded the Irish with favours, while he withheld rights; but with a disingenuous and stupid policy, secretly counteracting the intentions of his own council, he privately led the Irish to an open assumption of religious privileges, which he permitted his ministers in Ireland to oppose, not only by remonstrance and proclamation, but by "fire and sword." To ingratiate himself still further with the Irish gentry, and to break down whatever yet remained of devotion to their country, or of the "old swelling of liberty," inherited from their fathers, he invited the most distinguished among them to his court; where, "graciously received by the king," and incontinently ridiculed by the courtiers, they obtained the honour of being made the heroes of a court masque, in which the sarcastic laureate, Jonson, has handed down to posterity their devotion to "*the king's sweet faish,*" and the melancholy fact that they danced "*a fadan*" for the amusement of "*King Yarmish;*" who, as the arch-patron of all buffoonery, doubtless chuckled over the degrading exhibition.

How many Irish *absentees* have since danced "*the fadan*," for the amusement of mystifying royalty!*

Thus prepared, by being "brayed as in a mortar" at home, and at once degraded and flattered abroad, the Irish nobility but too willingly lent themselves to the allurements held out by Charles the Second (the falsest of all their royal friends); and from the epoch of the Restoration absenteeship became a voluntary habit. It was then that what has been called the characteristic virtue of the Irish, became the source of one of their peculiar vices; and that the feeling of loyalty which had led them to follow the king in his misfortunes, and to embrace his almost hopeless cause in many a distant land, now once more lured them from their own, to "share the triumph and partake the gale" of his prosperity. The habits of a great capital and a gay court confirmed their taste for

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* The "Irish masque," got up to compliment the absentees at the English Court, is either a bitter satire, or a disgusting picture of the state of Irish society at that epoch. "The King being seated (says *the programme*), in expectation, *out ran* a fellow attired as a citizen, after him three or four footmen, Denis, Donnel, Dermoch, and Patrick," the object of whose visit to London was not like that of many of the Denises and Patricks of the present day, to become either *porters* or *reporters*, as the chances determined; but simply, as Donnel observes, "to see King Yamish," for which purpose "they had travelled a great way miles," having got the start of their lords or chiefs who had come over on the same loyal errand.

"*Der.* I' fayt, tere ish very much phoyt stick here stirring to-night. He takes ush for no shquires, I tinke.

Pat. No; he tinksh not ve be imbasheters.

Der. No, fayt, I tinke sho too. But tish marriage bring over a doshen of our besht mayshters to be merry, perht tee shweet faish, an't be; and daunsh a fading at te vedding.

Den. But tey vere leeke to daunsh naked, and pleash ty majesty; for tey villanous vild Irish sheas have casht away all ter fine cloysh, as many ash cosht a towsand cowes and garraves, I warrant tee.

Der. And te prishe of a cashtell or two upon teyr backs.

Don. And tey tell ty majesty, tey have ner a great fish now, nor a shea moynshter to shave teyr cloyth alive now.

Pat. Nor a devoish vit a clowd to fesh 'hem out o' te bottom o' te vayter.

Der. But tey musht eene come and daunsh in teyr mantles, now; and show tee how tey can foot te fading and te fadow, and te phip a' Dunboyne, I trow.

Don. I pre dee now, let not ty sweet faysh ladies make a mock on' him, and scorn to daunsht vit 'hem now, becash tey be poor.

Pat. Tey drink no bonny clabber, i' fayt, now.

Don. It ish better ten usquebagh to daunsh vit, Patrick.

Pat. By my fater's hand, tey vill daunsh very vell.

Der. Ay, by St. Patrick, vill tey; for tey be nimble men.

Den. And vill leap ash light, be creesh save me, ash he tat veares te biggest fethur in ty court, King Yamish.

Der. For all tey have no good vindsh to blow tem heter, nor elementsh to preserve hem.

Don. Nor all te four cornersh o' te world to creep out on.

Pat. But tine own kingdomes.

Don. Tey be honesht men.

Pat. And goot men: tine own shubshects.

Der. Tou hast very good shubshects in Ireland.

Den. A great goot many, o' great good shubshects.

Don. Tat love ty mayesty heartily.

Den. And vill run t'rough fire and vater for tee, over te bog and te bannoke, be te graish o' Got and graish o' King.

Der. By Got tey will fight for tee, King Yamish, and for my mistiesh tere.

Den. And my little maishter. Paish, paish, now room for our mayshter.—Then the gentlemen dance forth a dance in their Irish mantles to a solemn music of harps, which done, the footmen fall to speak again."

emigration, and excited a disgust for their native land, which became, in the end, as fatal to their interests as it was destructive of their patriotism. Then absenteeism became a species of national malady, a disease, infinitely more grievous in its effects than that terrible pestilence, which, a little before, in ravaging the population of Ireland, confined its mortal epidemia to a season and a generation.*

Absenteeism was no longer limited to the harassed Catholic gentlemen or loyal cavaliers, who came to seek the price of their sacrifice and their fidelity at the exchequer of royal gratitude, and found it, like that of the nation, closed by a fraudulent bankruptcy. The wealthy and the noble, the Protestant and the Papist, the English by blood, and the Scotch patentees; in a word, all who could afford to fly, now hastened to a court, where for a time an Irish mistress and an Irish minister held the ascendant; and where the Ormondes, the Ossorys, and the Villars, exchanged the honourable retreat of their own beautiful residences in Ireland, for the entresol of a royal villa at Newmarket, or "a lodging" in the harem of Whitehall.† Titles, and places, and pensions, and privileges, were then scattered among the Irish nobility, and became the premium of absenteeism; paying the sacrifice of patriotism in one sex, and of honour in the other. The talent, beauty, and virtue, which, if concentrated at home, might have redeemed and adorned the country from whence they were drawn, now served but to increase the sum of

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* Borlase asserts that in 1650, ten years before the Revolution, 1700 died of the plague in Dublin alone; this horrible infliction was peculiar to those "picturesque times," which describe so well, and which, it is a mark of literary loyalty to admire and eulogize.

> "Sir, nothing against antiquity, I pray you,
> I must not hear ill of antiquity."—*B. Jonson.*

† The most noted beauties of the court of Charles the Second, Lady Barbara Villars (Duchess of Cleveland), the Countess of Chesterfield (a Butler), the Lady Kildare, introduced by St. Evremont into his pleasant little poem of "The Basset Table,"* the Countess de Grammont, and many others, were Irish women. The delightful author of "Mémoires de Grammont," Anthony Hamilton, was himself an Irishman,† and a branch of the illustrious house of Hamilton, which obtained from James the First such princely possessions in the North of Ireland, and which is still represented by the Marquis of Abercorn. The Fitzmaurices (Muskerry), the O'Briens, the Butlers, the Talbots, are names noted in the fasti of Whitehall at this period. With respect to the Talbots, however, it is but fair to observe that the elder branch of this ancient and patriotic family always remained permanently resident in their splendid castle and domain of Malahide, as their worthy representative the Member for the county of Dublin continues to do in the present day; though the younger branch, the Lords of Carton (now the seat of the Duke of Leinster) were prime favourites at Whitehall, and boon companions of both Charles and James. "The Dick Talbot" of that day, whom Charles would fain have set at odds with the Duke of Ormonde, brought no additional rays to the original splendour, when he added a ducal coronet to its less perishable honours. This Colonel Richard Talbot (afterwards Duke of Tirconnel) was sent to the Tower for having challenged the Duke of Ormonde with duplicity of conduct with respect to the Irish Catholics, whose agent Colonel Talbot then was. Ormonde, believing the better part of valour to be discretion, fought shy, instead of fighting Talbot; and when rallied on this circumstance by the King, petulantly demanded, "Is it then your Majesty's pleasure that at this time of day I should put off my doublet to fight duels with Dick Talbot?"

> * Vous ne me parlez pas de Madame de Kildare,
> I never saw personne avoir meilleure air.

† His mother, the beautiful Lady Maria Butler, was daughter to the Duke of Ormonde.

elegant profligacy in that region, whose very atmosphere was as fatal to manly independence, as it was to female purity. Ireland, thus abandoned by the heads of her noble families, deserted by her rank, her talent, her beauty, and her education, pouring out the "*profits of the land to those who refunded nothing;*"—unhappy Ireland, during the whole of the reign of Charles II. exhibited the most deplorable picture of a country left a prey to strangers, to undertakers, to patentees, to delegated powers, and official despotism; and of a society which, false in its position, and divested of all those ties and combinations which bind man to man, was totally destitute of every element that confers the strength of political cohesion, and disseminates the advantages of moral civilization. In the midst of this anti-social chaos, every act of the legislature served to render the atoms of the system more jarring and discordant, until finally "the *Act of Settlement*," by unsettling every thing and rendering "confusion worse confounded," added insult to injury, and multiplied both the causes and the effects of absenteeism to the opulent of all sects. The country was now more than ever given up to a particular faction, which made its powerful stand on the heights of ascendancy, under the sanction of a king who, in a great degree, owed his life and throne to those whom that ascendancy was to reduce to slavery and ruin.* It was at this period, more than any other, that the stale devices of Catholic conspiracies and Popish plots were resorted to, as a means of startling a distant ignorant legislature into new acts of rigour, which, by crushing all that remained to be crushed, by forfeitures and penalties, was to elevate a factious minority of the nation to the supremacy of power and wealth.

The English Parliament, frightened, or pretending to be so, by the state of things in Ireland, published a proclamation "for the apprehension and prosecution of all Irish rebels," at a moment when Ireland had sealed by her best blood her devotion to the reigning dynasty; and the King, in the face of his pledged honour and royal promise, excluded from the act of indemnity (which was shortly after passed) more than two thirds of his Irish subjects, who had alone been faithful to him, when all else were false. While calumny and misrepresentation were thus working the destruction of Ireland abroad, there were none at home to "remonstrate," as in the time of Elizabeth and James; none to protect or vindicate the national character, or to raise the dark veil, which the cupidity of domestic and predatory enemies had dropped over the injuries, the worth, and the misfortunes of the country. It is still more lamentable to add, that some of the most illustrious of the absentees, who haunted the Court as dependants, or influenced the Cabinet as counsellors, found it their account to sanction these misrepresentations, and to perpetuate a state of things by which these noble rene-

* It is farther particularly notable that James, the friend and correspondent of Pope Clement VIII. and the special protector of the Irish Catholics, first established in Ireland a Protestant ascendancy in parliament, in obedience to the advice of the Lord Deputy Chichester. With the inconsistency which ever accompanies a want of principle, he occasionally amused himself at the expense of the very people he affected to favour. When Chichester made King James a present of a beautiful horse, his Majesty asked him if it were an Irish horse: on being answered in the affirmative, the King swore his favourite oath, "Then it must be a Papist;" for he verily believed that all things produced in Ireland were Papists, even the very animals themselves.

gadoes were to be themselves the ultimate gainers. For it is the effect of absenteeship to harden the heart against all the precious sympathies of patriotism, and it has ever been the practice of absentees to magnify and circulate the rumour of those national disorders which arise in part out of their own desertion of their native land, and which they suppose might offer a reason, if not an excuse, for their abandonment of the soil and its interests.* The times, however, changed with the men, and the short reign of the unfortunate bigot James II. was pregnant with new and important events for Ireland. At the first temporary turn of the scale in Irish politics, absenteeism, which could scarcely increase, certainly did not diminish. By this change, the nation at large gained little ; and the mean ambition of the nobility, who accepted power and place without one feeling of patriotism or sympathy for the country, was soon nipped in the bud, and for ever blasted with the fortunes of the monarch, on whose favour it was founded†. The Irish gentry supported the cause of despotism and bigotry in vain ; and the impetuous imbecility of James served only to hasten that ruin, which public opinion had so deservedly prepared for him and his family. The mistaken adherence of the people to so bad a cause, was, however, in some measure redeemed by the disinterested fidelity with which they continued to serve that family in its adversity, which in prosperity had always repaid their services with ingratitude. It was the Irish (the ultra-royalists of all times) who, during the dark fortunes of the worthless *protégé* of the Bourbons, clung to him, when all else deserted him. They manned

* None benefited more largely by these "plots of rebellion" than the House of Ormonde. "His Grace (says Lord Anglesey in his letter to the Earl of Castlehaven) his Grace (the Duke of Ormonde) and his family, by the forfeiture and punishment of the Irish, were the greatest gainers in the kingdom, and had added to their inheritance vast scopes of land, and a revenue three times greater than his paternal estate as it was before the Rebellion, and most of his increase was out of their estates who adhered to the peace of 1648, or served under His Majesty's ensigns abroad." In the anonymous and curious pamphlet "The Unkind Deserter," it is asserted that the Ormonde estate was but £7000. per annum before the civil wars in Ireland, and that in 1674 it was close upon £100,000. a year ; which increase arose from the King's grants to him "of other men's estates," &c. &c. &c. The history of the last Rebellion in 1798, and of the Union, would furnish many anecdotes of a similar increase of the wealth of Irish families ; not indeed by forfeitures (for the mode had passed), but by intriguing and bullying the government out of every place at its disposal, from a mitre to a cornetcy of dragoons,—by selling themselves and their country wholesale and retail (a vote upon a single stage of a question has been hired, like a job-carriage, by the night) ; by corrupt dabbling in every species of public work ; in short, by every disgraceful practice of the fraudulent tradesman, the scheming adventurer, and the sturdy mendicant. The philosopher Kirwan was wont to quote a calculation he had made, that the money spent on carrying the Union, would have built a bridge from Howth to Holyhead.

† In James the Second's reign some of the measures were calculated to be of the greatest service to Ireland, and emanated from a wise and discreet minister, formerly attached to the Protestant interest, the second Earl of Clarendon. His instructions announced the intention of the legislature, or at least of the King, to introduce Catholics into the corporations, and invest them with magistracies and judicial offices ; and he gave his opinion in favour of the legality of the measure, though contrary to an Act of Elizabeth. But the greatest evil which can occur to a reformation, is to have it undertaken by men of small capacity ; as their best intentions are ever marred by their petulance and dulness. The folly with which James hurried on a change, and the injudiciousness of some of the proposed measures, caused his own ruin, and that of the unhappy country he made the principal scene of his egregious weakness and incapacity.

his navy, recruited his army, replenished his coffers, and took their stand around his person on their native soil; and when they saw him the first to fly *, they still erected his torn standard, and rallied in his cause †, paying the penalty of their generous but misapplied devotion to a bigot and a tyrant, by utter ruin, and eternal exile. The outlawry and confiscations of 1688 drove near four thousand Irishmen of family into a dreary and perpetual absenteeism, and sent them to dole out for a pitiful hire, in the cause of oppression in other countries, the same valour, and the same spirit, which their fathers had displayed in support of the liberty of their own.

The sale of the estates of these unfortunate and involuntary absentees ‡, under the authority of the English Parliament, changed a large portion of the Irish population, and introduced a new race of landed proprietors, whose interest it was *to stay at home*. The tide of absenteeship received a powerful check from the necessity of circumstances. Those Irish Catholics, who had escaped detection, or were exempt from suspicion, retired to their remote patrimonial domains, and sought safety in obscurity; hoping, by remaining peaceably at home, to escape the notice of a government which had sprung out of a revolution they had so lately opposed. The Protestants likewise found it their interest to remain the vigilant guardians of the new possessions they had recently acquired, and of the old, which they had so bravely protected. All parties were either impoverished or unsettled; and few had the means, if they had the desire, to remove from a scene of ferment and desolation, to one of security and enjoyment. For the Irish of any sect or race, there was then no resting-place.

While England gained every thing by a revolution, which she owed to the moral and political education acquired during a century of struggle for civil rights and religious freedom, Ireland lost nearly all she had left to lose through her deficiency in these endowments, resulting from many centuries of anarchy and misrule. The picture, sketched by a master-hand, of the condition of affairs at this singular epoch, is full of a fearful and melancholy interest. "By the total reduction of the kingdom of Ireland in 1691," says Burke, "the ruin of the native Irish, and in a great measure of the first race of the English, was completely accomplished. The new interest was settled with as solid a stability as any thing in human affairs can look for. All the penal laws of that unparalleled code of oppression which were made after the last event, were

* The Irish army under Tirconnel and Sarsfield made a most vigorous resistance against a superior and well-disciplined force; and Limerick, the last hold, was surrendered upon terms from which it appears that none more esteemed their valour and fidelity than King William himself.

† When James, after his flight from the battle of the Boyne, arrived in Dublin, he had the ingratitude and ungraciousness to reflect upon the cowardice of the Irish. He reached the Castle late at night, and was met at its gates by the Lady Lieutenant, the beautiful Duchess of Tirconnel, "La belle Jennings" of Grammont's Memoirs. In return for the sympathizing respects which marked her reception, the King is said to have sarcastically complimented her upon the "alertness of her husband's countrymen." The high-spirited beauty replied, "In that, however, your Majesty has had the advantage of them all." The King, in fact, was among the first to arrive in the capital with the news of his own defeat.

‡ They were estimated at the annual sum of two hundred and eleven thousand six hundred pounds.

manifestly the effects of national hatred and scorn towards a conquered people, whom the victors delighted to trample upon, and were not at all afraid to provoke. They were not the effects of their fears, but of their security. They who carried on this system looked to the irresistible force of Great Britain for their support in their acts of power. They were quite certain that no complaints of the natives would be heard on this side of the water, with any other sentiments than those of contempt and indignation. Their cries served only to augment their torture. Machines which could answer their purposes so well must be of an excellent contrivance. Indeed, at that time, in England the double name of the complainants, Irish and Papists, (it would be hard to say singly which was the most odious,) shut up the hearts of every one against them. Whilst that temper prevailed in all its force to a time within our memory, every measure was pleasing and popular, just in proportion as it tended to harass and ruin a set of people who were looked upon as enemies to God and man; and, indeed, as a race of bigoted savages, who were a disgrace to human nature itself."*

In spite, however, of religious intolerance† and civil disqualification—of statutes which render commerce a crime, and laws which made industry penal‡; of abuses of power numerous under William, and quadrupled under the last of the Stuarts and the first of the Brunswicks, still something like a counterpoise was found to balance these political evils in the *home residence of the educated gentry*, and in the political bustle and activity of an Irish Parliament. As soon as the positive calamities of war and confiscation ceased, as soon as an approach was made to European habits and policy, and industry was permitted to find a scope and a reward for its exertions, the nation made a sudden and a rapid progress in civilization and comfort, simply through the efficiency of its own resources, and the demands of its own market. It was in vain that the talismanic words "Irishman" and "Papist" were employed to arm passion and prejudice against the country; it was in vain that commercial jealousy threw shackles round its infant manufactures. In spite of these and many other obstacles, the moral strength of a country

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* Letter to Sir H. Langrish.

† Of this intolerance William stands in a great measure acquitted. His known liberality subjected him to the suspicions of the party who forged the penal statutes for Ireland, and who accused him of infidelity, because he was unwilling to become a persecutor. When left to act for himself, he exhibited a wisdom, wanting in the measures of those to whom he was occasionally obliged to submit. In his instructions to the commissioners in Scotland, dated 1689, he says expressly, "You are to pass an act establishing that church government which is most agreeable to the inclinations of the people."

‡ To favour the English manufacturer, the exportation of the staple commodity and manufacture of Ireland (wool) was prohibited on pain of confiscation, imprisonment, and transportation!! It would be difficult to say whether the infamy or the absurdity of such legislation is the greatest; and indignation at the avarice of the lawgivers, is so largely mixed with contempt for their blind ignorance, that the pen pauses in its vituperation of measures which were so obviously their own punishment. Be it however remarked "*en passant*," that the framers of these laws were the aristocracy of England, the most educated and moral people then in existence; a striking proof of the perfect inadequacy of abstract principles of right and wrong to the good government of conduct. Force, and force alone, too generally makes right, in opinion, as well as in fact; and where the power to abuse exists, the will to injure and the sophistry to justify the injury, will never long be wanting.

always distinguished for the natural endowments of its population,* rose superior to the cruel pressure of its political inflictions; and the domestic activity and intellectual improvement of the people—slow and limited as they appear, when compared with the advances of the sister kingdom—proceeded with a rapidity little short of miraculous, under so stultifying a system of legislation and government. It was then that the light of national genius concentrated its long-scattered rays to a point, and shining steadily from its proper focus, threw out those inextinguishable sparks of moral lustre,

——" Which are wont to give
Light to a world and make a nation live."

It was then that the powerful collision of active, ardent, and energetic minds produced that brilliant burst of talent which, for something more than a century, flung over the political darkness of the land a splendour to which her struggles and her misfortunes served only to give a stronger relief and more brilliant effect. It was then that, after ages of mental depression, which the song of the Irish bard but deepened into a more poetical sadness,† the Irish intellect broke out, like the Irish rebellion, " threescore thousand strong," when none expected or were prepared for the startling and splendid irruption. The old mart of learning was re-opened to the erudite of Europe, as in those times, when if a sage was missing, it was said " *emandatus est ad disciplinam in Hibernia;*" and the rich stream of native humour which, like a caverned river, had hitherto "kept the noiseless tenor of its way," darkened by impending shadows, now rushed forth with the rapidity of a torrent, pure, sparkling, and abundant, at the first vent afforded to its progress. Science and philosophy now first raised their altars amidst the monkish monuments of an antiquated institution, and benefited the world by theories and by experiments originated in a land where public opinion and private faith were still struggling under the ban of legal proscription.‡ England then opened a running account with Ireland for dramatic contributions when her own resources had, by being too largely drawn upon, nearly become bankrupt §; and literary Europe stood in-

* " Have they any wit in their compositions? (says Spenser in speaking of the poetry of the Irish in his day.) Yea, truly I have caused divers of them to be translated unto me, that I might understand them; and surely they savoured of sweet wit and good invention, sprinkled with some pretty flowers of their natural device, which gave good grace and comeliness to them."

† " Oh wretched condition of our loved compatriots, the remains of a once happy people, steeped in blood and drenched in slaughter! Vain is your struggle for liberty, hapless crew of a bark long tempest-tossed, and now cast away for ever. What! are we not wrecked on our own shores, and prisoners to the Saxons? Is not the sentence passed, and our excision foredoomed? How are ye fallen from the ancient glories of your native land! Power degraded into weakness, beauty to deformity, freedom into slavery, and the song of triumph into elegies of despair. Nial, of the nine hostages, look not down upon us, lest thou blush for thy captive Gadhelians. Conn, of the hundred battles, sleep in thy grass-grown tomb, nor upbraid our defeats with thy victories."—*Oran* (or song) *of Ognive, the family bard of the last of the O'Neils.*

‡ Boyle, Berkeley, King, Dodwell, Leslie, Toland, Clayton (Bishop of Clogher), Molyneux (the friend of Locke the philosopher and champion of Irish independence), Helsham, Robinson, Macbride, Sullivan, Hutchinson, Abernethy, Harris, Keating, Leland, Kirwan, Young (Bishop of Clonfert), &c. &c.

§ Even so far back as the reign of James the First, Ireland began to furnish her quota to the English drama. But from the middle of the seventeenth century to

debted to Irish wit, fancy, and humour, for the richest treats, which render the leisure of the learned delectable, and the amusement of the idle instructive.*

Even the arts, in these stirring times of social concentration, awakened from their long and deadly slumbers; and the slowly reviving school of painting in England received some of its most noted disciples from Ireland, a country so little adapted, by its miseries and its commotions, to the cultivation of the most tranquil and meditative of intellectual pursuits.† At this time, too, the Irish muse found a willing and a worthy priestess in one of the fair daughters of the land,‡ where her temples had so long been closed; and "the mother of sweet singers," awakened by the genius of national melody, beheld her sons

"Thronging round her magic cell,"

as in the days of the Mayos § and the O'Connors. ||

The triumphs of Carolan, the last of the Fir-sgealaighthes, or Irish Troubadours, were followed by those of Handel and Piccini ¶; and

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something more than the middle of the eighteenth, she produced almost all the best dramatic writers on the British stage: Congreve, Howard, Southerne, Steele, Farquhar, Phillips, Kelly, Jones, Orrery (Earl of), Tate, Concanen, Dobbs, Bickerstaff, Brook, Centlivre, Griffiths, Jephson, Murphy, Macklin, O'Hara, West, Goldsmith, Sheridan, &c. &c. And among the actors, Wilks, Quin, Sheridan, Barry, Mossop, Macklin, Havard, O'Brien, Brown, Woffington, Clive, Fitzhenry, &c.

* Denham, Parnell, Swift, Sterne, Burke, Goldsmith, the Sheridans; to whom may be added Molesworth, Millar, Wood, Webb, Pilkington, Johnson (Chrysal), &c. &c. Even the women no longer deemed it the exclusive purpose of their being

"To suckle fools and chronicle small-beer;"

and the elegant and witty productions of Mesdames Millar, Pilkington, Centlivre, Grierson, Griffiths, Sheridan, Barker, Brook, contributed to the general stock of national literature.

† Jervas (Pope's Raphael), Bindon, Roberts the landscape-painter, Barrett, &c.

‡ Miss Brook, the elegant translator and composer of the "Relics of Ancient Irish Poetry."

§ The Lord Mayo, of the early part of the eighteenth century, here alluded to, was a model of the genuine Irish resident nobleman, living in his rural palace surrounded by his family, his bards, and musicians. One of these, "his retainer," David Murphy, composed an Irish Ode of some celebrity, called "Tiagherna Mhaigho," the "Lord of Mayo," which another of his retainers, O'Keeneghan, set to music. This Carolan was wont to play at night in the hall of the Burkes, on his harp. It happened that during Carolan's last visit to Lord Mayo, Geminiani arrived from Italy by special invitation from the amateur Earl; and his Italian music completely usurped the attention of the Ladies Susan and Bridget Burke, of whose praise Carolan was especially jealous, and he frankly complained to his noble host of this neglect. Lord Mayo, rallying the bard on his feelings, concluded by telling him, that when he should produce the same music as Geminiani, he would meet with the same attention. On this Carolan proposed a wager, that he on his harp would follow the Italian in any piece of his composition, but that Geminiani should not follow him through an Irish planxty: the wager was accepted by the Italian, and won by the Irish bard.

|| The O'Connors of Ballingar, the favourite residence of Carolan.

¶ "In the year 1740, the sublime genius of Handel roused our feelings from the lethargy into which they had fallen."—*Memoirs of the Irish Bards.*

Banished from London by the intrigues of a party, Handel † fled to Ireland,

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† Pope alludes to this banishment of Handel in his Dunciad:

"Strong in new arms, lo! Giant Handel stands
Like bold Briareus with an hundred hands,—&c. &c. &c.
Arrest him, Goddess, or you sleep no more:
She heard, and drove him to Hibernia's shore."

though the wild sweet tones of the Irish harp were still occasionally heard in the pauses of the Messiah and of the elegant Armida, still, taste, improving with the developement of the art, soon rendered the Italian and German schools of music the exclusive study in Ireland; and they excited an enthusiasm which well belonged to a people who, in all their wretchedness and degradation, had found in music a vehicle for their feelings and their passions, for their deep-seated indignation, and their long-meditated revenge. St. Bridget now hid her diminished head in her "cell of the oak*;" while St. Cecilia saw more tapers lighted at her shrine in the Irish capital than ever illumined her dusky chapel in the Trastevere at Rome. Music halls were built for public concerts; and musical societies, assuming the importance and dignities of corporate bodies, were formed out of the amateur † and professional talent of the country; while the conciliating genius of harmony, refusing that "to a party which was meant for mankind," devoted its divine powers to smoothing political austerities, reknitting the social affections, and promoting the first of all human virtues—charity. ‡ Oh! surely this was the true purpose for which the Divinity breathed into the soul of man that fine susceptibility to the mystic charm of harmony, which lulls the harsher passions and substitutes the excitement of delicious sensations for the bitter feelings and harassing emotions which the cross purposes of life call hourly into existence. Who now in Ireland but may look back with regret to the philharmonic societies "of other times," from the magic of whose strains a shelter rose for the wretched, and in whose bands men of all parties blended the "concord of sweet sounds." Who that in the present day has witnessed in the capital of Ireland, the different and dark purposes to which music and musical society have been perverted, but must lament that the sweetest of the arts should have been pressed into the service of civil dissension —should have fulfilled the purposes of party intrigue, and gratified the malice of a narrow-souled faction. Who but must shudder to perceive its influence directed to rousing the irritable fibre, and stirring up the bile of political malady; to exciting by its "musical cheers" the passions of the powerful few against the suffering many, and fomenting by its choicest harmonies the discord of social disunion and the dissonance of party hatred. Spirits of Handel and of Arne, of Calcott and of Mozart, how little did ye dream in your philosophy that your Heaven-inspired strains should serve as the war-whoop of faction, the death-song of domestic peace, and national confraternity!!

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where, with his friend Dubourg, the first violin of his age, he was received with rapture. His first public exhibition in Dublin was the Messiah, which he performed for the benefit of the city prisons. Whoever had the happiness of knowing the late Richard Kirwan, the Irish philosopher, may judge of the enthusiasm of the travelled Irish gentlemen for Italian music, and the vogue which Piccini obtained through their means.

* St. Bridget was accustomed to pray under the shade of an oak, a circumstance which has given its name to an Irish county, Cil doire, the cell of the oak (Kildare.)

† "Concerts were the favourite amusement in the houses of the nobility and gentry, and musical societies were formed in all the great towns."—*Memoirs of Irish Bards.*

‡ The Philharmonic Society gave up its subscriptions towards building the hospital in Townsend-street, 1753.

THE SWEDISH MINER.*

Like grey Time bent over Beauty's decay,
She gazed in her night of age
On him whom she loved in the early day
Of her old life's pilgrimage—
She gazed with worn cheek, and with sight weak and dim,
On her lover unchanged in years or limb.

He was as he parted when they met last,
Though fifty long years were gone,
And he look'd not as if an hour had past
Since they talk'd in the moonlight alone
Of their fondness and passion, their joys and their fears,
And counted on bliss in this valley of tears.

They parted in promise, and met no more—
While none knew the fate of his youth;
She had travell'd life's ocean almost to the shore
With the dream of their plighted truth;
'Twas all that remain'd to enliven her lot,
But half of its charm was now rased or forgot.

And she was decrepid and palsied, while he,
Save the power of breathing her name,
Seem'd fresh in his young immortality,
And the vigour and grace of his frame;
His limbs were firm, and his locks of jet
Lay on his temples unsilver'd yet.

Oh was he the same! yes, the form was there,
That form she had loved so well;
But her trembling dotage no more can share
What alone with young years must dwell—
The affection of first love's heavenly glow—
The thrilling kiss from the heart's overflow.

These were not for her, they were long since dead,
As he that recall'd them now—
But though life from his heart had for fifty years fled,
It still warm'd her own old brow—
And could he revive, he would turn him away
From a tottering remnant of life in decay.

She was almost pleased that he did not live,
Since for her he could never be—
Thus the last of age may some likeness give
Of a first love's jealousy:
Though the fragrance and bloom of the flower be gone,
It still asks to be valued and look'd upon.

O'er her dead love she gazed on her crutches bent,
And thought of her youthful prime;
And her shrunk heart many a keen sigh sent
Back to the ancient time;
And a tear from a fount that had long been dry
Crept forth as she bade the young corse 'good-bye.'

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* The body of a young Swedish miner was lately discovered in one of the mines of Dalecarlia, fresh and in a state of perfect preservation, from the action of the mineral waters in which it had been immersed. No one could recognize the body save an old woman, who knew it to be that of her lover:—he had perished fifty years before!

SKETCHES OF INDIA.—NO. I.

Those who have been acquainted with the British possessions and native states of India, for the last twenty or thirty years, must have remarked a change which has been gradually taking place in the appearance, and what may be termed the moral costume, of these countries; since they have become more pervious to and familiarized with the sight of European travellers. An air of magic, a feeling of romance hung in days of yore over every part of this land of promise; a spell framed of novelty and magnificence fascinated every adventurer that touched its strand, and prepared him for scenes of wonder, luxury, and riches; nor was his expectation disappointed. Whatever the price he might pay in loss of time or health, pleasures courted his acceptance, and an almost ideal state of luxury and grandeur opened on his view, calculated to revive in his mind, if not to realize, the wonders of those Arabian tales that delighted his boyhood.

The perfect contrast which every thing that meets the eye of an European when he lands in India affords to all he has left behind him, even in these later days, transports him quite to another world; and how much greater must the effect have been in former times, when little or nothing savouring of Europe was to be seen in any part of that country. "As far as the East is from the West," so opposite is the appearance of the natives and their soil, their complexion, dress, language, manners, character; their climate, sky, vegetation, yea, even the very odours and perfumes that float upon the air, to every thing a native of the British isles can have seen in the country he has quitted. The crowds of natives that hover around him when he lands, with their dark bodies in a state of almost primitive nakedness, offering a strong and strange contrast to their pure white and almost feminine garments; their respect, and offers of service; the novel appearance of the streets through which he passes; the rich fruits offered in profusion to his acceptance, more grateful and inviting from the intense heat of the climate; the spacious apartments to which, when he finds a home, he becomes introduced, with the various inventions of necessity or luxury for rendering this heat supportable; the palanquins, horses, carriages that await his call, all so different from any thing he can have seen before, seldom fail powerfully to excite the imagination of the new comer.

But if this be the case upon his landing in a part of the country deeply tinctured with European manners, how greatly will this excitement be increased if his fate lead him into the interior and to the court of a Native prince. There any thing connected with Europe is lost sight of, and eastern manners and eastern pomp assume its place: the Natives, unchecked by the control of their conquerors, exhibit their inherent taste for luxury and show; numerous and glittering cavalcades, rich costumes, elephants, camels, and horses magnificently caparisoned, with multitudes of attendants gaily attired in all the pride of their various official badges, silver sticks, spears, and arms of all descriptions, flit along and dazzle the eye at every turning; crowded and rich bazaars, with the endless variety of scenery and incident they afford, attract the gaze in passing through the streets, and the increase of glitter and show, of noise and bustle, is striking beyond description. But, besides all this, there is a tone peculiar to such places difficult to describe, de-

pending greatly upon the intercourse with Native society which a residence in such situations must involve; upon the continually associating with, and entering to a certain degree familiarly into the domestic habits of those who differ so widely from every thing hitherto known in manners and character, even in the most trivial acts of life; upon the novel and peculiar appearance of all that surrounds one, the dresses, the furniture, the architecture; the nature of the conversation turning upon subjects and adventures quite peculiar to the country and its customs; of the occupations and amusements, the shows, nautches, feasts, the very ceremonies attendant upon each act of the day, even the perfumes and flowers, and the thousand little nothings, which, though almost imperceptible themselves, are like the condiments of life, and give it its peculiar flavour. It is under the influence of all this, and the enjoyments which such places afford, that an European grows fascinated with India, and particularly with the courts of her Native princes, till, custom becoming a second nature, he loves and would pine for want of what at first only dazzled and amused him. It is in the loss of this tone, in the decay of this kind of intercourse, of this Asiatic costume of society, that the change to which I allude consists. In the wide range of our Indian dominions nothing of the sort now can be found; the courts of all the Indian princes these include, have changed into quiet and monotonous civil stations, where the object is to introduce European, and discard Native habits.

Perhaps were the loss of ancient feelings only in question, this change, though surely to be regretted, would be of comparatively small importance; but the consequences of such a line of conduct, it is to be feared, go further: so far from entertaining a wish to conciliate the conquered, and thereby to lighten their chains, and dispose them to become contented and peaceable subjects, it might be thought that the policy of the conquerors of India was the very reverse, and had in view to oppress and even annihilate every family of rank within their dominions; and the consequence is, that there are now few noble Mahometan families to be met with of easy fortunes who are not borne down by depressing circumstances which crush their native energy.

It is contrary to the usage of the Company's government, indeed contrary to the nature of its constitution, to employ any Native, let his rank or respectability be what it may, in an office yielding a salary of more than three or four hundred rupees per month: this is a consideration too small to tempt individuals of good family, or at least far too small to keep those honest that accept such offices. Native families of rank are thus debarred from a great source of respectable provision for their younger branches; and labouring under very considerable disabilities of different descriptions besides, let their property be what it may, they must in time decay and fall into want; for the elder branch is forced to support the rest, seeing that they have no means of supporting themselves; at his death a subdivision, and too often a scramble for the property, ensues; and all is thus gradually frittered away. It is, indeed, melancholy to see the descendants of noble old Moghul or Palace families, whose ancestors came into India with the Ghaurees, the Lodis, the Timoors of old, sunk into such obscurity and poverty, that they are forced to sell piecemeal the property they have preserved from the wreck of their fortunes, to furnish their wives and children with bread.

But do the individuals of the service endeavour to alleviate the sufferings which the policy of their government inflicts? Seldom indeed can it be said that this is the case. How rare is it to witness the least attempt upon the part of any servant of the Company to associate with Natives of whatever rank? Little intercourse indeed is maintained between the European and Native society of India, and what little there is, is restricted to a few occasional and very formal visits; there is no cordiality on the European side, no disposition to attract or bring forward the Natives, and yet I cannot doubt, from what I have observed, that had the policy of government been different, had it pointed to a greater encouragement of the higher Natives, we might have seen a considerable and respectable body of that description greatly more attached to government than they now can be, in pleasant and even familiar habits with their rulers, and, in all probability, a far greater portion of good morals and the blessings we profess so earnestly to bestow upon the East, spread over our Indian empire. It will be evident to those who are acquainted with the country in question, that in what has been observed above I have alluded principally to the Mahomedan states of India; few of the Hindoo principalities have for a long time past been in any condition to uphold their original dignity, except the Mahratta powers, whose characteristic is plainness of style almost to affectation: nor under circumstances the most favourable would their religious prejudices suffer Hindoos to entertain with Europeans an intercourse so intimate as might subsist between the latter and Mahomedans.

Until lately there were still a few of the Mahomedan courts of India that continued to display much of genuine Indian pomp and characteristic magnificence, where the costume and tone, above alluded to, might be observed in its ancient purity; and among those in the upper provinces, Lucnow, the residence of the Nawaub Vizier of Oude, and Delhi, the ancient seat of the Great Moghul's court, were most remarkable for that peculiarity. Delhi indeed has for a long time been much poorer and more forlorn than the former; but its palaces, its monuments, its gigantic ruins, the venerable traces of antiquity and the historical associations attached to every spot in and around that once noble city, gave an interest which all the splendour and riches of its more modern rival could never excite.

Delhi has now passed into that state which has been the fate of all other British acquisitions in India; it has become a civil station, occupied by commissioners and collectors of the Company, with the usual proportion of Sepoys and their officers; and, of the numerous families of old nobles that still clung to the ruin of that throne which had been a shadow and protection to their forefathers, hardly one appears to remain; while the old king, an honourable prisoner in the palace of his ancestors, maintains with the few attendants that adhere to his fallen state, the pageant of a court in those halls where but a century ago an European durst not have attempted to appear.

Lucnow, by a compromise fortunate for its possessor, has distanced the evil day; he still retains his state, his liberty, and his wealth, if not his power; and although the British influence, which so powerfully acted in the destinies of this state, with the strong bias of some of its rulers for every thing English, has introduced here a tinge of European

fashion, we may behold at Lucnow the spectacle of a Mahomedan court of very considerable splendour preserving, even in these days, a great share of its pristine usages.

Lucnow is but a modern city, which rose upon the decay of Oude, the capital of the province of that name, by the favour of Sirjah u Dowlah, and his successors, the sovereigns of the country. It is situated on the bank of the Ghoomtee, in a level and sandy country, rendered fertile around the town by dint of considerable labour. Little is seen, on approaching the city, but a thick forest of bamboos, mangoes, topes, and trellis gardens, above which, here and there, arise the minarets, domes, and turrets of the mosques and palaces. The only decent approach is by a bridge, which leads at once to the quarter of the city occupied by the Nawaub and his court; from every other side the traveller must make his way through narrow and filthy lanes, or among mean and ruinous buildings, in streets where his elephant, if he rides one, can hardly move along without unroofing the wretched hovels as it passes. The first time I entered this capital was upon the eve of a festival; and the contrast was particularly striking, when, after traversing an endless length of such disgusting paths, the palaces of the Nawaub and the British resident, with their extensive dependencies, all illuminated by a brilliant display of fireworks, burst upon my view.

The palaces belonging to the Nawaub, with their contents, and the buildings, public and private, erected by his predecessors, comprise, indeed, almost the only objects worthy of attention in Lucnow; the rest of the city is but a mass of miserable brick or mud buildings, huddled together without regard to convenience, cleanliness, or ventilation, and interspersed with a quantity of wood; in short, a common Indian town, though upon a very large scale. The principal town residences of the present Prince (whom, as he has of late assumed the crown and style of royalty, I shall henceforth term *King*) are situated in an inclosure upon the banks of the Ghoomtee, several miles in extent, and comprising a vast deal of building. Within are lodged not only his own family, but a great proportion of his servants and the numerous retainers of the court, as well as the troops that are continually on duty. The principal stables, containing many hundred horses, are also situated here, as well as those for a portion of the royal elephants and camels, with the menagerie and aviary, all extensive establishments. The chief palaces within this inclosure are those of Terookh Buksh, Meerza Cotee Wallah, and Mubaick Munzil. The former, which embraces a variety of extensive buildings erected upon the river banks, is occupied by the king and his family. This pile consists of a variety of courts, tanks, fountains, and parterres, with suites of apartments, some of which are handsome and extensive, after the usual manner of Native houses upon a large scale; but in those to which the public are admitted, a strange mixture of European frippery with Asiatic decoration, may be observed. Mirrors of all sizes, coloured prints, many of them of the meanest description, in fine gilt frames; paltry Chinese drawings, magnificent and jewelled time-pieces, ornamental china, statues of various descriptions, huddled altogether with the most perfect contempt of arrangement, lend their glitter to adorn many of the public apartments, which

are also furnished in profusion with European chairs, couches, and tables of various sorts. No stranger can, of course, see the more private apartments; and indeed, unless when attending the public breakfasts given by his Majesty, little of the interior of Terookh Buksh can be seen.

The Meerza Cotee Wallah, now called Hassein Buksh, is of much smaller extent, not far distant from the former, also upon the banks of the river, and commanding a fine view of the other palaces, and part of the town beyond. It is fitted up entirely after the European fashion, but with the same mixture of rich and rare with mean and ludicrous, which moves the contempt of every spectator possessing the least taste:—a fine engraving of Woollet's, or a picture of the Italian school, may be seen placed between two sixpenny coloured prints; or an elegant or-molu, or jewelled clock, beside a coarse Dutch toy. As a fair example of the taste that directs the arrangement of ornaments in his Majesty's house, the following fact, which came under my own observation, may be given:—Among other pieces of sculpture a very fine marble statue of the Venus de Medicis was purchased for the king, who directed it to be placed in this palace, upon a pedestal on one of the landings of the staircase: but, its perfect nudity being soon after observed by his Majesty, he remarked that the delicacy of the ladies, who sometimes honoured him with a visit, would be shocked if it were to continue thus divested of proper raiment: he, therefore, gave orders that a decent robe should be made, which was forthwith done in the most fashionable style by an European woman, the wife of a Moonshee resident at Lucnow; and, when I was last at this palace, I saw the Venus thus transmuted into a modern belle, decked out in muslin and bobbin-net, looking like one of the figures used by milliners to hang their finery upon. Other apartments were in like manner fancifully decorated; in some, magnificent crimson-velvet couches, trimmed with gold fringe, were surrounded by common cane-chairs, and fine crystal vases by wretched devices in common china; one room was fitted up with mirrors of all sorts—magnifying and diminishing, small and large, and placed in all manner of ways to reflect the company in extravagant attitudes.

The Mubaick Munzil is a pretty English-fashioned house, of the same description as that last mentioned, and this was, when I last saw it, equally full of curiosities and bad taste. A bridge of boats thrown across the river, connecting the palace of Terookh Buksh with the opposite side of the river, leads to another building called by Europeans the Lantern Palace, I believe from the resemblance its tall square form, with numerous large windows, bears to such an utensil. It contains a number of small apartments, adorned in the same frippery taste as the rest, with pictures, prints, and gimcracks of all kinds; and possessing only one recommendation, the view it commands of the river, the town, and the various picturesque buildings upon the other bank. A palace of large dimensions, and in the form of a Gothic castle, was commenced, and, indeed, nearly completed in the time of Saadut Allee, under the superintendence of a gentleman in the service of the Company, an officer of Engineers, permitted to be thus employed by the Government of India at his Highness's particular request; but with the strange feeling, which Asiatics so frequently evince, of disgust at the works of their predecessors, combined with a desire to be known by their own, his

present Majesty ordered a part of this work to be pulled down, and converted the remainder to mean uses.

The only other building that merits description within the palace inclosure is a Baruh Durree, or species of pavilion, erected close upon and overlooking the new Bazaar: (literally twelve-doors, a name commonly given to pleasure-houses, which are often built in a square form, with three large arches on each side.) It is handsomely built in the rich Mahomedan style of architecture, and attracts much of the stranger's attention by its elegance and gorgeous ornaments: the lower story is fitted up, in the Native way, with every convenience for residence, including a suite of baths, &c.; the whole is carpeted with the usual Indian carpeting, covered, moreover, with white cloth; the walls are finished with the most beautiful shining stucco, which resembles marble; and the numerous arches that open all around, are fitted up with screens of crimson and yellow cloth, constructed to roll up or let down at pleasure, and serving in place of doors and windows. The upper story consists of two or three spacious and lofty apartments arcaded all round, and fitted up like those below with carpets and curtains, besides which broad crimson awnings stretch from above the arches, to protect the building and its inhabitants from the violence of the sun's rays. These apartments are used on occasions of state; great entertainments are given in them; and there the present king celebrated his coronation; the crown, the throne, state palanquins, and other parts of the royal equipage, are likewise kept there. It was in these apartments, too, that the late Nawaub Saadut Allee closed his life. He had been unwell for a considerable time, and had removed to this place, where he was amusing himself in looking at a nautch, when he was taken ill suddenly, and in a few hours expired. Poison was suspected, but I believe without any foundation.

The menagerie attached to the palace is a large establishment, which some years ago contained a considerable collection of tigers, leopards, hyenas, monkeys, &c. with three tame rhinoceroses, and one or two lions. But the aviary attracted most attention, by its numerous and splendid collection of rare birds, among which that of pheasants from Nepaul, glittering in their glorious and lovely plumage of the richest hues, eclipsed all the rest. Not far off is the falconry, where used to be kept an hundred hawks, of various breeds, each of which had a man to attend as its keeper, besides those employed to kill birds for their food.

The stables, which are very extensive, and built in form of a cross, are calculated, as we were informed, to contain from twelve to fifteen hundred horses, which formed the stud of the late Nawaub Saadut Allee Khan; but probably a portion was kept in a set of stables across the river, where there is likewise a large range of pasture appropriated to the stud of brood-mares and the young produce. A considerable number of elephants are also kept about the palace, but the larger portion of those belonging to his Majesty, amounting, it is said, to eleven or twelve hundred, are cantoned abroad in the country for the convenience of forage. The elephant stables (or Pheel Khauchs,) are of magnificent dimensions; nor are those appropriated for the royal camels at all inferior in their proportions. Among the rarities of Lucnow may

also be reckoned the elephant rhuts, a species of carriage drawn by these animals, trained for the purpose. Two of these were exhibited when I first visited that place; since which period, several others on a different construction have been built. The old ones are in the form of a rhut, or Indian wheel-carriage, containing two distinct chambers; and one has even two stories in height. The latter was covered with green broad-cloth and velvet, embroidered in a superb manner with silver: the inside was lined with keen-khaub, or brocade of red silk, worked with flowers of gold, and fitted up with cushions in a most luxurious manner: this was drawn by four elephants, caparisoned, with housings covering the greater part of their bodies in green, red, and gold, and the Mohouts or drivers all in liveries to match. The other was of similar form, covered with crimson and gold, and fitted up even more richly than the former: it was drawn by two enormous elephants, with caparisons, housings, and corresponding liveries. The bodies and woodwork of the rhuts were enamelled with painting and gilding in the richest manner; and the whole formed a spectacle of the most splendid kind, extremely characteristic of Eastern magnificence. We ascended one of these majestic cars, and were driven a little way to gratify the curiosity of some of the party; and the elephants appeared to be perfectly well trained and docile. I do not, however, believe that these vehicles are intended for any other purpose than that of show; nor indeed am I aware of such existing in any other part of India; certainly not now in the Northern provinces.

Another relic of ancient Indian splendour is still to be witnessed at Lucnow, in the elephant-fights which are sometimes exhibited, and for the purpose of which, a considerable number of these animals, of unusual fierceness, are entertained. It is well known that at particular periods the male elephant becomes fierce, unmanageable, or, in truth, mad; or as it is termed by the natives *must;* at which time they readily destroy any animal they meet with, or fight with each other when opposed. They are in this state driven into an inclosure or space appointed for the purpose; and with certain precautions are permitted to encounter each other. The shock of two such animals cannot but form a terrific exhibition, and must excite a very keen interest in the minds of the numerous spectators; but those who form very high expectations would be disappointed. The animals themselves, as if conscious of their own irresistible weight and force, close cautiously; and there are even precautions taken to prevent serious damage: if they are very fierce, they are brought up on opposite sides of a wall, somewhat more than knee high; and the fight is confined to wrestling across this barrier with their tusks and trunks. If they are permitted to meet in open space, there are always men ready with fireworks, of which the elephant entertains a great terror, to rush in between and separate them. The reader will be surprised to hear, that for the most part their mohouts, or keepers, sit upon their backs, and guide or urge them on. It is uncommon for any elephant, even the most wild and fierce, to harm or cease to recognize his keeper; and dangerous though the service be, the mohout sits upon his own beast, exposed to the shock of the conflict, and to the tusks and trunk of the adverse elephant, with wonderful composure.

Sometimes the animals are let loose without any restraint; and if two pretty equally matched and powerful animals thus meet, the conflict is terrible, though less so to the eye than might be expected; for their motions are comparatively slow and measured: they join and push with the head, lock and clash the tusks, and intertwine and grapple with the trunk, uttering from time to time short shrill shrieks. After a while the weakest is borne down upon his haunches, or may be rolled over on his side, when the victor animal attacks him with his tusks, and would injure or put him to death, if permitted; but the combat is then terminated. Horsemen, mounted on active well-managed coursers, with fire-works bound on their spear-heads, dash towards the struggling beasts, and, goading the conqueror, force him to quit his fallen foe to turn on the aggressors, who fly in their turn and draw him after them. Frequent accidents occur at these spectacles—a horse falling, or a foot slipping, generally proves fatal: the enraged elephant seizes on what he can come up with, and crushes it to pieces, after perhaps playing with it for a while as a cat with a mouse. I was myself witness to an accident of this nature, though not at Lucnow: an uncommonly wild and powerful elephant had been let loose, which, after having driven away its antagonist, set off at full speed towards the neighbouring jungle, followed by the horsemen, who soon succeeded in turning him. A great crowd had collected, for the place was an open market-place within the town; and the elephant took its way right through the midst of the market, then to the right and left, the men running, and the women scarcely waiting to snatch up their children in their sudden terror. One unhappy man stumbled and fell just in the path of the furious animal: we saw it stoop and pass over him; and so rapidly did it pass, that some doubted if the man were hurt. But they were soon undeceived: he lay extended on the spot, and, the danger being past, those nearest him lifted and found him quite dead. Whether the blow had been given by the elephant's foot, tusk, or trunk, was not known: a touch of either is always sufficient to cause death.

The late Nawaub was much attached to such amusements: he had also a particular fondness for, and was a good judge of horses. He rode and hunted a great deal, and took much pains in selecting and keeping up his stud, and perhaps possessed the greatest variety of, and choicest horses of any prince in India. He kept a good pack of hounds, with regular huntsmen, and every description of dog, with a vast quantity of sporting apparatus of all kinds. His present Majesty has no such delights; his tastes lie quite in another line: the only thing he seems fond of being boats and vessels of different sorts, rather an unfortunate predilection indeed, as the Ghoomtee is by no means calculated to afford scope for exercising his hobby. The stud is fast falling into decay, and with it all that bears reference to field sports or pursuits of a similar description.

F.

THE RETURN OF THE INDIANS TO NIAGARA.

My faithful love, we'll onward roam,
And seek together our forest home,
No more the stranger's roof to see,—
In our woods, on our rivers, we are free!
He cannot lure the Indian to stay
From his woods and his rivers long away.
The stranger's halls may yield him bliss,
But can they compare to a sky like this?
The stranger may feast in his gaudy bowers,
But his banquet is not so sweet as ours;
And gold and jewels may round him shine,
But can they compare with riches like mine?
My wide domains of mountain and grove,
My joys with thee of freedom and love!

Lake Erie is near, and the Rapids * clear
  Will guide us on our way,
Until they rush with sparkling gush
  Where wild Ontario's waters play.
The ravens are hovering for their food,
For fatal to the finny brood
  Is the dash of the Rapids' spray:
They lie on the shore, and their colours bright
Flash for awhile in the sunny light,
  Then fade in death away.

The evening sun its parting glance
  Is shedding on plain and tree,
And lo! the shadowy mists advance,
  And they move—how rapidly!
What murmur rises on my ear—
Now louder, deeper, and more near?—
Ha! tis not evening's misty dew
  That spreads in clouds on high.
Those wreaths of snowy foam defy
The might of time, of earth and sky,
The stately Falls burst on my view
  In all their majesty!

Now down the dizzy steep we go
Where the stunning waters flow,
Over rocks, whose heads are seen
The overwhelming waves between.
Scarcely the eye may mark the height
From whence they pour with reinless might. †

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* We crossed the Rapids about three miles below Lake Erie. These Rapids form a very considerable river, being at this place nearly one mile over, and conveying a vast body of water from Lake Erie to Lake Ontario. I observed a number of large fish that were thrown on shore, round which many ravens were hovering or devouring them. Clouds of mist are seen rising from the Falls, and the concussion occasioned by the descent of so large a body of water is such that in a still summer's evening a constant tremor of the earth is perceptible.

† Immediately below the cataract the river is confined between two steep rocks that form a deep winding valley, through which the waters flow in their course towards Lake Ontario. This valley is terminated by a perpendicular rock of fifty-three yards in height, over which this vast body of water precipitates itself with astonishing rapidity, and with a noise so tremendous that it cannot be described.

Travels in North America.

Let us fly from the deafening sound—
Its thunder shakes the trembling ground :
Midst the terror of the ceaseless din,
Is there no spot to shelter in ?

Methinks through the roar so wild and high,
Silver voices in whispers sigh ;
And across the foam of that rushing tide
Shadowless forms appear to glide,
There, where the rainbow loves to play
In vanishing hues along the spray,
Their glittering wings the spirits wave,
And beckon us to their watery cave :
They know from the Stranger's land we come,
And they hasten to welcome the Indians home !

M. E.

CHARACTERISTIC EPISTLES.—NO. I.

From the Collection of an Amateur.

Of all the different species of literary composition with which the press of the present day teems, commend us to Letters—in which there should be no such thing as composition at all! And of all letters, give us those alone which never would have been written if the possibility of our perusing them had been contemplated! And of all letter-writers, keep us from any but such as do not know how a letter should be written!

One of the greatest merits of letters, as an invention, is that there is nobody so ignorant or uninformed but he may indite one, and nobody so forlorn or forsaken in condition that he may not hope some day or other to receive one, or remember the day when he did. To "waft a sigh from Indus to the Pole," is far from being the most difficult feat that letters are able to perform. It is said, proverbially, of any attempt to effect an impossible thing, "you might as well try to extract milk from a male tiger!" But letters can do more than this: they can squeeze "the milk of human kindness" from the indurated heart of a miser or a misanthrope—they can "call *spirits* from the vasty deep" of a metaphysician's brain;—nay more—they can extract amusement from men of business, pleasantry from peers and plenipotentiaries, liveliness from lovers and fine ladies, instruction from fools, humanity from philosophers, and—the greatest miracle of all—a willingly-paid poll-tax from every body!

The genus, Letters, has been divided, from time to time, into various species, according to the fancy or habits of the party concerning himself about them. But perhaps the best, because the least artificial classification of them, is one which has never yet been made, and which would arrange them according to the rank and station which their writers hold in society. In this view of them they will come under four principal heads; namely, Letters of the poor—of the middle classes—of persons of rank—and of men of genius: which latter must be considered as forming a class by themselves, without any reference to the particular station they may nominally hold. Perhaps, next to the letters of men of genius (of which so much has been already said and written that we must not trust ourselves to add any thing to it here) those of the poor

are richest in a sort of homely and home-reaching interest. And yet it is strange enough that they have hitherto not been attended to at all —any more than if no such things existed. The passions, affections, characters, habits, and manners of the poor have not been thought less worthy of study than those of any other class, even by the greatest and best of our casuists; and various modes have been adopted for illustrating and setting them forth, by essays, tales, poems, dramas, pictures, &c. But the study and developement of them by means of the written letters to which they have given rise, seems to have been almost entirely overlooked or neglected. The observers of human nature do not object to study character, under whatever form it may present itself, or in connexion with whatever circumstances; and many a valuable lesson has been learned amid the clamour of a tap-room, or on the top of a stage-coach: and not the less valuable for coming in vulgar language and from a nameless source. But to look into a letter couched in culpable grammar, and signed John Atkins or Rebecca Jones, is what nobody has hitherto thought of doing, unless they have happened to be appended to some "case of seduction," or crim. con. in low life. And yet the vicious eagerness with which such documents are sought after and devoured by the "reading public" of the newspapers, on occasions of the above nature, might, one would think, have demonstrated the value of them as a general source of legitimate information, in regard to the constitution of the human mind, and the passions and affections of the heart, in however low a station they may be acting.

Neither have letters ever been collected—or at least no such collection has ever been given to the world—with a view to illustrate character generally. They have always been devoted either to the developement of some particular portion of history,—literary, political, &c.; or to illustrate the character and general biography of some individual person who has been distinguished from the rest of his species in some way or other—either by his station, his virtues, his genius, his crimes, or the remarkable acts and circumstances in which he may have taken a part. And the letters collected with any of these views have always, without exception, been considered to derive a great part of their value, of whatever kind it may have been, from the *name* which was found subscribed to them: we of course refer to such of them as have not been written by the person whose character and biography they professed to illustrate—the name affixed to *those* being undoubtedly one of the chief grounds of their value. Now, for our parts, we strenuously hold, with Juliet, that there is very little, if any thing, "in *a name*," especially as affixed to a letter—with the single exception we have just stated; and that the flowers of the epistolary parterre "would smell as sweet," generally speaking, with any one name as with any other, or without any name whatever. And indeed we are greatly mistaken if they would not in many or in most cases smell sweeter. In fact, Letters, *as such*, are good, bad, or indifferent *in themselves*, and no name can make them otherwise; and the only general distinction that need be made is between real and fictitious ones.

Undoubtedly, the collections of letters which we already possess, both in our own and in other languages, ancient as well as modern, are in the highest degree valuable and interesting, in each of the points of view in which we have looked at letters above:—namely, as develope-

ments of individual character; and as depositories of general truth, and illustrations of our general nature. And many of them are valuable in both these points of view at the same time. Nothing, for example, can possibly be more amusing and delightful in themselves than the Letters of Horace Walpole; and at the same time nothing can possibly be more characteristic of their writer—who was a person about whom, for various reasons, we desire to know all that can be known. The same may be said of Cowper's Letters—of those in particular which have just been given to the world. On the other hand, the collection of Letters published under the names of Grimm and Diderot are valuable on their own account purely, and they would have been just as valuable had they appeared without any name at all, provided we could have been fully assured of their authenticity. It is nearly the same with the admirable letters of Lady Mary Wortley Montague, and with the delicious ones of Madame de Sevigné. The first are the letters of a person of high breeding, of infinite wit, of easy pleasantry, and of acute observation; but as for the name they bear—we care very little about the matter, and if we did not already know it, we should not feel much desire to know it. And Madame de Sevigné's are the letters of a doting mother to an affectionate child; which is a character that no name could add any interest to. And though these delightful effusions are almost as rich as Lady Montague's in the various qualities we have assigned to the latter, yet it is chiefly as the letters of a devoted mother that we love them: for a deeply-rooted passion, of whatever kind, is a more interesting subject of contemplation to the human mind than any or than all other things.—Again—the Letters of Pope are most entertaining, clever, and instructive pieces of writing; but then they *are* "pieces of writing," and might have been intended for the New Monthly Magazine! As mere letters they are of little value. But as *Letters of Pope* they are of great value; because, in addition to the entertainment they afford, they are highly illustrative of the artificial character of Pope's intellect,—which was for ever "on its good behaviour," as the phrase is, and was scarcely conscious of its own existence except with reference to the existence of some other person. The Letters of Gray, again, are models, in point of style—so far as any thing can be named as a model of that which should be a purely involuntary effusion. But it is as developements of a peculiarly formed character that we have chief cause to value them. Gray, as a poet, was the most artificial person in the world: this we gather from his verses. But as a man, nothing could be more simple, natural, and unaffected: his letters prove this. It is as *the Letters of Gray*, therefore, that we most admire them: if they were without his, or any other great name, we should set but little store by them; because, though models of what may be called (if any thing *must* be so called) an epistolary style, they contain little that is either very amusing or very profound—little that would gain them any high distinction as mere pieces of writing.

But in fact a *real* Letter can scarcely fail to be in some degree interesting, whatsoever it may contain, or from whomsoever it may proceed; and that which would be perfectly *fade*, puerile, and commonplace, coming to us under any other circumstances, has a certain character and value stamped upon it with the post-mark. Probably the reason of this is, that we cannot peruse a letter, supposing we know it

to be a genuine one, without in some degree partaking in the sentiments of three different parties at once—namely, the inditer, the person to whom it is addressed, and ourselves, the present readers of it; we, at one and the same time, *trace* the feelings of the writer, *imagine* those of the receiver, and *experience* our own in regard to those of both the others. It will probably be found, on examination, that this complex process does not take place in regard to any other species of composition. And to prove that this process is in a great measure the cause of the interest we feel in the perusal of letters, let us enquire whether *imaginary* ones excite any interest at all, unless they include some special and adventitious merit not belonging to them *as letters.* In fact, the great charm of real letters is simply that of their *being* real letters; and this is a quality the known absence of which nothing can entirely compensate.

To return to the consideration from which we have somewhat diverged. How is it that collections of Letters have not hitherto been made, which shall in no degree depend for their value on particular names, persons, events, and things, but which shall illustrate general nature and character alone, by means of individual instances, and shall derive their interest solely from their greater or less adaptation to this object? It will scarcely be doubted that not a day passes without a multiplicity of letters being written, received, read, and destroyed, which, if saved, and arranged with reference to the above-named object, would be in a high degree curious and valuable. The human heart—its passions, affections, habits, impulses, and instincts—are indicated and developed less in its conduct under the great and momentous circumstances in which it is placed, than in that which is called forth by the every day trifles that act and are acted upon by it; it is less true to itself in its strengths than its weaknesses, and the results of the former are less to be depended on as criterions of character than those of the latter.—And, above all, a general and efficient knowledge of our human nature is to be obtained, less by gazing upon it under the distant and at the same time dazzling forms of high genius and heroic virtue, than by becoming intimate with its frailties, its follies, and its errors, as these are inseparably linked and blended with its wants and wishes, its sorrows and joys, as well as its eager aspirations after future good, and its restless endeavours to escape from present evil. The truth of all this will perhaps readily be admitted; but possibly the inference we would draw from it, in regard to the value of a certain class of letters, is not so obvious, though we conceive it to be still more universally true. There is, in fact, nothing like a letter, for giving us glimpses into the secret heart of its writer at the moment he is employed in penning it; provided the matter in question is either not of sufficient apparent importance to make an attempt at concealment seem needful, or of too much importance to render it available. A thousand things flow through the pen that the tongue could not have expressed if it would, and would not have dared to express, if it could; and what is still more to the purpose, would not have *had* to express,—because, in the act of talking, and the correspondent act of listening that the talking necessarily engenders, the whole mental process becomes changed, and the feelings which put that process into action are divided and dissipated, or diverted into other courses, and

blended with other sets of feelings, and become subject to other associations. Whereas in sitting down to write a letter, we have nothing to entice us "out of the record"—nothing to divert our thoughts and feelings from the process of coining themselves into the words that are expressive of them—nothing to restrain us—nothing to interrupt or confuse or alarm or disturb us—nothing, in short, to prevent the hand and pen together from performing the office we have for the time being appointed them to, of acting as a *copying-machine* to a certain page of the mind or the heart. The tongue rarely if ever gave a true transcript of any particular portion of the mental world that is within us;—for the eye of another, looking upon us while we speak, is alone sufficient (however unconscious we may be of its influence) to alter all that we should otherwise say. But the pen *has* the power (which nothing else has) of drawing true pictures from the human heart, and of drawing them too in a permanent form, so that they can be copied, and repeated, and kept at hand for study and reference and comparison. While the tongue, even if it *could* draw as vivid pictures and as true ones, could only trace them on the air, from which they must fade in the same moment that they appear. No conversation was ever so exactly recollected and reported as to convey a perfect impression of the effect which it produced at the time it was uttered. But a real letter is a real tangible thing—you have it "in black and white"—there's no gainsaying or altering or disputing or denying it.

Be it understood then, briefly, that it is the object of these papers, if not to supply the desideratum the absence of which is lamented above, at least to shew the manner in which it might be supplied. But while this is their main object, it is not intended to pursue this object formally, but to forget or step aside from it whenever the pursuit of it might seem incompatible with the amusement of the reader. In short, it is proposed to skim the cream of a large collection of original letters from all classes and degrees of persons; making the selection chiefly with a view to illustrate character and human nature generally; but sometimes depending, for the interest we propose to excite, on "the magic of a name" alone: But be it always borne in mind by the reader, that the chief claim we are induced to make upon his attention and curiosity in regard to these "selections," arises from their absolute reality. Whatever they seem to be, *that* they are. We are not going to shew him what might, could, would, or should have been written, under certain supposable circumstances; but what actually was written under certain actual circumstances. In fact (and to this we pledge ourselves), the letters we shall present him will be copied, verbatim et literatim, from the originals as they lie before us, by the favour of their possessor—who has all his life been a collector of every thing in this way that could illustrate the infinite varieties of human character, and the mere fact of their being found in whose possession is enough to stamp a certain value upon them—since, if there be a person whose tact in detecting, and whose skill and quickness in applying indications of this nature, surpasses those of all others now living among us, it is he who has for five years successively, in his own single unassisted person, supplied the place of a whole company of comedians (to say nothing of "scenery, machinery, dresses, decorations, &c.") to the most enlightened audiences that our theatres have seen for many years past, and has him-

self furnished, from the stores of his own unassisted observation, nearly all the materials of which his illustrative entertainments have been composed.

The considerate reader will pardon us for having detained him so long from those objects which are to form the staple of these papers, both in substance and in attraction. But the truth is, we have foreseen the small chance there is of *our* being attended to in the presence of "metal more attractive;" and have determined "to have our *say*" beforehand on this most enticing subject. We have now done, except in so far as regards the few words with which we shall venture to preface each letter as we present it.

We cannot do better than begin with the Theatrical letters, if it be but in compliment to the friend whose kindness permits us thus to skim the cream of his collection.

The following letter, in addition to its other merits, of style, composition, &c. proves the singular effect which theatrical representations produce on spectators of a certain class, in regard to the persons who embody the different characters represented. To a country bumpkin the abstract notion of "a play-actor" is a something which inspires a mysterious respect amounting to awe, and at the same time a sense of familiarity which almost "breeds contempt." These two opposite feelings are delightfully blended and confused together in the epistle which follows:

Mr. Wrench,

Sir,—Please to excuse my freedom as streanger to you, but I have had the pleasure of seeing you many times at the theatre in Oxford.

Mr. Wrench, J. W*** presents most respectful compliments to Mr. W. begs the favor of his company at dinner to day at 2 o'Clock to meet a few friends—And in the evening we intend to visit your theatre.

Sir, I hope you will excuse this short notis.

Monday Morning, 4th Sept. 1815. — J. W***, Porter of —— College.

An answer is requested.

Our next specimens shall be from two aspirants after theatrical fame. The infinite summariness of the first, and the cool manner in which the writer desires to be waited upon at his own residence, are remarkable. He evidently thinks that, now his mind is made up on the matter, nothing remains but to arrange the preliminaries of his engagement.

To Mr. Mathews, Aug. 13, 1815.

Sir,—I write these few lines to you, hoping that i shall succeed in what I am trying for—i am very unhappy, now my mind is all on being a stage-actor, and if you would have the goodness to stepp down to 35, Devonshire-street, Portland-place, to-day, i shall be very much a bloiged to you, as I have not time to come to the Haymarket. I remain yours,

R. R*****.

The other is from a very different person—

"Some clerk foredoom'd his father's soul to cross,
Who *reads a play-book* when he should engross."

His mingled confidence and modesty are amusing. He feels no difficulty in offering himself as "a tragic performer of the first characters;" and yet the utmost scope of his expectations in the affair of salary is fifteen shillings per week!

SIR,—I now wait upon you in order to offer myself to your acceptance as a tragic performer of the first characters—having studied Shakespear and other celebrated authors for several years—but I bring with me no other recommendation to your notice but my own abilities—not having appeared on any stage yet—still if you should have the goodness to grant my suit, I think I may justly say with Norval, something makes me bold to say I will not shame thy favor. The salary I should expect would not be more than 15s. per week. Pardon me, if I through ignorance have erred in addressing you—not knowing the way in which the theatrical affairs are generally transacted. Your humble Servant,

W. K***.

N. B. If you think it worth your trouble, as I am now in waiting, I would give you a specimen or two of my abilities—knowing, from report, your innate worth and love of justice.

To Mr. T. DIBDIN, Manager,
Surry Theatre."

We will now take a step to higher and tenderer ground. The following is from an author—and what is more, a poet—and what is most of all, a patriot! There is something dramatic even in his epistolary style. Interrogatories issue from him in a stream. And then what novelty in the conception of introducing the overture as soon as the play is over! He thinks that the dramatists of the day have hitherto put the cart before the horse, and that an *over*-ture of course means a something which shall be given after the play is *over!* And *what* an overture is his to be! "patriotic," as he says, with a vengeance—embodying nothing less than *all* the national songs we possess! He may well desire to have his name concealed, lest, on the performance of his play, he should be overwhelmed with addresses from all parts of his grateful country! Of all the paradises extant in the realms of the imagination, commend us to "the Fool's Paradise." The poet's is a purgatory in comparison. But to our Letter :

"Scarboro', Dec. 9, 1804.

DEAR SIR,—I have written a play*, and I am confident it possesses merit. One (a facetious, whimsical, hypocritical, satirical, avaricious) character, I purposely contrived for you. Quere, can I have it introduced in London? In what time? How must I proceed? What obstacles will oppose me? How shall I oppose *them?* What terms? Is Mr. Kelly accessible? for I want a "patriotic overture" composing, and a "patriotic song" setting to music—viz.

(for 4 voices)
England, arise! *see*, where the gathering foe,
Like a fierce *tyger*, ere he takes his leap—
Rise, o arise! uplift a mighty blow—
Headlong destruction! Ruin! on them heap!!

OVERTURE, (which immediately strikes up at the conclusion of 5th Act,) to have for its various movements, "God Save the King"—"Rule Britannia"—"Hearts of Oak"—"Britons Strike Home."

Hope you will not be offended at my having taken this liberty with you, nor at my urging you to favor me with as early an answer as possible. And let me entreat you to keep my name (———) secret, for I mean to be known only as, Dear Sir, Yours, &c.

WM. RUMBERT.

N.B. Best respects to Mrs. ———. Perhaps I may err in my superscription—for I only heard per chance you were at Drury-lane. If you are not, permit me to say you deserve to be there.

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* "Patriotic Incidents, or the Nightly Watch; in five acts. Altogether pro tempore—the title will convince—it will readily be licensed."

We will now return to the humbler walks of professional life. The following effusion is the joint production of two brothers, who seem, in this instance, to have been sick of too much health. The "bons," (as they call them) with which the worthy proprietor of Vauxhall had favoured them, were any thing but *bons* to them! Their consternation at the unremitting attacks that are made upon them—their tender solicitude lest Mr. Barrett should suspect them of disaffection to his interests, in not helping to fill his gardens with orders—and their innocent despair at the "distressing necessity" to which they are reduced of being compelled to solicit the favour of being allowed to forego the favour he had conferred upon them—all this is the perfection of *naïveté.*

"London, Aug. 1, 1820.

Much Respected Sir,—Your kind generosity was so great that you bestowed on us, your horn-players at Wauxhall, two Bons, which we with the most grateful sensibility accepted; but in the course of time we find hout that this intended favor was for us an severe punishment. We are every day besieged; they say, two bons make a little party, and for this reason, in the course of the season, more than 300 person ask, and constantly plag us for the bons—so that we are at last under the distressing necessity to solicit your kind permission and consent to rennounce and give up the bons. But if we lose the bons, we wish never and never to lose your kind protection. Consequently, we most humbly solicit the favor to be always at your service, at least as long as we can decently do our duty, as we prefer the engagement at Wauxhall to any other at London.

We remain, with the greatest respect, much respected Sir,
Your most grateful and humble Servants,
Joseph & Peter ———.
Horns at Wauxhall.

To G. N. Barrett, Esq.
Strokwell.

Perhaps after all this prose the reader may like to see a little verse. He may be assured that what follows is written in as sober seriousness as any of the preceding. It will explain itself.

"Impromptu.

To My Dear Mary, Sunday Night, 31 Oct. 13.

Conway, the object my Mary wished to view—
How hard the heart must be that did not sympathise with you.
Impressed with this idea, what less could by me be done
Than procure passports three from my old friend, Jem Brandon.
The fifth Henry, Conway to-morrow night will personify—
In which, I hope and trust, e'en critics he'll defy.
He is somewhat like my Mary, handsome and strong;
But in the Drama's laws not to be compared with Young.
So much for comparison, but sure I am he'll please,
If not? the fault's not mine, because you'll sit at ease
In a front seat, secured not by a *rara avis,*
But by an affectionate and sincere friend, D** D****.
More anon—errors excepted.

We shall conclude our extracts for the present, with an epistle sent from a clown at the Dublin Theatre to his wife in London. The following, like the specimen which precedes it, is certainly neither prose nor verse; but we will venture to say that it is *poetry*, if the simple outburstings of a sincere and deep-seated affection are such. In the midst of its infinite confusion of times, persons, and things, there are touches of passion which nothing purely fictitious ever possessed. The benediction that intervenes between the two postscripts is the sublime of simple nature. The reader must not be content with a single perusal of this letter. On the first reading, its somewhat recondite orthography

may perhaps interfere with its effect. But when it can be read over without pausing to puzzle out the meaning of the words, he who can so read it, and not be touched by it, even to the very verge of tears, may be assured that he is either not made of "penetrable stuff," or that his heart and affections are not in a healthful state. We should shrewdly suspect such a person of being secretly addicted to melo-drams!

"Friday Morning.

My Dear Aingel,—I reaseaved your Leater, and I am a stonisht that you did not start off the moment the theatre closed, after what I have rote to you and leting you know what a situation I am in. I am a stonisht that you did not pay more a tencion—was you in a straing country I wold not serve you so—you are braking my hart by eanchis—I have ben bad a nuf before I reseved this Leter—but this has cut me to the senter of my hart. I am walking the streets from morning to night and till morning again—if you are not started before you reaseve this Leter, I shal expect you will start of on the recpt of this Leater, wich you will reaseve on Monday, 12 of November, wich I shall expect you will come of by the male at night; and if you are not over in Dublin on the thursday folowing, I shal start on the fryday folowing, if I am abel to start—for it is no youse for you to come over heare then—for you lose your engadgment—for Mr. Joneston says he must engadg sum one Elce in your situation—so you know my sentiments.

Dam the election and the theatre—if you wish to make me hapy you will mind what I have rote to you, So no more from

your ever loving and obedient husband.

If it ruines me I will start on fryday if you are not over on thursday. If you start on monday night you will be in Dublin on thursday.

God bless your eyes.

The theatre is shut up, and I have just money a nofe left to bring me to holey head—and if you are not over on thursday the 15, or friday the 16, by God I will come of if I walk all the way from the head to London—thearfor do not come if you do not come of in time.

O fany—I did not think you wold treat me so—to leave me in a straing country—I could not treat poor Lobskey so—much more your loving husband."

If the critics do not pronounce this to be the perfection of the natural, in point of style as well as matter, we would beg them to explain what is.

LINES ON ACCIDENTALLY POSSESSING AND RETURNING MISS B——'S MINIATURE.

I know not, Lady, which commandment
In painting *this* the artist's hand meant
  To make us chiefly break;
But sure the owner's bliss I covet,
And half would, for possession of it,
  Turn thief and risk my neck.

Yet, as Prometheus rued the fetching
Of fire from Heaven to light his kitchen;
  So, if I stole this treasure
To warm my fancy at the light
Of those young eyes, perhaps I might
  Repent it at my leisure.

An old man for a young maid dying,
Grave forty-five for nineteen sighing,
  Would merit Wisdom's stricture.
And so, to save myself from kindling,
As well as being sued for swindling,
  I send you back the picture.

C.

THE BAR AND ITS LOGIC.

The Bar in England is a profession of considerable honour and great emolument. There are some of its members, though few in comparison to the whole body, who give place to none in liberality of mind, strength of intellect, and the possession of useful knowledge. Many individuals who have studied the law, and some who have been called to the Bar, having gained that knowledge of the institutes of their country which every English gentleman should possess, and acquired those habits of attention and diligence necessary in studying for the profession, have gone no further; but, leaving it before they were imbued with its exclusive character, have ascended to eminence in pursuits, for which, had they become lawyers in practice, they could never have been qualified. It is of the practised lawyer only that I would at present speak, or of the class so considered by the bulk of the profession. It is curious, that though an individual may obtain great success at the Bar, he may be denominated a bad lawyer by the fraternity; and that those who are considered 'good lawyers' by their brethren, are often but little known in society. The gentlemen at the Bar allow, that the great object of a counsel is to obtain a verdict for his client, be he right or wrong, in any mode that the Court will allow; but they will deny the most successful advocates to be lawyers, if they be deficient in a knowledge of certain technicalities and black-letter reading. Yet are the Judges commonly chosen from the most successful advocates; and when we find, that upon abstruse points of law no two lawyers will agree, (except they be Crown-lawyers giving an opinion for the Crown,) it may easily be believed that a 'good lawyer' in the view of the profession, is both a less clever and less useful man than a successful counsel. On the latter all the reputation of the Bar with society must rest. A good counsel may not make so good a Judge as he did a counsel; but if he who has been most successful in his profession is to be deemed inferior to one who has neither genius nor eloquence, but simply a good memory to treasure up his readings, the qualifications required in lawyers must be in an inverse ratio to the impression which they produce in the world. To narrow and render more dry a study sufficiently so already in the eyes of all who are not of the initiated, is to inflict an injury upon the pursuit itself. There is obscurity enough hanging round it out of its own limits. Except such men as Lord Erskine and a few others, whose names and talents have been connected with some extraneous incident or political event; or, like Brougham in the Senate, owing their force to a union of political and legal talent; the mere lawyer runs his career with little notice from the world, and his name mostly dies with him, except among his brethren of the Bar. Like Dives, he has all his good things in this life. He is not ambitious of fame, but as a means of lucre. Gold is his stimulant, and fortune the reward of his exertions. Lord Mansfield, I think, it was, who kept a guinea in his hand when pleading a cause, at a time he did not expect to receive a fee. Without the habitual prompter of his eloquence, he feared he might not be successful. The artist, the poet, or the soldier pursue the "bubble reputation"—they can suffer and labour for a reward in reversion; but the spirit of the lawyer flags if the glittering metal be not

constantly before his eyes; he is the lover of tangible things: crowns of immortality, or a glory that fills the whole earth, are nothing to him like the chink of a guinea; and the sap that nourishes his eloquence, and makes it unfold itself to the edification of the Court that sits beneath its shade, must be liberally supplied by the hand of Mammon, or it will wither into silence. I do not wish to censure a due regard for the honourable profits of legal industry; but I believe that a love, almost a covetousness of gain, is a sin inherent in the lawyer. And as, whether qualified or not, he is always eager to climb into influence and power, the beneficial effect of this spirit may be justly a matter of question in many cases. It is, therefore, to be wished that a fondness for renown, something of that infirmity of noble minds, was a little more influential among lawyers—a little less care of self, and more regard for mankind. But the evil, perhaps, is inherent in the practice of law itself.

The narrow ideas and want of liberality of mind in the majority of legal men is the more singular, because their study appears well calculated to afford them a facility of detecting error generally, and of reasoning purely; so that truth ought to prevail among them over prejudice, reason over custom. But such is not the case in matters out of their legal practice. No men are such adorers of opinions and things as they are first impressed with them; none pin their faith so readily on habitual errors. They cannot be brought to regard the world as a great Court, in which testimony must be examined and cross-examined, and falsehood guarded against. They cannot apply their closet rules to things out of their business, but become as great dupes as those who are inferior to them in understanding, and have no test to guide them to what is right. This deficiency may be witnessed in most cases where a direct matter of law is not the subject, and may be detected in many speakers of the long-robe in the Senate, upon subjects which it is clear they do not understand, or, if they do, treat those who hear them very scurvily, by dealing out arguments of which any human being, possessing common sense, may detect the fallacy. They, perhaps, fancy that, as is customary in the profession, they must say something, whether it be to the purpose or not. The habit of putting things in a wrong light, of using the most barefaced sophistry, and of perplexing in a Court, when a counsel feels the weakness of a cause, makes him suppose that the world may be treated in the same way, and that public opinion is as blind as an Exchequer jury. The difference between twelve men qualified only by estate to sit on a jury, and an indefinite number qualified by intellect to detect sophistical reasoning, is not considered. Every question is judged of by the custom in a Court of law, which is deemed the most perfect of earthly things, and is kept in mental view when the lawyer speaks on the hustings, or in the Senate.

The profession of the law, like the law itself, is full of strange anomalies. There is, for example, no introduction to any pursuit so liberal and worthy of commendation, nay, so completely what it should be, as that of the English lawyer. The phrase "eating his way to the bar," applied to the law-student being required to dine in Term-time in the hall of his Court, comprehends nearly all his duties. He is left entirely to himself: and the good effect of this is apparent. Taking the

lawyer merely as the lawyer, without regard to any thing unprofessional—taking into account also the plodding industry, extensive reading, and laborious application, necessary to attain a profound knowledge of our motley and endless chain of statutes, cases, &c. which good-will is alone able to conquer—no country can produce men more devoted to legal drudgery, or more deeply masters of their profession, than our own. So mighty is the mass of verbiage and detail the student has to wade through, that nothing could urge him on but a knowledge that ignorance cannot succeed, and that a firm determination to excel and a spirit of invincible perseverance will alone ensure success. He may, if he prefer it, and knowing the infallible consequence, wander about his Inn in idleness, or become the empty-headed man of fashion, and waste his hours at Long's or Stevens's; he may neglect law for the more noble and inspiring pursuits of genius, and the only penalty exacted is by himself from himself. He will be certain of remaining at the bottom, while less able but more diligent plodders rise above him to the very summit of the profession. If, therefore, he be called to the Bar, to which perhaps there is no obstacle, he will see life waste away, as hundreds do, without practice; for which he has no one to blame but himself—no sinister interference of power or interest keeps him back, and places less qualified persons over his head, as the naval or military aspirant too often witnesses to his cost. Thus, while the lawyer is the precise, formal, straight-laced personage in himself, bigoted to every thing as it stands, stiff as is his own barbarous wig, grave and dry as the eternal tautology of his dusty parchments, his induction to the profession is the most free and unfettered of that into any pursuit whatever. This freedom of education, however, he makes up for in after-life, when he becomes the slave of custom, and resigns reason itself to the wisdom of his ancestors. He imagines that his profession is to be regarded by the world as above all others, and in proportion to the labour bestowed in its acquirement. He would have the study of law rank above all the higher arts and sciences, beyond the expanded views of the statesman, or the mighty contemplations of the philosopher; or rather, he would circumscribe these by his own. He is angry that few can be brought to think as he does about it; and is mortified if told, that except in an instance or two, depending upon the public interest involved in them, the world cares little or nothing about the most elaborate law-argument, or the most subtle piece of cross-questioning. He is for ever endeavouring to bring things into subservience to his own views. He measures every thing, as the proverb has it, by his own peck; and it is impossible to argue with him upon any topic, without his dragging into the argument something which "smells of the shop," or in the manner of the Court of King's Bench. His reasoning ends in the affirmative, that "whatever is is right," in the political system of his notions, because he finds that custom or statute has in some age or other sanctioned all that he finds in it. His confidence in the minister of the day is only secondary to that which he has in the excellence of the laws of the Tudors and Stuarts, or of William the Conqueror and Henry VIII. Half his arguments, when examined by the rules of right reason, are like those of one of his profession, who,

not long ago, argued for the existence of witchcraft, because, if there had been no such thing as witchcraft, Acts of Parliament would not have been passed for its suppression. This incapacity of abstracting themselves wholly from their professional habits, vices, and modes of thinking, renders them bad politicians. The disposition of men's minds, natural right, the influence of the passions on communities, changes of time and circumstance, the effects of increasing knowledge on the social body, they cannot bring into their calculation. They deal in unities and fractional parts, but cannot calculate large sums; as in their speeches in Court they haggle and dwell upon points and flaws in an argument, but have no power of grasping the whole, and determining its merit at one glance. They are always half a century behind the rest of the world in mind, and carry into society with them the prejudices and rust of their grandsires. They will not agree that the principles which now and then make a great noise in the world, even in those who distinguish themselves from among their own body, are the very reverse of professional ones, and consist in an abandonment of all for which they stickle, keeping only the application and attention, which are merely adjuncts to their studies, and directing them to nobler and more liberal objects. In political life, the lawyer carries the trimming and shuffling of his court character. He takes one side or the other, or both, and is at no loss for arguments or excuses to justify his conduct, such as they are. A preponderating motive answering to a fee in Court, is the mainspring of re-action. Like Mr. Wynn, for example, they can argue in one session on one side of a question, and in another diametrically opposite, and find no difficulty in satisfying themselves of their perfect consistency. Mr. Plunket, who is so gifted a man, can suffer the spirit of the lawyer to overweigh his talents, and to dim the lustre of his fame, from allowing his professional habits to get uppermost on ticklish occasions. It is hardly fair, however, to class Mr. Plunket with the majority of lawyers, when the character of the mass only is under consideration; for he is one of the few exceptions in the profession, (few in respect to their aggregate number,) who has been a shining light in his day—a little bedimmed perhaps at present, but to appear again with greater splendour when his indignant and unfortunate country shall give the nobler feelings of the man the ascendency over the habitual and vacillating ones of the lawyer. A confidence in their infallibility, and in their own integrity and disinterestedness, is another trait in the character of lawyers. Whether a judge of "hard words and hanging" fame, or one with the honesty and mildness of a Bailey be mentioned, both are equally unimpeachable men. In this respect the *esprit du corps* reminds one of the maxim of "Honour among thieves," for they support each other to the utmost; their craft is infallible; and so excellent are the forms, practices, and rules of the profession, that they would fain bring all thought, religion, science, and government, under their guidance and control. They forget that law is simply but a sewer to carry off impurities, and prevent the overflow of wrong in society; but that it is an evil in our path, where we are in constant danger of bemiring ourselves, and that we only submit to it for the security of the general health;—that it is a conventional servant only of the body politic.

Those impulses which move masses of people and produce events of great character, do not belong to law, which is merely a restraint upon evil-doers. The folly of former legislation has suffered it to trench on provinces which do not belong to it, as in its prohibitions of free trade, and its odious support of slavery. Laws purporting to be for the regulation of manufactures and trade, and the encouragement of industry, are injudicious obstacles to national prosperity. Our governors, therefore, do well to sweep away all such, and to keep laws within their proper sphere. Lawyers will oppose all this, as Lord Eldon does, though they knew nothing about it. It is enough that they imagine it to be their own ground, which they will not see contracted. Their fathers sanctioned similar absurdities, and they were all sages. They will not meet Messrs. Robinson and Canning on the merits of the general welfare, by calculations, facts before committees of the House in evidence, or on the broad basis of the common benefit of nations, but in the spirit of a sect. They deliver their opinions *ex cathedra,* and think the world bound by them. They oppose every amelioration in the state required by the changes of time; insist on the continuance of the penal code, that stigma on the nation and on humanity; decry free opinion on religious subjects, that they may keep in use the word *toleration* in a country where more than two-thirds of the people are of the tolerated sects; and permit the unfortunate and perhaps innocent prisoner at the bar of justice to be sacrificed, because the allowing him counsel is contrary to legal precedent, though he cannot utter a word in his own defence; he may be gibbeted, but customary forms of law must not be broken!

The arguments often used by legal men on public questions are specious, unintelligible, or so devoid almost of common sense, that one might suppose they could not but note the deficiency afterwards, and feel for it, were it not that the habit of saying something for a client when he has really no solid ground to stand upon in Court, becomes habitual, and is adopted on weak questions out of it. They undervalue the sense of a community, which they reduce to the level of the jury-box, and suppose the aggregate understanding of an empire may be insulted and brow-beat, or wheedled and cajoled, like Gloucestershire clodhoppers. In a late motion in Parliament, for example, a liberal and honourable member in the profession, whose eloquence and talent are confessed by most, and must have led him in triumph on the sound side of the argument, played off the bar-system in a weak case of defence of a friend, disregarding facts, and trying to support himself on mere moonshine. Among other things, it was in unshaken evidence, that the chief justice of a colony, who was, according to the honourable speaker, a perfect lawyer, had doffed his civilian's garb for a military one, to sit on a court martial; that the court martial was illegal in itself, and therefore its proceedings vicious; that evidence received was illegal, and such as no British judge would allow; and that all these things would have been manifest to one not very deeply learned in the law; and, finally, that this individual signed a sentence of death on a man so illegally tried. What is the sum of the defence made for the person so arraigned, not in a confined Court, but in the Senate of a nation--in the hearing of an empire? Why, in substance, that he, the

speaker, had known him (his friend) to be a man of integrity, of sound and correct judgment, when he was at Trinity College, Cambridge,—and that, as a Fellow of Trinity College, he must be a man of high honour and liberal sentiments. This is speaking to character, the thing usually done last, even in a law Court, in mitigation of punishment; but how are the facts answered for the accused in the present instance? He, so learned and versed in law, and liberal, and impartial, puts on a soldier's garb on an illegal court martial—but he was of Trinity College, Cambridge! He took a part in proceedings that were vicious altogether; the very act speaking his deficiency as a lawyer, or his bad conduct as a man:—but he was of Trinity College, Cambridge! He subscribed a sentence of death on the individual so tried, when a man executed by an illegal tribunal is murdered—but he was of Trinity College, Cambridge! Such is a specimen, given without any thing of the merits of the case alluded to, merely to shew how much the habit of the profession will prevail on momentous occasions out of Court, over men of high abilities and talents; and, in the present instance, over one who is not a mere lawyer, but is looked up to out of his profession. Examples of a similar kind may be found without number, in the speeches of Crown lawyers in particular, in the Houses of Parliament. Now these things will not do before the world, and are better left alone, though in law Courts they may have their weight. A Fellow of Trinity may be an awful individual generally in the eyes of Cambridgeshire juries, but public opinion may differ on the merits of a particular person, matriculated among that truly honourable body. Twelve honest yeomen may be so dazzled by the eloquence of a counsel, that they may not detect a fallacy; nay, it may cling so to their minds, that no summing-up of the judge may remove its effect, and they may return their verdict upon it; but to persuade the public in these days, by what fifty in a hundred can see is rank sophistry, is like trying to overturn a pyramid with a lever a foot in length.

It is much to be deplored for the lawyer's sake, and the sake of the public, that his study is so unnecessarily laborious and complex. His habits of application, directed in part to other branches of knowledge, would tend to raise him in public estimation, and materially assist in cases that require an acquaintance with arts and sciences, commerce and manners. This deficiency of lawyers, in all but their immediate pursuit, is clear to every one but themselves. On the Queen's trial it was remarked that the Attorney-general was so ignorant of foreign manners and customs, "that it seemed as if he had never read a book of travels in his life." This is not, however, so much the fault of the individual as his profession. In these days, when a portion of general knowledge is necessary to every man, the lawyer sees it further and further removed from his attainment, by the increase of statutes and cases, and the ridiculous circumvolution of law and its practice. Yet every attempt to simplify it will be met, as it always has been, by opposition from themselves. The accumulation will go on until it fall into greater confusion than at present, or be swept away by some political hurricane. The lawyer must, therefore, more than ever resign himself to his tedious business. He must be content to live in ignorance of a thousand important things, because the die of his life is cast, and

human nature cannot conquer impossibilities. Great allowance, then, must be made for the bulk of the profession, on the score of their prejudices and narrowness of feeling. The bright examples which it has offered in walks out of the profession, were purchased at a sacrifice of legal knowledge. While, therefore, great palliation for the lawyer is to be found in the nature of his calling, he should admit his deficiency in matters foreign to it, and not presumptuously interfere beyond "his last." He must not think himself qualified for a legislator, only because he carries the written laws into effect. To perform what is prescribed, requires far less liberal and elevated talent than those necessary in delivering the prescript. Still the ambition of the profession is proverbial, and the effort of the lawyer to rise in the world often costs sacrifices which would be too dear for men of different habits to pay; but he has no scruples where others hesitate, and verily he has his reward!

I.

TROUBADOUR SONGS.

1.

THE warrior cross'd the ocean's foam,
For the stormy fields of war;
The maid was left in a smiling home,
And a sunny land afar.

His voice was heard where javelin-showers
Pour'd on the steel-clad line;
Her step was midst the summer-flowers,
Her seat beneath the vine.

His shield was cleft, his lance was riven,
And the red blood stain'd his crest;
While she—the gentlest wind of Heaven
Might scarcely fan her breast.

Yet a thousand arrows pass'd him by,
And again he cross'd the seas;
But she had died, as roses die,
That perish with a breeze!

As roses die, when the blast is come,
For all things bright and fair;—
There was Death within the smiling home,
How had Death found her *there*?

2.

They rear'd no trophy o'er his grave,
They bade no requiem flow;
What left they there, to tell the brave
That a warrior sleeps below?

A shiver'd spear, a cloven shield,
A helm with its white plume torn,
And a blood-stain'd turf on the fatal field,
Where a chief to his rest was borne!

He lies not where his fathers sleep,
But who hath a tomb more proud?
For the Syrian wilds his record keep,
And a banner is his shroud!

F. H.

LIFE AND REMAINS OF THE REVEREND EDWARD DANIEL CLARKE, LL.D.*

If it be true that "history, written as it may, is sure to please," biography has still higher claims on the human heart. To a greater dramatic unity, there is added, in this species of composition, the charm of a closer display of individuality and idiosyncrasy—of feelings to participate, and of affections to share. In history, the events are the chief causes of attraction; in biography it is the man which attaches; and, as we pursue the tale, from the cradle to the grave, we so identify ourselves with the hero, that, unless he be among the most worthless and corrupt of his species, we enter into all his views, delight in his successes, are mortified at his disappointments, and part with him at the last page, as with one to whom we had actually been bound through life by the ties of friendship. Contemporary biography has even a still stronger hold upon our sensibilities. It is impossible to have lived long in the world without having known something of the man who is eminent enough to have become the subject of a memoir, or of the persons and things with which he has been in relation. Such reading, therefore, is always, in some degree, reminiscence; the associations of "auld lang syne" revive as we proceed, deceased friendships are renewed, forgotten adventures are recalled, old habits and feelings are renovated, and a melancholy and tender interest steals over the mind, quite unconnected with the intrinsic merits of the narration, or the qualities of its hero. During the perusal of the volume now under consideration, we have been, in some measure, the willing victims of this species of enchantment, but we trust that we are under no undue influence, when we pronounce the work in question to be in no common degree amusing and instructive. Through the whole course of our own academical career, the name of Clarke was "familiar to us as household words;" and two coincidences of time, connecting our academical honours with his, supply the place of immediate acquaintance in giving a personal interest to his history: still, however, we repeat it, Cambridge men, and Cambridge anecdotes, and the still greater tie of some congeniality of pursuits in subsequent life, have but a small share in the pleasure we have received from the perusal of these memoirs.

The history of a literary man is soon told; and even if that literary man has been a traveller, the "personal narrative" of his voyage through life will not occupy many sheets. Of the 670 pages which constitute the volume before us, by far the greater portion is occupied with extracts from Dr. Clarke's manuscript journals and from his letters to his friends, written during his several absences on the continent. These extracts, exhibiting the first impressions of the author, and being stamped with the impress of that freshness and that sincerity which so often evaporate in the process of more studied composition, are marked by a vivacity of thought, and a rapidity of narrative, which leave no pause for ennui; and the ideas, being forcibly conceived, are presented to the reader with all the reality and distinctness of sensitive impres-

* Life and Remains of the Rev. Edward Daniel Clarke, LL.D., Professor of Mineralogy in the University of Cambridge. 4to. pp. 670.

sions. The gay good-humour of a constitutionally happy man, whose temperament concentrates all his powers upon the present, and whose constant occupations admit little leisure for fretful retrospects, or for feverish anxieties for the future, illumines all he writes: and though his reflections are far from being uniformly just, his remarks accurate, or his conclusions logical, when he leaves his own peculiar sphere of inquiry to embark in moral or political speculations, yet these excursions are far from frequent or obtrusive; and his observations are for the most part those of a man who sees clearly, and has his heart in all he examines and all he describes.

Dr. Clarke was descended from a line of churchmen and literati. William Wotton was his great grandfather. His grandfather, a fellow of St. John's, was distinguished and dignified by the appellation of *mild* William Clarke, from his preeminent possession of that quality, at all times too little appreciated, but doubly valuable in a churchman. His father likewise followed the clerical career; and it is not very reputable to the spirit which governs our church and state establishments, that three generations of men, no less gifted with intellectual endowments than remarkable for their virtues, and who were likewise not wholly unbacked by powerful friends, should have had so small a share of church dignities, and should have been unable to accumulate a permanent income for their descendant. At the death of his father, Dr. Clarke was left an undergraduate of Cambridge, with the smallest possible means of pursuing his academic studies; and he was indebted to the friendship of Dr. Beadon, the master of his college, and to the forbearance of the tutors in pecuniary matters, for the means of obtaining a degree. So strongly, however, had nature implanted in him those propensities which have marked his course through life, and laid the basis of his reputation, that under all this pressure, with warm affections to those dear and near relations, who, in some degree, were dependent upon his exertions, and a conscientious regard for his duties, he was unable to tie himself down to the dull and unprofitable routine of collegiate studies; and we find him occupied in amusing the university with a balloon, at the precise moment when, in common prudence, he ought to have been qualifying himself for "an honour." From his earliest youth he had exhibited strong and striking traits of a taste for experimental science: but with a mind restless and incessantly active, he acquired at school the reputation of a dull boy, and passed through college unnoticed, save for his gentle and kindly affections: so unfavourably do bygone institutions, and studies no longer in harmony with the wants of the age, operate on the best dispositions and the brightest intellects. The remarks of the biographer on this topic merit quotation.

"In this irregular and careless manner, undistinguished as an academic in his own College, and altogether unknown as such to the University at large, was formed and educated almost to the age of twenty-one, a man, who in his maturer years was numbered both at home and abroad amongst the most celebrated of its members; who in various ways contributed not less to its embellishment, than to its reputation; who was honoured and distinguished by it while living, and followed by its regrets when dead.

* * * * *

"It was his misfortune that his education was almost entirely his own, the result of accident rather than of system, and only begun in earnest at that

period of life when most others, with equal inconsistency, conceive that they have finished theirs. The precious years of boyhood and of youth, which are usually dedicated to the acquisition of fundamental truths, and to the establishment of order and method in the mind, were by him wasted in unseasonable pursuits; and though it may be difficult to conjecture what might have been the effect of a different training upon such a mind, yet certain it is, that the defects most remarkable in his character were precisely those which might be computed from such a cause, viz. a want of due balance and proportion amongst the different faculties of his mind; some having been cultivated at the expense of others; and, by a strange but natural perversity, those having received the most encouragement, which required the least; and a defective knowledge of principles—an error afterwards singularly aggravated by the analytical process he usually adopted in all his acquisitions, both in language and science, joined to the circumstance of his being thrown into the world, and constituted a guide to others, at too early a period.

"From these defects arose most of the disadvantages which affected the success and happiness of his life. For many years they threw an air of unsteadiness over the whole circle of his pursuits; and, what is worse, they were the cause, that the very finest of his qualities, his imagination and feeling, which were always on the side of genius and humanity, sometimes served to no other purpose than to lead him astray; inducing strong, but rapid and partial, views of things, and occasionally rash and erroneous conclusions. To these, it may be attributed, that he had many a weary footpath in science to retrace, and many an irremediable error in life to regret; for, although the most candid man alive, he was also amongst the most hasty; and had often advanced too far in the false, but alluring light of his own eyes, before the beams of truth broke in upon him from another quarter. Nor was it till the latter end of his life, when incessant labour had enabled him to go more nearly to the bottom of things, and the duties of his station had induced a greater steadiness in his pursuits, that these original errors of his education had any prospect of a remedy. But had this been otherwise,—had the distinguished qualifications which he afterward displayed, his fine genius and imagination, his extraordinary memory, his singular power of patient labour and attention, his ardent love of knowledge, and, above all, his lofty spirit and enthusiasm, in which he was surpassed by none,—had these been employed upon a better foundation and directed by a better judgment; and had the strength of his constitution supported to a more advanced period the exertions of his mind; it may be presumed that they would have borne him, not only to a much greater height of eminence than he actually attained; but, unless the partiality of a friend deceive him, would have given him a name and a place in the estimation of posterity, inferior to few of whom the present age can boast."

In these observations, which are otherwise generally just, the biographer, writing under the full influence of the *esprit du corps*, attributes too much to university pursuits, and most strangely considers a tendency to analytical inquiry as unfavourable to sound principle. The fact is, that Dr. Clarke's reputation arose entirely out of this inquisitive habit of mind; and had he been trained by university discipline to take established principles for granted, and to reason from generals to particulars, he never would have been heard of beyond the walls of Jesus College. It was the total want of all training, the idle, desultory, and undirected research, of a mind eager to learn, but placed in an atmosphere uncongenial to its energies, which Dr. Clarke had reason to deplore, in his retrospect to the portion of his existence now under consideration. Had he been systematically put forward in the analytical pursuit of the natural sciences, his mind would doubtless have been as well disciplined to the logical deduction of consequences, as if he had

employed the best years of his life on Greek metres, or in getting up sophisms for a "first opponency."

Of the several careers which the University holds forth to its poorer sons, private tuition is the most immediately lucrative; and this peculiarity forced it upon Dr. Clarke, as being a paramount consideration. Private tuition led to a tour, and a tour to the publication of a journal, of which the author ultimately repented, as a hasty and ill-judged act of presumption. His first engagement with the Hon. Henry Tufton, in which he acquitted himself to the satisfaction of all parties, was followed by a second, to travel with Lord Berwick through Italy. Of this tour a MS. journal remains; and from it and from his private letters, a series of amusing and curious extracts are given.

In visiting Italy during the explosion of the first revolutionary war, Dr. Clarke is frequently betrayed into a warm expression of opinion. On no occasion perhaps did he ever *feel* by halves; and on this, the hereditary and acquired prejudices of a churchman descended from churchmen, break out in sallies against the French. On this account his remarks upon Neapolitan justice, at p. 107, are valuable as coming from an unwilling witness. The unfortunate termination of the Italian revolution has made it fashionable to decry that movement, and to insult the disappointed victims of, perhaps, a rash enterprise; and the injustices and violence described by Dr. Clarke, with many others of a still more atrocious description, which were practised, and at this day are practised throughout all Italy, are studiously kept out of sight. It is good, therefore, that the facts should be fully and frequently before the public, till Englishmen learn to blush for their alliance with such deeds, and till opinion operates to impress upon English politics a more manly, liberal, and Christian direction, than upholding the slavish institutes of popish and military tyrannies.

Of the energy and cleverness of Dr. Clarke some notion may be formed from the fact, that during his tour in Italy he was enabled not only to pay his college debts, and assist his struggling family, but also to collect pictures, books, prints, and minerals, to an amount which imposed upon them a duty of two hundred and fifty-eight pounds in passing the Custom-house. To ordinary dispositions this tax upon civilization would alone have been an insuperable difficulty; and it is high time that the imports of scientific travellers should be released from such a burden. Whatever tends to the spread of illumination or the amelioration of taste, whatever humanizes manners and raises us above the brute condition of uneducated nature, should be welcomed to our shores, not repelled by avaricious extortion, nor scared away by the injury and destruction of a Custom-house search.

The vocation of Dr. Clarke to travelling and scientific research was now complete; and the foundation was laid of those habits and of that reputation, which produced his engagement with Mr. Cripps and the undertaking the great Continental tour, the narration of which forms the most important labour of his literary life. This journey occupied a period of three years and a half, and was concluded at the end of 1802. Near two hundred pages of extracts are given in the work before us from his letters during his absence, which form a valuable and interesting supplement to the published tour. These letters are marked by all the characteristics of the author's mind: pleasing adventure is

mixed with important fact, and deep learning is set off and relieved by an unaffected display of cordiality and strong feeling.

The remainder of Dr. Clarke's life is soon told. On his return to England, he once more took his residence in Cambridge; bringing with him in triumph, the colossal bust of Ceres for the University, a choice collection of Greek MSS., another of mineralogy, and the *premices* of Haüy's new system of crystallography, which was then nearly unknown in England. The first of these acquirements engaged him deeply in antiquarian researches, and the last induced him to undertake an annual course of lectures on mineralogy, which have ultimately awakened in Cambridge a spirit of scientific investigation into the different branches of natural science, highly creditable to the University. These pursuits, added to the publication of his Travels, would, it might be thought, have sufficiently occupied the time and expended the activity of any one individual. Dr. Clarke, however, found leisure to embark in the Bible question, to fulfil the duties of a college tutor and of a parish priest (having taken orders to hold the college living of Harlton), to preach occasionally at St. Mary's, to enter into all the antiquarian and scientific polemics of the day, and to conduct personally all the analytical researches incidental to his lectures. In the course of these experiments he was led to the important discovery of the gas blow-pipe, which in its turn became the cause of new researches and new trains of inquiry, which not only occupied his time but nearly cost him his life;—the apparatus (as yet imperfect) having, according to Sir H. Davy's prediction, exploded with tremendous violence.

Dr. Clarke's character for versatility and application was a frequent theme of admiration in the University; and we remember to have seen some verses attributed to Professor Smyth, in which his numerous occupations are made to accumulate on his hands, and to throw him into the most ludicrous and provoking embarrassment. The melancholy consequence, however, of this great subdivision of mental labour was, that it operated unfavourably on Dr. Clarke's reputation: for with more concentration in his pursuits, he could not but have taken his place in the very first line among the great inventors and benefactors of mankind. Vast, moreover, as were his powers of application, he in the end completely exhausted them; and he embittered by disease and cut short his valuable life by an exercise of the mind greater than the body could endure.

In return for his labours and liberal donations to the University, he successively received an honorary degree of LL.D. the professorship of mineralogy, (a chair founded expressly for himself) and the appointment of sub-librarian to the University library. Shortly after taking orders, he married; and at his death he left seven children. For the purposes of health and tranquillity he had latterly retired to Trumpington, where he appears to have lived in the bosom of his family in great affection and philosophical simplicity. "No bipeds," says he, "ever lived more happily than we. I am now sitting in a room six feet square, with a notable housewife, three sprawling brats and a tame squirrel; in the midst of which this letter tells how I chirp." On another occasion he says, "I do assure you we have long lived to see the absurdity of keeping what is called an establishment: we have neither carriage, cart, horse, ass, or (nor) mule; and if I were ten times richer I would live as

I now do, in a cockchafer-box, close packed up with my wife and children. We never visit, consume only wine of our own making, and breed nothing but rabbits and children." Page 581.

In the midst of these pursuits and enjoyments Dr. Clarke died on the 9th of March, 1822. Of his character we will suffer his amiable and affectionate biographer to speak.

"The two most remarkable qualities of his mind were enthusiasm and benevolence, remarkable not more for the degree in which they were possessed by him, than for the happy combinations in which they entered into the whole course and tenor of his life; modifying and forming a character, in which the most eager pursuit of science was softened by social and moral views, and an extensive exercise of all the charities of our nature was animated with a spirit which gave them a higher value in the minds of all with whom he had relation or communion.

"His ardour for knowledge, not unaptly called by his old tutor, literary heroism, was one of the most zealous, the most sustained, the most enduring principles of action, that ever animated a human breast; a principle which strengthened with his increasing years, and carried him at last to an extent and variety of knowledge infinitely exceeding the promise of his youth, and apparently disproportioned to the means with which he was endowed; for though his memory was admirable, his attention always ardent and awake, and his perceptions quick and vivid, the grasp of his mind was not greater than that of other intelligent men; and in closeness and acuteness of reasoning, he had certainly no advantage, while his devious and analytic method of acquiring knowledge, involving as it did in some of the steps all the pain of a discovery, was a real impediment in his way, which required much patient labour to overcome. But the unwearied energy of this passion bore down every obstacle and supplied every defect; and thus it was, that always pressing forwards without losing an atom of the ground he had gained, profiting by his own errors as much as by the lights of other men, his maturer advances in knowledge often extorted respect from the very persons who had regarded his early efforts with a sentiment approaching to ridicule. Allied to this was his generous love of genius, with his quick perception of it in other men; qualities which, united with his good nature, exempted him from those envyings and jealousies which it is the tendency of literary ambition to inspire, and rendered him no less disposed to honour the successful efforts of the competitors who had got before him in the race, than prompt to encourage those whom accident or want of opportunity had left behind. But the most pleasing exercise of these qualities was to be observed in his intercourse with modest and intelligent young men; none of whom ever lived much in his society without being improved and delighted—improved by the enlargement or elevation of their views, and delighted with having some useful or honourable pursuit, suitable to their talents, pointed out to them, or some portion of his own enthusiasm imparted to their minds."

In conclusion we may observe, that this memoir may be considered as much a book of travels as a work of biography, and that its interest is far more extensive than the little circle of Dr. Clarke's friendships and connexions. It is written in a simple and unambitious style, and is evidently the work of a scholar and a warm-hearted man.* On the whole, we consider it as presenting the fairest and brightest side of university life and clerical character; and with our own youthful predilections respecting these, something tempered by experience and a wider knowledge of the world, we cannot but add, "*Oh! si sic omnes.*"

M.

* We are not, we believe, mistaken in attributing it to the pen of the Rev. W. Otter, of Jesus College, Cambridge.

MODERN SPANISH THEATRE.—NO. III.

Although the old dramatic school in Spain had been completely ruined in the public estimation by the united attacks of authors and dogmatists, yet the influence of these authorities was unable to create any immediate relish for the *genuine* style proposed as a substitute for that which had been thus anathematized. Literary taste, like that of the human palate, requires time ere it can reconcile itself to new viands. The latter always present, at first, something of an uncongenial savour; and a repetition of taste is necessary to make them relish agreeably. Some one has said, 'that we may presume the flavour of sugar itself to have been bitter the first time of tasting it.'

The Spaniards also, it must be granted, were in disposition too impetuous, and in imagination too fond of extremes, to feel satisfied with the antique simplicity of plot, and the uniform and, perhaps, dull regularity of parts in the new models. More than two centuries before the renowned Lope de Vega had found an excuse for his disrespect to the *unities*, in the impatient curiosity of his countrymen; declaring in his *Arte de hacer Comedias* (Art of writing Comedies),

> ——— que la colera
> De un Español sentado, no se templa,
> Sino le representan, en dos horas,
> Hasta el final juicio desde el Genesis.*

To such a conviction as this, on the part of Lope, we may, doubtless, attribute most of those poetical extravagancies which provoked Boileau to point against him this well-known quatrain:

> Un rimeur *sans péril* au-delà des Pyrénées
> Sur la scène en un jour renferme des années.
> Là souvent l'héros d'un spectacle grossier,
> Enfant au premier acte, est barbon au dernier.

We shall, perhaps, take an opportunity of inquiring into the degree of truth in the assertion of Lope, and may then hope to invalidate some of the charges that have been laid to his own account. But, independently of this, it is certain that the home-thrust given by the French Aristarchus goes to confirm, to a certain point, Lope's own philippic; since we may take it for granted, that if a *rimeur* in Spain might leave reason behind him *sans péril*, it was because reason was not, at that time, in general request.

But whether we decide that the newly-adopted style was not suited to the national character, or what is more probable, that none of the poets who laboured in the reformation of the drama possessed genius sufficient to attract public attention, the result was, that the idle, not finding their accustomed amusement at the theatres, deserted them, and went in search of it elsewhere. This species of *denouement* was not very agreeable to the comedians. The progress of the art, in fact, stood in an inverse ratio to the decline of its attendant revenue; and what could the loudest brawling of Aristotle or Horace avail against the dumb eloquence of the money-takers? Hence the period soon arose in Spain when plays *à grand spectacle*, melodrames, lachrymose pieces, *et id genus omne*, were introduced. The players were reduced to a very

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* Who, seated once, disdain to go away,
Unless in two short hours they see the play
Brought down from Genesis to Judgment-day.
Lord Holland's Translation.

embarrassing predicament, not being able to exhibit the productions of Lope and Calderon, these being stigmatized with the anathema of the schools, nor those of Moratin the elder, or Yriarte,* as attracting no audience to witness them. How, then, were they to live, but by doing precisely what they did,—by consigning to the chest what was ill-received on the stage, and by adopting exclusively what was found to produce money, regardless of its being regular or irregular? For the attainment of this object, recourse was had, of necessity, to representations capable of calling back the runaways, and attaching them anew by the charm of amusement. If their hearts and their imaginations were not interested, their eyes and their ears were. In the same piece were jumbled together combats and masked balls, bonfires and burials, serenades and judicial trials. History was strangely tortured and dislocated, in order to confiscate to theatrical advantage any eligible dramatic circumstance, such as the thirty years' war, or the earthquake at Lisbon. The gazettes and journals were rummaged for the discovery of striking anecdotes; and if, by a lucky chance, a calumniated princess, or a disguised emperor, travelling through his dominions, could be pitched upon to figure in the principal part, such an acquisition was deemed inestimable. On such a canvass any colouring could be worked in at pleasure—love, politics, morality, the palace, the cottage, and the scaffold.

Of all the dramatic ravings that were poured upon the Spanish stage during this interregnum, we will only notice those of Don Lucian Comella, who was the most conspicuous on the list, and whose very defeat has rendered him famous in the modern theatrical annals of Spain. Comella had written upwards of one hundred plays, all of which were represented with success. So high was the estimation he enjoyed, that the appearance of his name on the nightly bills invariably assured a handsome receipt; and the old comedians declare to this day, that the most inferior of his pieces has produced more money at the *door* than the most approved of those by Lope, or any other poet. Yet has Comella written nothing better, in fact, than miserable rhapsodies and tawdry romances thrown into dialogue. His versification is mean and inharmonious. How, then, are we to reconcile such poverty of claim with the rich popularity he obtained? To explain this, it must be observed that Comella, with all his faults, his paltry style and corrupt taste, had certain qualities that may be held sufficient to have brought him into vogue. He wrote with rapidity and copiousness, and was thus easily enabled to satisfy the daily cravings of the players, ever restless after novelty. He well understood the mechanical portion of his art, whether in the distribution of scenes or the gradual developement of the plot. Endued with some share of sensibility, he occasionally, and perhaps unconsciously, presented situations allied to genuine emotion, and optical exhibitions that might affect for a moment those who care but to gratify their eyes. Honour-

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* Yriarte virtually pleaded guilty himself when he animadverted on a piece by Trigueros, that had been damned on the stage, after having been crowned by the Academy:—

> Patio, aposento gradas y luneta
> Eso si que son jueces imparciales,
> Y no los que ofrecia la Gaceta!

(Pit, boxes, and gallery are your true arbiters in the drama, and not those whom the government places in judgment over it.)

able in his private character, he always rendered homage, as a writer, to misfortune and to virtue. Accordingly, in every subject he selected, we meet with a spotless victim, persecuted by a vicious potentate, suffering with exemplary patience throughout the play, and recompensed precisely at the last lines of the last act. In all events there is some wrong supposed to be redressed by a magnanimous prince, some traitor punished, or some unhappy love-smitten girl restored to the kindness of her parents, from whom she had fled with the favourite of her heart, to escape a detested match with another man, rich, of course, and silly and deformed. Subjects of this popular stamp entered into ready combination with the sentimental jargon of the period, and were sure to please with the addition of a few trite maxims of morality, and the support of some pretty actress; a Spanish audience being always especially indulgent to the latter sex. Several years after Comella had invaded the inheritance of Thalia, and whilst his reputation was at its most colossal height, appeared Don Leandro Fernandez de Moratin, son of him whom we have previously mentioned. He first presented to the public his delightful comedy, in the style of Moliere, called *El Viejo y la Niña*, (the Old Man and the Young Maiden) wherein he has sketched in the most forcible colours, a picture of the unhappiness resulting to the marriage state, from disproportion of age. This production has been always exalted and decried with the utmost violence. On one side it has been declared perfect; on the other, cold, insipid, and affected. Yet we must freely express our opinion, that if it be not a model in every critical proportion—if certain minute deformities may be detected by the scrutinizing eye of the critic, it contains passages so beautiful, fascinating and striking, as to stamp very high worth upon it. If the plot linger a little in its progress, we have a dialogue lively and spirited enough to prevent our being sensible of it. If there be a feebleness of delineation in one or two of the characters, those most essential to the developement of the action are admirable, both in conception and execution. There are two of the personifications which are in the extreme of excellence—that of the master of the family, and of his confidential servant:—the first, a peevish, suspicious old fellow, desperately uxurious, quarrelling with his young wife out of jealousy, and pardoning her from weakness;—the other, an old *Rodrigo*, mischievous, grumbling and heavy, attached to his master by habit, but aware, from experience, that he is indispensable to him, and indulging in a free spirit of contradiction accordingly. These two characters appearing nearly always on the stage, always talking on the same business, and scarcely ever in action, are missed and looked for with anxiety every time they quit the scene, and are received with delight and applause when they reappear. What a fund of merit must exist in creations like this! What abundantly rich stores must that writer possess, who can amuse during three very long acts, by the sole power and delicacy of his own original fancy!

This comedy, however, in despite of all its brilliant qualities, met with very little notice at the tasteless period when it was first represented. But Moratin did not suffer himself to be discouraged. Convinced of his own power, he resolved to beat out of the field Comella and his satellites, and taking up the keen weapons of ridicule, he brought out the piece entitled "The Coffee-house, or the New Comedy*." The hero is a paltry poet, made to resemble Comella with the

* In two acts, and written in prose.

most unequivocal exactness, while the other interlocutors are portraits of individuals of his family, and a few literary originals that were very well known in Madrid. It is even asserted that the author himself figures in the piece, under the gay mask of *Don Pedro.*

The plot is extremely simple. An unhappy fellow with a large family, and little bread to give them, suddenly tries to make himself a poet. He writes a comedy, in which he gets his wife to help him. This performance is received and extolled by a learned wiseacre, brimful of Greek and Latin, whose main object all the while is to marry the poet's sister, a damsel exceedingly ignorant and pretty, and at the same time most perversely mistrustful as to the success of her papa's bold achievement; which is, amongst other things, to purchase for her the means to marry. The family are supposed to reside in a coffee-house, which is daily frequented by two gentlemen who are unknown to them. One of these strangers (Don Antonio) belongs to that class who divert society by their lively spirit of satire, and who affect to sympathize with those whom they are laughing at. The other, Don Pedro, is *the reverse of that stamp;* plain, severe, abrupt, but intrinsecally kind and sensible—a species of rough philanthropist. All the first act and half the second are filled with the pompous projects of the poet and his *coterie,* the scientific dogmas of the pedant, the pleasant sallies of Don Antonio, the sound remarks of Don Pedro, and the recital of sundry fragments of the momentous comedy, which are, in fact, parodies of so many passages in Comella's plays. In the last scenes, they go to witness the play, which is damned; the poor poet falls from the clouds; his learned friend insults and then avoids him in his misfortune, and the family is in the most woeful dilemma, till the generous Don Pedro relieves them, and promises future support, stipulating only that the poetaster shall totally abandon his luckless mania.

Nothing indeed now remained for poor Comella, but to abdicate his theatrical sovereignty; so decisive was the victory gained by his adversary*. It is indeed wonderful how such an union of interest, gaiety, neatness, and wit, could have been attained in the short compass of two acts. This little piece is even now constantly witnessed with pleasure; what, then, may we not imagine its original effect to have been upon an audience to whom every character and every allusion contained in it were perfectly familiar? No efforts of criticism have availed to overthrow its popularity. In vain has it been asserted that "The Coffee-house," being destitute of the essential point, action, can be no comedy, but a mere pleasant dissertation on the dramatic art. These, and the like specimens of *acumen,* have been all thrown away. The production continues a stock-piece, and will do so whilst a theatre shall exist in the Peninsula. The sanction of posterity is additionally insured to it, from its having proved itself the *Don Quixote* of the Spanish stage.

Since the period in question, Moratin's dramatic career has been a constant series of success. Five-and-twenty years have witnessed him

* We cannot avoid noticing here an error in M. de Bouterwek's justly esteemed History of Spanish Literature, and which has been copied by other writers. He asserts that "Comella was the rival of Moratin in dramatic poetry, as may be collected from the expressions in the peninsular journalists." Our readers may have well perceived Comella to have been the *butt* of Moratin. But as to any question of rivalry, the approach of the one to the other was but as that of the hammer to the anvil.

without a rival, and during the greater portion of that time his productions alone have supplied the national stage. All other candidates were as pigmies compared to him, and competition was sure to be beheld with aversion by the public, and to end in defeat. A comedy of considerable merit was condemned the first night, solely because the author had ventured on a story which Moratin had likewise selected *. Those persons who feel surprise at a dearth in this department of the modern Spanish drama, will probably find that feeling much lessened by what we have just remarked. This dearth it is that has recently brought back a taste for the productions of the old school. The question of permitting fresh intruders, or recalling those who had been banished, has been decided in favour of the latter.

Moratin's third play, which may be termed his master-piece, was *La Mogigata* (the Female Tartuffe.) The story is exceedingly well conceived and managed, the characters well defined and sustained, the dialogue clever and sparkling, and the *denouement* so happily and naturally contrived, as to form at once the admiration and despair of succeeding aspirants. It has been objected by some, that Moratin has taken from Terence the substance of two of the characters in *La Mogigata*, as well as the chief part of the first scenes in the first act. But this accusation, which applies as well to Moliere, who has done the same kind of thing in his comedy of *L'ecole des Maris*, far from lessening the merit of *both* imitators, is in itself a merit. Surely those who have succeeded in rendering *better* the *best* of Terence's creations, may be naturally supposed to exhibit no mean excellence.

The last-mentioned comedy of Moratin's did not fail to excite alarm among the prudes and false devotees;—

"Monsieur le Président ne veut pas qu'on le joue,"

and it was forbidden by the Inquisition. The author would have obtained the honours of martyrdom, had not his Mæcenas, the Prince of Peace, stood openly in the way between him and the holy hangmen. The secret machinations, however, of his enemies seem to have created in him a disgust of some duration with the theatre—for it was not till several years afterwards that he produced his *Baron*, from which (were it not for the *Si de las Niñas*, since written) we might almost conclude his imagination to have lost its fire, and his genius to have become half eclipsed. The *Baron* is, in fact, the feeblest of his plays. Its plot is bad, and its too farcical *denouement* destroys all interest by the readiness with which it is anticipated. Its characters are not original, and it shews nothing worthy of Moratin, except in the dialogue.

We have now to speak of the most popular and most striking, although not the best written, of all the plays of this Spanish Moliere,—namely, the *Si de las Niñas* (the Female Assent). A most happy combination of wit and sensibility runs throughout it, and (however the critics may possibly condemn such an union) compels, in a pre-eminent degree, the approbation of the spectator, who laughs and weeps alternately, and goes away delighted with this double excitement. The fame of this production was further aided by another circumstance of a singular nature. It had become usual to find fault with Moratin for an alleged feebleness in his delineations of the passion of love through-

* The subject of *La Lugarina orgullosa* (the Proud Village-girl), by M. Mendoza, corresponds with one adopted in the *Baron* of Moratin. We shall notice the former in our next and concluding article.

out his dramatic works, and to doubt his ability to pourtray a genuine picture of that kind. How agreeable, then, was the surprise of the public, on finding in this instance a plot entirely romantic, and a pair of lovers as tender and as passionate as are to be found within the verge of rationality? Of the story we will give a brief idea. A young maiden, daughter of a poor, prejudiced, gossiping, ignorant old lady, is educated in a convent, where she finds an opportunity of forming an acquaintance with a young officer of cavalry, the result of which is a mutual passion. Just at this interesting point the mother removes her daughter from the convent, in the design of marrying her at Madrid to a very rich, sensible, and worthy, but very aged gentleman. The two ladies in their journey stop to pass the night at an inn at Alcala, and there the officer likewise arrives, with the hope of rescuing his beloved. Discovering, however, that the rival is his own uncle and benefactor, he makes an honourable but painful resolution to forego the wish of his heart, without divulging the secret—but this becomes fortuitously known to the uncle by means of a letter, which leads to an *éclaircissement.* The good old gentleman hereupon not only compassionates the suffering lovers, but pleads their cause with the mother, unites them in marriage, and finally makes them his heirs. Within this confined and simple scope of subject has Moratin, with a merit truly remarkable, contrived to introduce an infinity of details abounding in life. The interest is worked up with admirable gradation to the end of the piece. The scene wherein the lovers are compelled to part, without the power of mutually explaining the cause of their separation, is highly skilful. That where the interview takes place between the uncle and nephew, is a masterly contrivance. One is here forcibly led to remark the author's profound and extensive knowledge of the human heart. The scene, too, in which the uncle extracts from the timid girl her secret, is a model of sentiment and delicacy. Of the characters specifically, we scarcely need to speak: were they not natural portraits, the picture could never convey to our minds so lively an interest. In one of the personages, however, (the mother,) we discover a little too much of caricature:—as for the dialogue, it is even more captivating and natural than that of the other comedies of the same author.

Moratin has besides translated two of Moliere's plays, and with his accustomed talent—*L'ecole des Maris*, and *Le Medecin malgré lui.* He has also made a translation, or a paraphrase of Shakspeare's Hamlet. This last has never been performed, nor indeed do we think it has, by any means, embodied either the genius or the expression of the original.

It is now some years since the author of *El Viejo y la Niña*, *El Café*, *La Mogigata*, and *El si de las Niñas*, has written any thing for the stage. He chooses to repose under the shade of his laurels, doubtless fearful of that ill effect which the infirmities of age are apt to produce in efforts depending so entirely on the power of the imagination, and unwilling to incur those mortifications which visited the author of the *Cid* in the decline of his days.—In this he has acted well. Moratin has written enough for his country's fame, as well as for his own. To the first he can bequeath four dramatic masterpieces that will abide comparison with the best of any modern theatre, whilst he has acquired for himself the title of *regenerator* of his own national drama. Could he aspire to a more fortunate distinction? G.

REDGAUNTLET.*

An opinion has frequently gone abroad, that the literary labours of certain individuals have exerted a decided and paramount influence upon the actions and thoughts of their contemporaries, redeeming them from prejudices which would otherwise have remained unchanged, opening to them new views which, under different circumstances, would have awaited more distant occasions of developement, and thereby giving a totally new direction to the current of opinion, and a new course to the fortunes of mankind. To Cervantes has been constantly attributed the downfall of an absurd and fanciful attachment to the wildest notions of chivalry, in Spain; and Voltaire and Rousseau have again and again been made the marks of obloquy and reproach, as having by their writings awakened a disposition to sceptical inquiry, and engendered in the breasts of the French people a restless and anarchical spirit of revolution. The influence of the press upon opinion, is doubtless incalculably great; and without such an organ, the formation of any public opinion at all must be the work of much time: but its agency is principally felt in the diffusion of sentiments and doctrines, whose germs have already existed in the public mind; and not in putting forth new combinations of thought, with which mankind are unprepared to sympathize, or which more probably are in decided opposition to established falsehood. In matters of speculative opinion, the *ratio recipientis* is of paramount consideration; and the existence of a writer, whose works becoming popular, have effected great changes in national sentiment, is in itself an irrecusable testimony of "a foregone conclusion." In this respect, *il n'y-a qu'heur et malheur;* and every age has its literary Cassandras, who have suffered neglect and persecution for innovations, which in riper times would have raised them to the highest grade among the benefactors of mankind; while, *per contra*, the demigods of our ancestors are incessantly tumbling from their niches in the Temple of Fame, and mingling with the dust to which they return. It is not, therefore, too much to conclude, that whenever men have appeared, to whose writings a great revolution can with any plausibility be assigned, their works have in reality been rather the effects than the causes of popular change. In the case of Voltaire we know, not only that the harvest he brought to maturity sprang chiefly from the fitness of the soil to which he committed his seed, but also that the seed itself was the fruit of opinions and events which had their birth long before the existence of the husbandman. †

Agreeably with this view of the question, we have before expressed a suspicion that the popularity of the "Author of Waverley" is a sign of the times; and that the interest which the present generation takes in works of pure description, in pages disclosing a series of pictures divested of moral interest,—and delineating characters politically profligate, or privately depraved, is an unequivocal mark of a culpable indifference to right and wrong, and of a certain effeminacy of mind, the precursors of national degradation. How much of this effect is fairly attributable to the extraordinary talents of the author, and how much

* Redgauntlet: a Tale of the Eighteenth Century, by the Author of "Waverley," 3 vols.

† The League and the Fronde.

to the peculiarities of the age, is matter worthy of serious consideration; for, if the habits and notions which he evidently strives to bring into fashion, find more favour than is implied in their being tolerated for the sake of the fascinating stories in which they are embodied, there are many of us, whose long-cherished hopes of national and European liberty are likely to be bitterly disappointed, and whose attachment to constitutional government and equal rights may cost us as much suffering and privation as Redgauntlet experienced in his hopeless efforts to stem the torrent of public opinion. It is not, however, our present purpose to enter upon so wide a theme, and to attempt an "estimate of the times" with this reference; though that subject might be materially circumscribed by the recollection of how much more influential are interests than principles, or rather how necessarily and how closely the latter are dependent on the former. That the author of Waverley himself entertains considerable expectations of political influence from his writings, may be gathered from the frequency and the pertinacity with which he returns to the charge. In the greater number of the novels which he has produced, we find one common outline, in which it is not easy to determine whether we should be more astonished at the sameness of the design, or the ingenuity and variety of the details and the colouring,—at the paucity of the elements, or the number of their combinations. As in the Italian *Commedia del Arte*, Harlequin and Columbine, Trufaldino and *Il Dottore*, ever present the same masks, and bring the same personal peculiarities in evidence: so in the novels "by the author of Waverley," we have again and again served up the party contests of a divided nation—Papistical Jacobites for the heroes of the melodrame, hypocritical mechanics and canting puritans for the *niais*, and a young walking gentleman and lady of no very decided character, who owe their safe passage through the casualties of the story, and their ultimate prosperity at its close, to their inertness and irresolution, and to a considerable dose of that political pliancy which is well known, "*intra muros et extra*," by the technical appellation of "*trimming*." This poverty of invention we cannot attribute to the sterility of the author's imagination. He has in every other department of his art exhibited such wonderful and inexhaustible fecundity, that he cannot, in thus frequently returning to the one theme, but be influenced by some powerful, though perhaps unconscious impulse, to disgust the people with the turmoil inseparable from the assertion of rights, and to recommend a political quietism, which leaves every thing to chance, and finds in every abuse its own compensation and cure.

Be this, however, as it may; be it accident or design, there is, we are sorry to say, but too much sympathy between the author and his readers: and the present "piping times of peace" give an additional inducement to those which human nature, in all ages, affords for the adoption of a fashionable indifference, and for embracing those very convenient *mezzo termini* in politics, which forward personal and private advantage, without a barefaced abandonment of public interests. Against this tendency, whether in the novel or the reader, we feel it our duty to protest, and to bear testimony against an apathy and a flexibility, which are as dangerous to the community as they are degrading to the individuals; and which, if they become general, will be the grave of national honour and of public prosperity.

Having thus disburthened our consciences, we proceed to the more ordinary part of our office, as reporters of the literary novelties, or showmen of the reigning literary lions of the day; namely, the preparing our readers for what they have to expect from the perusal of Redgauntlet. In this, we shall confine ourselves to a mere comparative criticism; for the peculiarities of the writer, his defects and his excellencies, are too generally known to require or admit of more illustration: and it is only with reference to himself and his former productions, that the public require an anticipated judgment of his present work, concerning which all will sooner or later judge for themselves. Compared with this standard, we have great pleasure in stating that Redgauntlet is not a failure; that the vigour of the author's style, and the interest of his story (notwithstanding it is in a considerable degree "*crambe repetita,*") are unabated: and if the new novel does not in every respect rise to the level of Quentin Durward, or the earlier productions of the same pen, it does not exhibit any of those apoplectic Archbishop-of-Toledo-ish symptoms, which afflicted its readers in St. Ronan's Well. The narrative, which is partly conducted in letters, and partly as the journals of two of the personages, proceeds currently and uninterruptedly; and the reader is not suffered to pause, till he arrives at the conclusion. We are too much the reader's friend to diminish this charm, by the customary abridgment of incidents and plot; we may, however, disclose, that the tale turns upon a supposed personal appearance of the Pretender in England, subsequent to the defeat of 1745. That the tradition of such an event should exist, is certainly ground enough for a novelist to build upon: but the recentness of the event, and the knowledge that after the victory at Culloden the Jacobite chiefs came to a mutual understanding, that each should, unblamed, make the best peace he could with St. James's, detracts something from the *vraisemblance* of the story. In fact the man who could embark in new plots after this event, must have been so visionary an enthusiast, or so desperate and unprincipled a disturber of the public repose, as in ordinary cases to deprive him of all just claims to poetical interest. A madman or an adventurer is as unfit a subject for heroic narrative as the worthies of the Newgate Calendar. This weakness of the design is, however, gradually redeemed in the execution; and Redgauntlet, though but a repetition of the Jacobite gentleman of the previous novels, displays energies sufficient to establish his hold over the imagination of the reader.

In our review of Quentin Durward we have lamented the frequent and almost exclusive introduction of characters undignified by a single noble or generous sentiment. This defect pervades the minor personages of the dramatis personæ of Redgauntlet. Smugglers, conspirators, spies and traitors, drunkards and pirates, fools and fiddlers, to be rendered endurable should have their vices redeemed by strong passion and by striking positions; but, above all, their deep shadows should be relieved by corresponding lights—by the introduction of other characters who may do justice to human nature, and remove from the heart that load of sickness which the uninterrupted view of depravity produces, even in the very abandoned themselves. Unfortunately, in almost all the Waverley novels, and more particularly in the one before us, the little goodness which here and there comes to the surface, is too closely

allied, if not to imbecility, to incapacity, for it to produce this effect. The inequality of the war between vice and virtue, between the designing and the unsuspecting, is too palpable; and the reader, instead of rising with new impulses of enthusiasm towards good, from the perusal, is compelled to quit the book with a hopeless depression of spirits, at the predominance of evil, and with a tame disposition to acquiesce in an order of things which appears absolutely irremediable.

Of the author's attempts at moral interest in Redgauntlet, Nanty Ewart, a sort of sentimental pirate, is among the most feeble; and a Quaker, introduced for the same purpose, is not sufficiently eccentric, or important to the "better carrying on of the plot" to be effective. Peebles, a cracked-brain, law-bewildered suitor *in forma pauperis* before the Court of Sessions, has more of the wild and whimsical peculiarity of the author's style of invention; but he must not be compared with former attempts in the same line. All this, however, does not prevent the incidents from being amusing, the dialogue forcible, and the situations striking; and our readers will probably not thank us for thus looking out for the excellencies that are not to be found in their favourite author, but retort upon us the *plura nitent in carmine*. If so, we must beg leave so far to differ, as to declare our feeling, that where excellence most abounds, we are most offended by the *paucis maculis*, and the most desirous to see them reformed altogether. The "Heart of Mid Lothian" shews that it is more want of will than of power, that prevents the author from avoiding that which is by no means a splendid fault; and upon this point we can admit of no compromise.

Under the head of faults we must also notice an occasional coarseness and vulgarity of style, which look as if some parts of the execution had been consigned to an inferior hand. Of this the following passages, though striking, are not solitary instances.

"Had the question been asked in that enchanted hall of fairy land, where all interrogatories must be answered with absolute sincerity, Darsie would certainly have replied that he took her for the most frank-hearted and ultra-liberal lass that had ever lived since *Mother Eve ate the pippin without paring*." —Vol. iii. p. 117.

"One or two of them wore liveries, which seemed known to Mr. Redgauntlet, for he muttered between his teeth, 'Fools, fools! *were they on the march to hell, they must have their rascals in livery with them, that the whole world might know who were going to be damned*."—Ib. p. 183.

We are neither saints, nor hypercritics; but we cannot help thinking what "my grandmother's review" would have said to Leigh Hunt or to Lord Byron, had they written in this "Cambyses' vein." We question likewise whether in a naughty liberal, "Cassius picking Cæsar's pocket instead of drawing his poniard on the dictator," would pass muster as a point of taste. But "*dant veniam corvis*" is the motto of the day.

Notwithstanding these blemishes, we have no doubt that Redgauntlet will meet with its full share of that species of success, of which its author seems most ambitious. If it does not add a leaf to his laurels, it will by no means detract from them. Before the hindmost, and behind the first, it will pass through the hands of all the reading public of England, it will add to the stock of mental amusement of the day, it will add to the author's stock in the three per cents.; and we trust that it will in every way so far satisfy him, as to hurry forward the appearance of its embryo successor.

THE DEAN OF SANTIAGO,

*A Tale from the Conde Lucanor.**

Good stories seem to be imperishable. They are, it is true, doomed to undergo many transmutations, and to appear embodied under different forms; but the informing spirit which captivates our attention, is the same, whatever shape they assume, whatever language they speak. A tale may often be traced through every nation of Europe, till we lose it among the wild traditions of the North, or the romantic lore of the East.

There was a period in the growth of society at which the imagination had a peculiar aptitude to conceive novel and striking combinations of characters and events—of moral actions and chances; of the power of the human will, and the external motives which oppose or modify it. At that period it was that the main store of tales was created, which every succeeding age and nation have made to undergo the changes which suited the originals to their own taste and notions. Indeed, the great difficulty in the invention of a tale appears to arise from the fewness of extraordinary situations which the world affords. Whatever, therefore, offers the means of introducing some source of novelty into a narrative, presents an opportunity of forming an interesting tale. Such means, however, decrease as the refinement of society advances. In the trammels of civilized life, the imagination is shorn of her wings, the judgment becomes sceptical and fastidious, the heart is rendered cold and cautious. We do not mean to question the higher advantages by which these losses are compensated; but merely state a fact which the observation of society at different stages makes obvious.

It will be evident that we do not speak of the modern novels, in which the interest chiefly arises from the play of the human passions which the complicated machinery of society puts into motion; but of the more simple species of tales, the offspring of pure imagination. The characters of the primitive tale and the modern novel are as distinct as the two states of society which produce them. The former springs from fancy, in the youth of mankind; the latter is the fruit of dear-bought experience, at an advanced period of the world.

But though the states and dispositions of the human mind which respectively give birth to these two kinds of composition, have little in common, man's taste for both is nearly permanent. There occurs, indeed, a temporary fastidiousness, which will not be amused with stories that delighted our forefathers; but the artificial excitement which, for a time, unfits society for every thing not seasoned up to its feverish palate, gradually disappears; or, what is more probable, the source of our morbid cravings being exhausted by the very means invented to gratify them, the mind returns to a more natural state, and feels refreshed by what it at one time loathed as tame and insipid.

This relapse into a youthful taste may be observed no less in the mass of society, than in individuals. The analogy may still be traced farther, if we observe that the revived taste of society for the primitive sports of imagination, not unlike the renovated zest for the amusements

* See New Monthly Magazine, No. XLIII. p. 28.

of childhood, which often appears on the decline of life, is a taste of sympathy, not of action. Society, after its maturity, may turn with pleasure to the contemplation of the simple play of fancy in which she delighted when young; but, contented with a mere review of her childish toys, she would be ashamed at the attempt to contrive new ones of the same sort. Society would not accept, now-a-days, a new series of oriental tales, though there is scarcely a man who will not revert with pleasure to those pages of enchantment. A continuation of Sir Launcelot, and the recovery of the Sangreal, would be received with more than indifference even from the pen of the author of Waverley; yet few will pass over the fragments of that kind, which, in the notes to Sir Walter Scott's poems, enhance the interest of his works. The fact is, that the human mind, at its present age, can no more believe in sorcerers and magicians, than a man of fifty could decently, or even pleasurably join at one of the favourite games of his childhood. Both, however, may and often do, preserve a strong sympathy for the feelings of those who truly and heartily enjoy the tale of wonder, and those who still delight in the life and bustle of a youthful game.

Sismondi, in censuring the extravagance of some modern schools of poetry, observes, that "there are German and even French writers, who, preferring poetry to every other display of mind, would gladly bring back that credulity which gives full scope to the imagination. With this view they make their works either incoherent or improbable, in the hope of making them, in an equal measure, poetical. Thus they miss the peculiar advantages of the present age, without reaching those of the past. Ignorance, to be tolerated, must be involuntary: it is only in that case that we can enter into all its prejudices. We shall hear the history of Blue Beard without our incredulity being revolted, if the narrator be a knight of the fourteenth century; but we should receive it with a contemptuous smile from one of our contemporaries."

Sympathy, that widely extended principle of our moral nature, is the sole cause of these phenomena. That philosopher must have steeled himself by reflection who does not feel some symptoms of horror upon hearing the account of an apparition, or any supernatural event, from the mouth of a person who firmly believes he witnessed it. The philosopher may laugh at the credulity of the narrator; but the man will respond to the strong feelings of his fellow-man.

Such is the reason why our interest is excited by old writers of supernatural tales, and but very seldom by others. With their works in our hands we are transported to other times; we imagine ourselves living among the author's contemporaries, partaking of their feelings, and almost persuaded into their belief. If to this is added a lively description of remote scenery, of places suited to the tone and character of the narrative, and most of all, a strong allusion to some of the mysterious principles of the human mind, the charm becomes irresistible.

If partiality to a favourite author does not bias our judgment, the story of the Dean of Santiago, which we subjoin, in a free translation from the Spanish of Prince Don Juan Manuel, is one of the finest specimens of this species of composition. But we must defer making any observations on its peculiar character till our readers have the story itself before them.

THE DEAN OF SANTIAGO AND DON ILLAN* OF TOLEDO.

It was but a short hour before noon when the Dean of Santiago alighted from his mule at the door of Don Illan, the celebrated magician of Toledo. The house, according to old tradition, stood on the brink of the perpendicular rock, which, now crowned with the *Alcázar*, rises to a fearful height over the Tagus.† A maid of Moorish blood led the Dean to a retired apartment, where Don Illan was reading. The natural politeness of a Castillian had rather been improved than impaired by the studies of the Toledan sage, who exhibited nothing either in his dress or person that might induce a suspicion of his dealing with the mysterious powers of darkness. "I heartily greet your Reverence," said Don Illan to the Dean, "and feel highly honoured by this visit. Whatever be the object of it, let me beg you will defer stating it till I have made you quite at home in this house. I hear my housekeeper making ready the noonday meal. That maid, Sir, will shew you the room which has been prepared for you; and when you have brushed off the dust of the journey, you shall find a canonical capon steaming hot upon the board."

The dinner, which soon followed, was just what a pampered Spanish canon would wish it—abundant, nutritive, and delicate.—"No, no," said Don Illan, when the soup and a bumper of Tinto had recruited the Dean's spirits, and he saw him making an attempt to break the object of his visit, "no business, please your Reverence, while at dinner. Let us enjoy our meal at present; and when we have discussed the *Olla*, the capon, and a bottle of *Yepes*, it will be time enough to turn to the cares of life."

The ecclesiastic's full face had never beamed with more glee at the collation on Christmas eve, when, by the indulgence of the church, the fast is broken at sunset, instead of continuing through the night, than it did now under the influence of Don Julian's good humour and heart-cheering wine. Still it was evident that some vehement and ungovernable wish had taken possession of his mind, breaking out now and then in some hurried motion, some gulping up of a full glass of wine without stopping to relish the flavour, and fifty other symptoms of absence and impatience, which at such a distance from the cathedral could not be attributed to the afternoon bell. The time came at length of rising from table, and in spite of Don Julian's pressing request to have another bottle, the Dean, with a certain dignity of manner, led his good-natured host to the recess of an oriel window, looking upon the river.—"Allow me, dear Don Julian," he said, "to open my heart to you; for even your hospitality must fail to make me completely happy till I have obtained the boon which I came to ask. I know that no man ever possessed greater power than you over the invisible agents of the universe. I die to become an adept in that wonderful science, and if you will receive me for your pupil, there is nothing I should think of sufficient worth to repay your friendship."—

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* *Illan* is, we believe, the same as *Millan*, the Spanish name for *Æmilianus*.

† See an interesting view of this spot among Mr. Locker's beautiful *Views* *Spain*.

"Good Sir," replied Don Julian, "I should be extremely loth to offend you; but permit me to say, that in spite of the knowledge of causes and effects which I have acquired, all that my experience teaches me of the heart of man is not only vague and indistinct, but for the most part unfavourable. I only guess, I cannot read their thoughts, nor pry into the recesses of their minds. As for yourself, I am sure you are a rising man and likely to obtain the first dignities of the church. But whether, when you find yourself in places of high honour and patronage, you will remember the humble personage of whom you now ask a hazardous and important service, it is impossible for me to ascertain."—"Nay, nay," exclaimed the Dean, "but I know myself, if *you* do not, Don Julian. "Generosity and friendship (since you force me to speak in my own praise) have been the delight of my soul even from childhood. Doubt not, my dear friend, (for by that name I wish you would allow me to call you,) doubt not, from this moment, to command my services. Whatever interest I may possess, it will be my highest gratification to see it redound in favour of you and yours."—"My hearty thanks for all, worthy Sir," said Don Julian. "But let us now proceed to business: the sun is set, and, if you please, we will retire to my private study."

Lights being called for, Don Julian led the way to the lower part of the house; and dismissing the Moorish maid near a small door, of which he held the key in his hand, desired her to get two partridges for supper, but not to dress them till he should order it: then unlocking the door, he began to descend by a winding staircase. The Dean followed with a certain degree of trepidation, which the length of the stairs greatly tended to increase; for, to all appearance, they reached below the bed of the Tagus. At this depth a comfortable neat room was found, the walls completely covered with shelves, where Don Julian kept his works on Magic; globes, planispheres, and strange drawings, occupied the top of the bookcases. Fresh air was admitted, though it would be difficult to guess by what means, since the sound of gliding water, such as is heard at the lower part of a ship when sailing with a gentle breeze, indicated but a thin partition between the subterraneous cabinet and the river.—"Here, then," said Don Julian, offering a chair to the Dean, and drawing another for himself towards a small round table, "we have only to choose among the elementary works of the science for which you long. Suppose we begin to read this small volume."

The volume was laid on the table, and opened at the first page, containing circles, concentric and eccentric, triangles with unintelligible characters, and the well-known signs of the planets.—"This," said Don Julian, "is the alphabet of the whole science. Hermes, called Trismegistus——" The sound of a small bell within the chamber made the Dean almost leap out of his chair. "Be not alarmed," said Don Julian; "it is the bell by which my servants let me know that they want to speak to me." Saying thus, he pulled a silk string, and soon after a servant appeared with a packet of letters. It was addressed to the Dean. A courier had closely followed him on the road, and was that moment arrived at Toledo. "Good Heavens!" exclaimed the Dean, having read the contents of the letters; "my great

uncle, the Archbishop of Santiago, is dangerously ill. This is, however, what the secretary says, from his Lordship's dictation. But here is another letter from the Archdeacon of the diocese, who assures me that the old man was not expected to live. I can hardly repeat what he adds—Poor dear uncle! may Heaven lengthen his days! The Chapter seem to have turned their eyes towards me, and—pugh! it cannot be—but the Electors, according to the Archdeacon, are quite decided in my favour."—"Well," said Don Julian, "all I regret is the interruption of our studies; but I doubt not that you will soon wear the mitre. In the mean time I would advise you to pretend that illness does not allow you to return directly. A few days will surely give a decided turn to the whole affair; and, at all events, your absence, in case of an election, will be construed into modesty. Write, therefore, your despatches, my dear Sir, and we will prosecute our studies at another time."

Two days had elapsed since the arrival of the messenger, when the Verger of the church of Santiago, attended by servants in splendid liveries, alighted at Don Julian's door with letters for the Dean. The old prelate was dead, and his nephew had been elected to the see, by the unanimous vote of the Chapter. The elected dignitary seemed overcome by contending feelings; but, having wiped away some decent tears, he assumed an air of gravity, which almost touched on superciliousness. Don Julian addressed his congratulations, and was the first to kiss the new Archbishop's hand. "I hope," he added, "I may also congratulate my son, the young man who is now at the University of Paris; for I flatter myself your Lordship will give him the Deanery, which is vacant by your promotion." — "My worthy friend Don Julian," replied the Archbishop elect, "my obligations to you I can never sufficiently repay. You have heard my character; I hold a friend as another self. But why would you take the lad away from his studies? An Archbishop of Santiago cannot want preferment at any time. Follow me to my diocese: I will not for all the mitres in Chistendom forego the benefit of your instruction. The deanery, to tell you the truth, must be given to my uncle, my father's own brother, who has had but a small living for many years; he is much liked in Santiago, and I should lose my character if, to place such a young man as your son at the head of the Chapter, I neglected an exemplary priest, so nearly related to me."—"Just as you please, my Lord," said Don Julian; and began to prepare for the journey.

The acclamations which greeted the new Archbishop on his arrival at the capital of Galicia were, not long after, succeeded by an universal regret at his translation to the see of the recently conquered town of Seville. "I will not leave you behind," said the Archbishop to Don Julian, who, with more timidity than he shewed at Toledo, approached to kiss the sacred ring in the Archbishop's right hand*, and to offer his humble congratulations, "but do not fret about your son. He is too young. I have my mother's relations to provide for; but Seville

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* Catholic bishops wear a consecrated ring, which is kissed, with a bending of the knee, by those who approach them.

is a rich see; the blessed King Ferdinand, who rescued it from the Moors, endowed its church so as to make it rival the first cathedrals in Christendom. Do but follow me, and all will be well in the end." Don Julian bowed with a suppressed sigh, and was soon after on the banks of the Guadalquivir, in the suite of the new Archbishop.

Scarcely had Don Julian's pupil been at Seville one year, when his far extended fame moved the Pope to send him a cardinal's hat, desiring his presence at the Court of Rome. The crowd of visitors who came to congratulate the prelate, kept Don Julian away for many days. He at length obtained a private audience, and, with tears in his eyes, entreated his Eminence not to oblige him to quit Spain. "I am growing old, my Lord," he said: "I quitted my house at Toledo only for your sake, and in hopes of raising my son to some place of honour and emolument in the church; I even gave up my favourite studies, except as far as they were of service to your Eminence. My son—" "No more of that, if you please, Don Julian," interrupted the Cardinal. "Follow me, you must; who can tell what may happen at Rome? The Pope is old, you know. But do not tease me about preferment. A public man has duties of a description which those in the lower ranks of life cannot either weigh or comprehend. I confess I am under obligations to you, and feel quite disposed to reward your services; yet I must not have my creditors knocking every day at my door: you understand, Don Julian. In a week we set out for Rome."

With such a strong tide of good fortune as had hitherto buoyed up Don Julian's pupil, the reader cannot be surprised to find him, in a short time, wearing the papal crown. He was now arrived at the highest place of honour on earth; but in the bustle of the election and subsequent coronation, the man to whose wonderful science he owed this rapid ascent, had completely slipped off his memory. Fatigued with the exhibition of himself through the streets of Rome, which he had been obliged to make in a solemn procession, the new Pope sat alone in one of the chambers of the Vatican. It was early in the night. By the light of two wax tapers which scarcely illuminated the farthest end of the grand saloon, his Holiness was enjoying that reverie of mixed pain and pleasure which follows the complete attainment of ardent wishes, when Don Julian advanced in visible perturbation, conscious of the intrusion on which he ventured. "Holy Father!" exclaimed the old man, and cast himself at his pupil's feet: "Holy Father, in pity to these grey hairs do not consign an old servant—might I not say an old friend?—to utter neglect and forgetfulness. My son—" "By Saint Peter!" ejaculated his Holiness, rising from the chair, "your insolence shall be checked—*You* my friend! A magician the friend of Heaven's vicegerent!—Away, wretched man! When I pretended to learn of thee, it was only to sound the abyss of crime into which thou hadst plunged; I did it with a view of bringing thee to condign punishment. Yet, in compassion to thy age, I will not make an example of thee, provided thou avoidest my eyes. Hide thy crime and shame where thou canst. This moment thou must quit the palace, or the next closes the gates of the Inquisition upon thee."

Trembling, and his wrinkled face bedewed with tears, Don Julian begged to be allowed but one word more. "I am very poor, Holy

Father," said he: "trusting in your patronage I relinquished my all, and have not left wherewith to pay my journey."—"Away, I say," answered the Pope; "if my excessive bounty has made you neglect your patrimony, I will no farther encourage your waste and improvidence. Poverty is but a slight punishment for your crimes."—"But, Father," rejoined Don Julian, "my wants are instant; I am hungry: give me but a trifle to procure a supper to-night. To-morrow I shall beg my way out of Rome."—"Heaven forbid," said the Pope, "that I should be guilty of feeding the ally of the Prince of Darkness. Away, away from my presence, or I instantly call for the guard."—"Well then," replied Don Julian, rising from the ground, and looking on the Pope with a boldness which began to throw his Holiness into a paroxysm of rage, "if I am to starve at Rome, I had better return to the supper which I ordered at Toledo." Thus saying, he rang a gold bell which stood on a table next the Pope.

The door opened without delay, and the Moorish servant came in. The Pope looked round, and found himself in the subterraneous study under the Tagus. "Desire the cook," said Don Julian to the maid, "to put but one partridge to roast; for I will not throw away the other on the Dean of Santiago."

The supernatural machinery employed in the preceding tale, or the supposition that by some means unknown the human mind may be subjected to a complete delusion, during which it exists in a world of her own creation, perfectly independent of time and space, has a strong hold on what might be called man's natural prejudices. Far from there being any thing revolting or palpably absurd in such an admission, the obscurity itself of the nature of time and space, and the phenomena of the dreaming and delirious mind, are ready to give it a colouring of truth. The success, indeed, of the tales which have been composed upon that basis, proves how readily men of all ages and nations have acknowledged, what we might call, its poetical truth. The hint followed by Don Juan Manuel, in the *Dean of Santiago*, is found in the Turkish Tales, from which Addison took the story of Chahabeddin, in No. 94 of the Spectator. It is very probable that the Spanish author received it through the Arabs, his countrymen, and was the first who adapted it to European customs. The imitations of the Spanish tale are numerous. The learned antiquary Mr. Douce has, with his usual kindness, given us a list of seven works, where it is found in a variety of dress and costume. We subjoin their titles in a note.*

B. W.

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* Scot's "*Mensa Philosophica*," a very rare book. Blanchet's "Apologues." In verse, from Blanchet, by Mr. Andrieux, in L'Esprit des Journaux, for 1799. In English prose, in Vol. VII. of Anderson's "Bee," probably from the French, by Mr. Johnes. Tales from the French, 2 vols. 12mo. 1786. Boyer's "Wise and Ingenious Companion." Twine's "Schoolmaster." 1576.

THE BACHELOR OUTWITTED;

Or the Power of Association and Sculpture.

It was a bright and lovely afternoon,
Some years ago—such as we see in May,
Given in our northern climate like a boon,
And dearly cherish'd for its rarity—
That entering in my garden I was soon
Led in a meditative mood away,
Thinking how art might best improve on nature,
Or both in union show a fairer feature.

I'll make, thought I, a scene of beauty here,
Joining with garden, orchard, shrubbery, field,
Flowers of all hues, all fruits the clime will bear,
And every shrub and tree the earth will yield:
I'll tread upon a living carpet, clear
Of weeds and rankness, and my walks I'll shield
From summer heats with foliage cool and green,
And sparry grots shall variegate the scene.

And then I'll build a mossy hermitage
With Gothic door, and all things *à propos;*
And there beneath those elms, grotesque from age,
I'll place an urn to Friendship, so and so;
A Brown or Repton I'll at once engage
To wind my walks, direct the water's flow,
Plan out the whole, revise, and execute,
Scoop the ha-ha, and make the cascades shoot.

Art shall with error be so temper'd too,
That order shall be mingled with confusion,
Appearing ever in an aspect new,
Or a fresh shape, or scene of sweet delusion;
And here I'll have a basin clear to view
Shaking its crystal waves in bright profusion,
Reflecting sunbeams, painting earth and sky,
And foliage rich, in its transparency.

I'll have a kiosk there; a fountain nigh
Shall murmur music all the summer day,
In that I'll take my books and read, or ply
The pinions of my fancy far away
Among dim scenes of eld, delightedly,
Mid classic lore or the romantic lay;
Steeping the soul in the unearthly bliss
Of time long past, or any time but this.

As I design'd, I did—all was complete;
No spot in Britain, garden of the earth,
Could equal mine, where art precise and neat
Was temper'd by rude nature, and the birth
Of flowers in seas of odour did create
Voluptuous inebriety—dancing mirth
Laugh'd round in lightness: heaven's own tenants there
Secure from man poured gladness on the air.

Now with my books, and home, and competence,
I had no more to wish; and so I thought
My life would smoothly travel—no expense,
For I had riches, barr'd me out from aught
That reason might desire—then, reader, hence
Scorn not by my experience to be taught—
I was a bachelor in middle life,
And the last thing I dream'd of was a wife:

Not that I hated woman, Heaven forfend!
  I deem'd her well enough in her own way—
But being given to *virtù*, thought a friend,
  As Pomfret says, was better: then delay
Is sure on every study to attend,
  If Bacon be believed, the marriage sway:—
I was a student, connoisseur, collector,
And I may also add confirm'd projector.

Could I have found a perfect woman!—this
  I would not hope,—Mahomet found but four
Throughout the teeming East, where wedded bliss
  Consists in marrying by the gross or score,
Till you can find one to be Sultaness,
  And favourite of your bed, to ride all o'er,
And trample on the entire horde beside,
Like Austrian satrap on Italian pride.

My paradise had therefore got no Eve,
  Or, to be plain, no woman, the same thing,
Save ancient casts of her that seem'd to grieve
  Like Niobe, or haply simpering
As Flora, might a ready eye deceive
  By Nature's self so closely mimicking;
Or carved in rapture of the *beau ideal*—
That 's something out of nature and unreal.

Such as the Venus with her witchery,
  Outvying earth's creation, heaven's own love,
The essence of all beauty, save of eye
  That she might not be perfect, though above
Her full rich eye-glance flashes ceaselessly
  The arrowy beams of passion, and old Jove
Himself had tempted been, but for his mate
Who awes the thunder-god with threats and prate

Thus I had all things reason could demand—
  I now might study, write, climb up to fame
From this my loved retreat, or cash in hand
  Swell my revenues, or enhance my name
Like Coke by rural honours, and thus stand
  The benefactor of a realm, and frame
Codes of Agrarian law, feed kine, give dinners,
Make rustic matches and reward the winners.

Fate order'd differently—one idle day,
  Lolling in indolence within a bower,
Prank'd out with flowers, the sober and the gay,
  Breathing their fragrance in a ceaseless shower
Around my seat, my fountain in full play,
  Its bright drops sparkling in the noontide hour
In silvery coolness, and the dark green dress
Of the soft shade casting voluptuousness;

I 'll have, I said, a marble statue here,
  Its white will well contrast with this dark shade,
And it shall be a female; I 've no fear
  That the dumb image will my peace invade,
Or cause me interruption—she'll appear
  In Nature's character, and I 'll have made
At her full breast a child carved as alive,
Of Nature and her offspring figurative.

I spoke to Chantrey, and the work was done,
  Finish'd consummately the naked form;
Our common mother scarcely look'd in stone,
  But instinct quite with life, though she had none,
And the child lay her polish'd arm upon
  And gazed into her eyes and smiled, as warm
With its infantine joy—the parent stood,
Love gushing from her heart in a full flood.

Her head was small, with fair locks clustering round,
  And shoulders low, and smooth her ample chest,
With blue veins branching on each glorious mound
  That rose luxuriant on her spotless breast,
The pillow of love's happiness, the ground
  Whence flows the stream of being, duly prest
By infant lips—fed from the heart's best veins
As from a life-spring pure and free of stains.

Proud of my statue, hours I sat and gazed
  Upon the figure, and I liked it more
Each time I looked upon it—nought erased
  Its image from my memory—who could pore
On so much loveliness and not be pleased?
  Who could so contemplate and not adore?
In brief, at last, like Paphos clever sire,
To hear it speak I felt a strong desire.

But he of whom I tell, Pygmalion hight,
  Was cleverer far than I can ever be,
I had no hope to realize the sight
  Of speaking statuary, yet long'd to see
The marble lips move in the summer light,
  And call me by my name as much as he;
Or the poor girl who the French Louvre near,
Died mad of love for Phœbus Belvedere.

I long'd in vain—at last by the strong charm
  Of what most folks association call,
I thought if stone and Chantrey thus could warm
  By sight alone, where life was not at all,
There could not to a bachelor be harm
  From granting love and beauty had some small
And meet proportion of attractiveness—
In short, might have a sovereign power to bless.

And then the infant—who would nameless be
  In future time and die with his own death,
When he might have a fair posterity
  To close his eyes and drink his latest breath?—
Yet who would venture in the lottery,
  Of marriage registers, when St. Paul saith
" 'Tis better to live single as I do!"—
A wise authority to keep in view.

Ruosseau, I think, says that deliberation,
  Halting, and reasoning, pausing, and what not,
Is certain ruin in a virgin's station,
  Who for a lover has a *roue* got;
A firm, decisive, prompt, downright negation,
  Is safety's path—alas, it was my lot
Not to remember Rousseau's good advice,
Or I had settled all things in a trice.

And so I mused, and ponder'd—spite of boast,
  Thought brought on thought, and we are prone to end
With that sly felon one, the uppermost,
  That sought insidiously our will to bend
Till it became a favourite to our cost:
  And thus mine prompted me whole hours to spend
Before that statue, resolution blinking,—
Of beauty, love, and woman ever thinking.

Yet sometimes, too, I scarcely could help smiling
  At my own folly, but no orders gave
For its removal, though I knew beguiling
  My brain with wife and offspring it must slave
My bachelorship at last—till by its wiling
  Inch after inch, like Benedict the brave,
I deem'd that marriage must be quite divine,
If one of thousand of the sex were mine—

One perfect as an angel of the sky,
  Could such be found,—one that would look as sweet
As Chantrey's statue, and with living eye,
  And glance more lovely her young innocent greet,
Bound strong as death by the maternal tie;
  How swift would my delicious moments fleet!—
Such was at last the humbling termination
Of my vow'd bachelorship's long cogitation!

At last chance gave me Leila in her youth ;—
  I wedded—had a son—and now set by
That statue fair, the son and mother both ;
  And then I find how poor is art's supply,
Even in sculpture, for the breathing truth
  Of Nature's self; but still most thankfully
I cherish art, by whose directing feature
I was first led from dead to living nature.

'Tis customary at a story's tail
  To pin a moral for a warning voice,
As if the sense of those who read could fail
  To see its drift, and make their hearts rejoice.—
I hope this will not happen to my tale ;—
  But lest it should—" O bachelors from choice,
When against woman you your bosoms harden,
Banish her semblance even from your garden !"

GRIMM'S GHOST.

LETTER XIX.

Love among the Law Books.

Mrs. Culpepper's " uncle the Sergeant," of whom reverential mention has been made in one of these immortal epistles, has fallen in love! He felt a slight vertigo in Tavistock-square, of which he took little notice, and set off on the home circuit; but imprudently venturing out with the widow Jackson in a hop-field, at Maidstone, before he was well cured, the complaint struck inward and a *mollities cordis* was the consequence. Mr. Sergeant Nethersole had arrived at the age of fifty-nine, heart-whole; his testamentary assets were therefore looked upon by Mrs. Culpepper as the unalienable property of her and hers. Speculations were often launched by Mr. and Mrs. Culpepper as to the

quantum. It could no. be less than thirty thousand pounds; Bonus the broker had hinted as much to the old slopseller in the bow-window of Batson's, while they were eying "*the learned in the law*" in the act of crossing Cornhill to receive his dividends. Hence may be derived the annual turtle and turbot swallowed by "my uncle the Sergeant" in Savage-gardens: hence Mrs. Culpepper's high approbation of the preacher at the Temple Church: and hence her horse-laugh at the Sergeant's annually repeated jest about "Brother Van and brother Bear." As far as appearances went, Plutus was certainly nearing point Culpepper: Nicholas Nethersole, Esq. Sergeant-at-law, was pretty regularly occupied in the Court of Common Pleas from ten to four. A hasty dinner swallowed at five at the Grecian, enabled him to return to Chambers at half-past six, where pleas, rejoinders, demurrers, cases, and consultations occupied him till ten. All this (not to mention the arrangement with the bar-maid at Nando's) seemed to ensure a walk through this vale of tears in a state of single blessedness. "I have no doubt he will cut up well," said Culpepper to his consort. "I have my eye upon a charming villa in the Clapham Road: when your uncle the Sergeant is tucked under a daisy quilt, we'll ruralize: it's a sweet spot: not a stone's throw from the Swan at Stockwell!" Such were the Alnascar anticipations of Mr. Jonathan Culpepper. But, alas! as Doctor Johnson said some forty years ago, and even then the observation was far from new, "What are the hopes of man!" Legacy-hunting, like hunting of another sort, is apt to prostrate its pursuers, and they who wait for dead men's shoes, now and then walk to the church-yard barefooted. Mr. Sergeant Nethersole grew fat and kicked: he took a house in Tavistock-square, and he launched an olive-coloured chariot with iron-grey horses. There is, as I am confidently told, an office in Holborn where good matches are duly registered and assorted. Straightway under the letter N appears the following entry, "Nethersole, Nicholas, Sergeant-at-law, Tavistock-square, Bachelor, age 59. Income 3500*l.* Equipage, olive-green chariot and iron-grey horses.—Temper, talents, morals,—blank!" That numerous herd of old maidens and widows that feeds upon the lean pastures of Guildford-street, Queen-square, and Alfred-place, Tottenham-court-road, was instantly in motion. Here was a jewel of the first water and magnitude to be set in the crown of Hymen, and the crowd of candidates was commensurate. The Sergeant was at no loss for an evening rubber at whist, and the ratifia cakes which came in with the Madeira at half-past ten, introduced certain jokes about matrimony, evidently intended as earnests of future golden rings.

The poet Gay makes his two heroines in the Beggar's Opera, thus chant in duett:

> A curse attends that woman's love
> Who always would be pleasing!

And in all cases where the parties are under thirty, Polly and Lucy are unquestionably right. No young woman can retain her lovers long if she uses them well. She who would have her adorer as faithful as a dog, must treat him like one. But when middle-aged ladies have exceeded forty, and middle-aged gentlemen have travelled beyond fifty, the case assumes a different complexion. The softer sex is then al-

lowed, and indeed necessitated to throw off a little of that cruelty which is so deucedly killing at eighteen. What says the Spanish poet?

> Cease then, fair one, cease to shun me,
> Here let all our difference cease;
> Half that rigour had undone me,
> All that rigour gives me peace.

Accordingly it may be observed that women make their advances as Time makes his. At twenty, when the swain approaches to pay his devoirs, they exclaim with an air of languid indifference, "Who is he?" At thirty, with a prudent look towards the ways and means, the question is "What is he?" At forty, much anxiety manifests itself to make the Hymeneal selection, and the query changes itself into "Which is he?" But at the *ultima Thule* of fifty, the ravenous expectant prepares to spring upon any prey, and exclaims "*Where* is he?" Be that as it may, the numerous candidates for a seat in Sergeant Nethersole's olive-green chariot gradually grew tired of the pursuit, and took wing to prey upon some newer benedic. Two only kept the field, Frances Jennings, spinster, and Amelia Jackson, widow; both of whom hovered on the verge of forty. "It appears to me," said Miss Jennings to a particular friend in Bedford-place, "that Mrs. Jackson does not conduct herself with propriety: she is never out of Mr. Nethersole's house, and jangles that old harpsichord of his with her "Love among the roses," till one's head actually turns giddy."—"I will mention it to you in confidence," said Mrs. Jackson on the very same day to another particular friend at the Bazaar in Soho-square, "I don't at all approve of Miss Jennings's goings on in Tavistock-square: she actually takes her work there: I caught her in the act of screwing her pincushion to the edge of Sergeant Nethersole's mahogany table—what right has she to net him purses?" The contest of work-table *versus* harpsichord now grew warm: betting even: Miss Jennings threw in a crimson purse and the odds were in her favour: the widow Jackson sang, "By heaven and earth I love thee," and the crimson purse kicked the beam. The spinster now hemmed half a dozen muslin cravats, marked N. N. surmounted with a couple of red hearts: this was a tremendous body blow; but the widow, nothing daunted, drew from under the harpsichord a number of the Irish Melodies and started off at score with "Fly not yet, 'tis now the hour." This settled the battle at the end of the first stanza; and I am glad it did, for really the widow was growing downright indecent.

About this time Love, tired of his aromatic station "among the roses," of all places in the world began to take up his abode among the dusty Law Books in the library of Mr. Sergeant Nethersole's chambers. Certain amatory worthies had long slept on the top shelf, affrighted at the black coifs and white wigs of the legal authors who kept "watch and ward" below, in all the dignity of octavo, quarto, and folio. But now, encouraged thereto by the aforesaid Sergeant, they crept from their upper gallery and mixed themselves with the decorous company in the pit and boxes. One Ovidius Naso, with his Art of Love in his pocket, presumed to shoulder Mr. Espinasse at Nisi Prius: Tibullus got astride of Mr. Justice Blackstone: Propertius lolled indolently against Bacon's Abridgment, and "the industrious Giles Jacob" could not keep his two quartos together from the assurance of one Waller,

who had taken post between them. In short, the Sergeant was in love! Still, however, I am of opinion, that "youth and an excellent constitution," as the novelists have it, would have enabled the patient to struggle with the disease, if it had not been for the incident which I am about to relate.

The home circuit had now commenced, and Sergeant Nethersole had quitted London for Maidstone. Miss Jennings relied with confidence upon the occurrence of nothing particular till the assizes were over, and in that assurance had departed to spend a fortnight with a married sister at Kingston-upon-Thames. Poor innocent! she little knew what a widow is equal to. No sooner had the Sergeant departed in his olive-green chariot, drawn by a couple of post-horses, than the widow Jackson, aided by Alice Green, packed her portmanteau, sent for a hackney-coach, and bade the driver adjourn to the Golden-cross, Charing-cross. There was one vacant seat in the Maidstone coach: the widow occupied it at twelve at noon, and between five and six o'clock in the afternoon was quietly despatching a roasted fowl at the Star-inn, with one eye fixed upon the egg-sauce, and the other upon the Assize Hall opposite. The pretext for this step was double: the first count alleged that her beloved brother lived at Town Malling, a mere step off, and the second averred an eager desire to hear the Sergeant plead. On the evening which followed that of the widow's arrival, the Sergeant happened not to have any consultation to attend; and, what is more remarkable, happened to be above the affectation of pretending that he had. He proposed a walk into the country: the lady consented: they moralised a few minutes upon the *hic jacets* in the church-yard, and thence strolled into the adjoining fields where certain labourers had piled the wooden props of the plant that feeds, or ought to feed, the brewer's vat, in conical (quære, comical) shapes, not unlike the spire of the New Church in Langham-place. The rain now began to fall: one of these sloping recipients stood invitingly open to shelter them from the storm: "Speluncam Dido dux et Trojanus." Ah! those pyramidal hop-poles! The widow's brother from Town Malling was serving upon the Grand Jury: his sister's reputation was dear to him as his own: "he'd call him brother, or he'd call him out," and Nicholas Nethersole and Amelia Jackson were joined together in holy matrimony.

The widow Jackson, now Mrs. Nethersole, was a prudent woman, and wished, as the phrase is, to have every body's good word. It was her advice that her husband should write to his niece Mrs. Culpepper to acquaint her with what had happened. She had in fact drawn up a letter for his signature, in which she tendered several satisfactory apologies for the step, namely, that we are commanded to increase and multiply: that it is not good for man to be alone: but chiefly that he had met with a woman possessed of every qualification to make the marriage state happy. "Why no, my dear," answered the Sergeant, "with submission to you, (a phrase prophetic of the fact) it has been my rule through life, whenever I had done a wrong or a foolish deed (here the lady frowned) never to own it: never to suffer judgment to go by default, and thus remain 'in mercy,' but boldly to plead a justification. I have a manuscript note of a case in point in which I was concerned. In my youth I mixed largely in the fashionable world, and regularly frequented

the Hackney assemblies, carrying my pumps in my pocket. Jack Peters (he is now at Bombay) and myself, went thither, as usual, on a moonshining Monday and slept at the Mermaid. The Hackney stage on the following morning was returned *non est inventus*, without giving us notice of set off: the Clapton coach was therefore engaged to hold our bodies in safe custody, and them safely deposit at the Flower-pot in Bishopsgate-street. Hardly had we sued out our first cup of Souchong, when the Clapton coach stopped at the door. Here was a demurrer! Jack was for striking out the breakfast and joining issue with the two other inside passengers. But I said no; finish the muffins: take an order for half an hour's time: and then plead a justification! We did so, and then gave the coachman notice of set off, entering the vehicle with a hey-damme sort of aspect, plainly denoting to the two impatient insiders that if there was any impertinence in their Bill we would strike it out without a reference to the Master. The scheme took, and before we reached Saint Leonard's, Shoreditch, egad! they were as supple as a couple of candidates for the India direction. Now that case, my dear, must govern this. Don't say a civil word to the Culpeppers about our marriage: if you do, there will be no end to their remonstrances: leave them to find it out in the Morning Chronicle."

"This is a very awkward affair, Mrs. Culpepper," said that lady's husband, with the Morning Chronicle in his hand. "Awkward?" echoed Mrs. Culpepper, "it's abominable: a nasty fellow; he ought to be ashamed of himself! And as for his wife she is no better than she should be!"—"That may be," said the husband, "but we must give them a dinner notwithstanding."—"Dinner or no dinner," said the wife, "I'll not laugh any more at that stupid old story of his about brother Van and brother Bear."—"Then I will," resumed the husband, "for there may possibly be no issue of the marriage." Miss Jennings, the outwitted spinster, tired two pair of horses in telling all her friends from Southampton-street, Bloomsbury, to Cornwall-terrace in the Regent's-park, how shamefully Mrs. Jackson had behaved. She then drove to the Register-office abovementioned, to transfer her affections to one Mr. Samuel Smithers, another old bachelor barrister, an inseparable crony of Nethersole's, who, she opined, must now marry from lack of knowing what to do with himself. Alas! she was a day too late: he had that very morning married the vacant bar-maid at Nando's.

When the honey-moon of Mr. Sergeant Nethersole was on the wane,

——My sprite
Popp'd through the key-hole, swift as light,

of his chambers, in order to take a survey of his library. All was once more as it should be. Ovid had quitted Mr. Espinasse, Tibullus and Mr. Justice Blackstone were two, Propertius and Lord Bacon did not speak, and, as for Giles Jacob, Waller desired none of his company. The amatory poets were refitted to their upper-shelf, the honey-moon was over, and love no longer nestled in the Law Books.

THE MOOR'S PROPHECY.

The Spaniard in Cordova forms his array,
And the Moor from his country sends weeping away,
And thousands are wailing the glory gone by
Of the Caliph's bright city, that gem of the sky,
Abandon'd to fade and decay.

The purple hills round that seem'd woven of air,
The heaven of glory that ever reign'd there,
The cool Guadalquivir that ran by the wall,
The dreams of past empire more cutting than all
To hearts that must live on despair!

The memory of Genius there nursed and uprear'd,
The temples of Art that its greatness declared,
The mosque of Abdalzamin, sacred to prayer,
Where sire and descendant, the potent and fair,
Had for ages to worship repair'd!

Those palaces rich where the cool verdure curl'd
Over fountains of marble, the pride of the world,
Where earth's paradise was, and the home of the bless'd,
Though more happy, was not in more loveliness dress'd,
Where joy was for ever unfurl'd!

Where a thousand remembrances rush'd on the heart
Of enjoyments gone by, never wholly to part,
As each spot newly trod, met the footstep again,
And call'd back those shadows of hopes and of men
That linger round life to the last!

'Twas near Cordova thus, on the morn of the day
That the Spaniard had enter'd in conqueror's array,
As its citizens exiled pass'd out at the gate,
That a Moor with stern brow on an eminence sate,
And a soul full of grief and dismay.

He saw in deep anguish the long train go by,—
On the city of brightness he gazed with a sigh;
And the Sun of the Caliphs went down into night,
And the day of their empire closed on his sight
For the reign of eternity.

He saw and prophetic his accents broke forth:—
"Thou city now cursed by the hordes of the north,
Though the Zambra no more shall resound in thy street,
Nor the Imaum to worship thy faithful sons greet
As he wont from the day of his birth;

"Yet thy fame shall survive for the conqueror's shame,
When his power and empire are only a dream,
When the bigot and priest shall for ages divide
The realm that now mocks in its fulness of pride
The Moor and his glorious name.

"Accursed shall it be, and, when reason shall school
Other crowns in the semblance of wisdom to rule,
Thine shall be to the nations a by-word and scorn,
Proud and base in its impotence, faithless, forlorn,
A jest on the lip of the fool.

"Then the Moor shall have vengeance while o'er the blue sea,
In his burning domain, he still shall be free—
He still shall be free! and no Gaul on *his* neck
Shall trample—proud Spain! but his country's last wreck,
Though desolate, mock over thee!"

I.

ON PLAGUE.

Plague is said to have had its origin in Egypt. In Egypt, too, Learning first saw the light. From the same nursery sprang the Genius and the Demon; but while learning hastened to leave its cradle, and, setting out on its travels, grew with every remove, and disdains to revisit its birth-place; plague, notwithstanding its destructive visits elsewhere, still broods with cruel constancy over its native land. Plague was imported into the western parts of Europe at the time of the crusades; and after that period our own country had, for many centuries, her full share of its terrible inflictions. In the plague which ravaged Europe and Asia in 1348, and the ensuing years, and which swept away nearly three-fifths of the population of every country which it attacked; 50,000 died in London only. In 1593, it carried off 11,503 inhabitants of our metropolis; in 1603, 36,269; in 1625, 35,415; in 1636, the number was only 13,480; but in 1665, according to the lowest calculation, it amounted to 68,596. It is impossible to read De Foe's narrative of this last and direst visitation without feelings of both horror and alarm. The calamity is brought home to us; we track its course through streets and lanes familiar to our ears, and are reminded of our own liability to a scourge almost forgotten, because so long unfelt. Notwithstanding the sad picture of physical, domestic, and national evil, which De Foe's narrative discloses, the moral consequences of plague appear to have borne a less appalling aspect in England than elsewhere. We discover but few of those disgusting features which Boccaccio describes in his account of the plague at Florence in 1348, and M. Bertrand, in his narrative of that which almost depopulated Marseilles in 1720. We hear not of a general licentiousness; of edicts to enforce, on pain of death, the attendance of physicians and clergy; of hasty love and hasty marriages, celebrated, as it were, in a charnel-house; of murders committed on the dying, and robberies on the dead. Yet without these hideous additions, the account of De Foe is sufficiently terrible; and the misery he describes is almost magnificent from its vastness and its extent.

To form, indeed, an accurate notion of this misery, is, happily, to us impossible. Here, as in other instances of wide and unexperienced calamity, the mind is incapable of comprehending the sum of wretchedness produced by the fears, the sufferings, the agonies of a whole population. It is only the outward symptoms of a plague-stricken city with which books can familiarize us, and the grass-grown streets, the red-crosses flaming on almost every door, the watchmen placed to confine the infected inmates, the slow rattle of the heavy dead-cart, the wide pits yawning for the indiscriminate dead, are but as indexes denoting the existence of intolerable, incomprehensible woe.

One of the most terrific qualities of plague is its mystery. Its commencement, progress, and termination, are all marked by uncertainty; its symptoms are variable beyond idea, and even the researches of modern science, the fearlessness of modern practice, have not removed the veil of doubt from many of its most important features. Dr. Cullen defines it thus: "Plague is a typhus fever, in the highest degree contagious, accompanied with extreme debility. On an uncertain day of the disease there is an eruption of tumours or carbuncles." But even this

vague and cautious definition is incorrect. There are numerous instances of persons dying of plague without the appearance of any eruption whatever, and sometimes without an attack of fever. In general, however, plague begins with shiverings, which are followed by heats; sickness succeeds; the spirits sink to a most distressing degree, and the eyes assume a peculiar cloudiness and confusion. Violent pain, burning fever, and raging thirst follow, and wild delirium sometimes alternates with death-like swoonings. Painful glandular tumours appear, with purple spots and blotches resembling the bites of fleas, or the stripes and bruises of a whip. In the plague of 1665 these were called *tokens*, as being the certain heralds of approaching death. Sometimes the victim of plague falls suddenly, unconscious of previous illness; sometimes a few hours hurry him to the grave; sometimes he dies on the second, the seventh, or any of the intervening days. Inevitable destruction will in one case immediately succeed apparent security; while, in another, a state of perfect safety is the next transition from one of the most imminent danger. The remedies for plague are not more certain than its symptoms. Sweatings, formerly the general practice, are now discontinued, bleedings are considered pernicious, cold-baths ineffectual, salivation vain. Frictions with oil were tried extensively by the French physicians in Egypt, but with little benefit. Coolness of the room, complete repose, a mild emetic, and a few cordial medicines, are the simple and uncertain assistances which art can afford to struggling nature, during the severest contest to which it is subject.

Another circumstance which aggravates the danger of plague, is the mild and disguised form under which it frequently makes its first approaches. At that very time when the bold and the ignorant should be roused to caution, and when one sceptic may cause a thousand deaths, plague will assume a shape which lulls even the fears of the timid, and baffles the scrutiny of the experienced. The first victim, the fruitful source of incalculable misery, is reported to have died of a common fever; no *tokens* are discovered on the body, and the public are lulled into fatal security. In a few days, another sickens and dies, the same report is given—fresh cases occur, doubt and dismay reign—till at length the certain characteristics of plague appear, and before one precaution is taken, the flood of destruction has found a thousand channels through which to spread its poison.

But to the above uncertainties attending this terrible disorder another is to be added yet more extraordinary and pernicious. We allude to the dispute as to the mode by which it is propagated. Without perplexing the subject by nice distinctions, the question is simply this:—Is plague *contagious*? that is, conveyed by means of contact with diseased subjects, or with articles they have touched; or is it *infectious?* that is, propagated by an atmosphere impregnated with pestilential miasmata.

We confess ourselves firm believers in the contagion of plague; and although the subject is undoubtedly attended with difficulties, and there are a few circumstances connected with it at present inexplicable, still we have on our side facts so numerous, so stubborn, and so strong, that the arguments of our adversaries have failed to convince us. Among the latter, Dr. Maclean holds a distinguished place, he has published a volume on the subject, and was examined before a committee

of the House of Commons when the alteration or repeal of our quarantine laws was contemplated. His opinions, and those of his opponents, were canvassed some time since in the Quarterly Review; but the writer of the article, in his anxiety to avoid dogmatism, became the victim of indecision; and if he left his readers unbiassed by prejudice, he left them also unconvinced by argument. Several of the facts, likewise, which bear most strongly on the question, were omitted, and the means most effectual towards arresting the progress of plague were scarcely alluded to; yet it is from these, that the advocates of contagion derive their most powerful support.

Mr. Tully, surgeon of the king's forces, was in Malta during the plague of 1813, and was subsequently appointed chief of the health department, in which office he continued six years, and superintended in person the measures taken for the extinction of plague in Cephalonia and Corfu. He has published an interesting volume on the subject; and we choose it as our text-book on this occasion, because he appears to us to have had a wider and longer personal experience than other writers, and because his system of prevention having proved *effectual*, is a strong argument in favour of the opinions on which it was founded. We cannot help mentioning, *in limine*, that Mr. Tully escaped plague himself; and affirms, that he never knew it attack a medical man who believed in contagion; while, on the contrary, Dr. Maclean, bold and sincere in his non-contagion principles, entered the pest-house at Constantinople, freely communicated with its inmates, and—*took the plague on the sixth day*. He attempts to account for this without abandoning his favourite opinions; but it must be evident that he did not previously anticipate this result of his experiment, and his subsequent explanations cannot destroy the fact of its failure.

If *separation* arrests the progress of plague, it seems scarcely possible to deny that the atmosphere cannot be the medium of its propagation. The subtle and infected air would penetrate into our retreats, and destroy us in our very sanctuaries. Guards, cordons, bolts, bars, seclusion would all be useless. Yet that separation *is* effectual may be shewn by a thousand instances. The fact that the families of European consuls in Turkish cities invariably escape contagion, of itself appears decisive. In Tully's ten years at Tripoli, we find an account of the rigorous precautions adopted. The doors and lower windows are securely fastened, to prevent the egress of servants; a supply of such provisions as will keep is previously laid in, and every thing received from without is deposited in an outer room or hall, of which the master of the house keeps the key. The articles are placed on straw, and the person who brought them having departed, the master, opening the door which communicates with the inner apartments inflames the straw by means of a taper fixed to a long pole, and does not remove the provisions till the smoke has thoroughly fumigated them. Bread, and those susceptible articles which would be injured by any other process, are purified by exposure to the sun and air. Protected by these regulations the families of Consuls will remain for months immured in their own houses, with no society but that of their fellow-prisoners, no exercise but a stroll on the flat roofs of their habitations, and thus escape the pestilence which is carrying off thousands of their Mahomedan and unresisting neighbours. It is said, however, that the Turks are gradually becom-

ing sensible of the advantages of our system, and are disposed, notwithstanding the principles of their religion, to act upon that universal principle—self-preservation. A few years since when the plague broke out in the arsenal at Tripoli, the Pasha resolved to protect his subjects from the exterminating effects of their piety, and by the energetic measures of Dr. Dickson, an English physician, the disorder was crushed in the birth.

The modern practice of separating diseased districts by means of a cordon of military, is another almost irresistible proof that plague is not infectious. A wooden paling divides the sick from the sound, the patient from his guard! What can more convincingly demonstrate that plague is *not* propagated by the atmosphere? The laws, however, which regulate *contagion* are mysterious and irregular to a most extraordinary degree; and we are sometimes reduced to reply to the objections of anti-contagionists, by suggesting difficulties and putting questions which the advocates of infection find equally perplexing and unanswerable. We are asked, for instance, if plague is contagious, how is it extinguished in countries where no precautions, no particular means of purification are adopted? Why are not Mahomedan states totally depopulated? We reply by stating, that, in fact, plague is seldom extinguished in Turkish cities, where it constantly breaks out after short intermission; and that some predisposition of body is necessary for the reception of disorders even as undoubtedly contagious as the small-pox, since individuals will take it at one period after having been formerly inoculated without effect; consequently, that many persons may escape plague who take no precautions against it. And this answer *ought* to prove satisfactory to our opponents, since they must themselves have recourse to it when we in our turn demand—why are not cities depopulated if plague is *infectious*, since, in that case, every inhabitant *must* breathe the same pestilential atmosphere, and Turk and Christian be alike unable to escape the subtle poison it contains?

Dr. Maclean's argument against contagion, derived from the fact that after 300,000 have died of plague in one season in Grand Cairo, and 200,000 in Constantinople, the disease will subside, notwithstanding that the clothes of the victims are worn by their surviving relations, or sold in the bazars, may be met, as it appears to us, by a recurrence to the admission of the occasional non-susceptibility of individuals. Surely after such a mortality, unaccompanied by separation, precaution, or purification, those who have escaped must *all* have been at some time exposed to the poison of plague; and whether it is contagious or infectious, alike owe their safety to the temporary non-susceptibility of their system. Some of Dr. Maclean's reasons for disbelieving in contagion are marked by a tone of rather gratuitous assumption. One of them runs as follows: "Plague being capable of affecting the same persons repeatedly, it would never cease, where no precautions are employed, (and in such case no precautions could avail,) until communities were extinguished. Turkey would long ago have been a desert." Here are two things assumed, which are far from being generally admitted. First, it is more than doubtful whether plague ever does attack the same person twice; and, secondly, "*that in such case no precaution could avail,*" not only destroys all the force of his own argument, (for *if no precautions can avail* how is Turkey endangered by the want of that

which he himself considers useless?) but is in itself a disputed question. The instances on record of re-infection from plague are all slight cases; and Mr. Tully's large experience afforded him no example of the kind. He is of opinion that the seats of former plague tumours, like the cicatrices of old wounds, may become painful, and even suppurate on the occurrence of any accidental indisposition or fever, and that cases like these, in countries subject to plague, induce the belief of a second attack.

De Foe relates of the plague in 1665, that when it had disseminated itself into every part of London, and separation of the sick from the sound had become almost impossible, it suddenly relaxed in its fury, and began to spare at the very moment it seemed disposed to exterminate. This is not an unfrequent feature in similar visitations, and cannot easily be explained but by the supposition that the disorder gradually exhausts itself, and that its venom becomes, as it were, diluted by frequent transmission. This appears the more probable from the circumstance, that, towards the decline of a plague, its symptoms become less virulent, and a large proportion of patients recover. The bills of mortality inform us, that from 1603 to 1670, London was only three years free from plague, yet it only raged violently in 1603, 1625, 1636, and 1665. These four great plagues are said to have been imported from Ostend, Denmark, and Leyden; yet why need we trace contagion to a distance, when it was still lurking in our own city? Why did it so long lie torpid? What imparted to it renewed energy? These are questions not more puzzling to us, than to those of our adversaries, who affirm, "that a single infected person can contaminate the air of a whole town."

The advocates of infection lay great stress on the fact, that plague generally commences in the dirtiest and most confined parts of a city, and rages most violently among the poor; and we are asked to explain this on the principle of contagion. We may reply by asking, how it is that plague, if infectious, and "produced by a change in the atmosphere," does not break out in various parts of a city at once instead of spreading slowly, and attacking relations, neighbours, and friends. At Malta, in 1813, from the 19th of April to the 17th of May, eight persons died of plague; these were its first victims, and these were all connected by blood or intimacy. How can infection account for this? We attempt not, however, to deny that dirt is a powerful assistant of contagion, nor that the effluvia of persons diseased by plague, as by *almost every other disorder* whatever, may, if cleanliness is not observed, in some degree infect the air. Neither can we dispute the fact of the temperature of the atmosphere having some effect on the dissemination of plague, since no other reason can be given why it has never appeared at Surat, Bombay, or in any part of India or Persia.

Yet, notwithstanding these difficulties, the contagious properties of plague can scarcely be doubted by any unprejudiced person, who peruses the mass of evidence which Mr. Tully has accumulated on the subject. So powerful, indeed, so subtle, so permanent is the poison of plague, conveyed, as it may be, by a fragment of paper carried on the breeze, by an inch of packthread, a lock of wool, or a stray cat, by the most minute particle of susceptible matter, that at first sight the disorder appears as formidable as if we were compelled to inhale it with

the common air of heaven. This, however, is far from being the case. If plague is contagious, to arrest its progress is difficult; if infectious, it is impossible. Mr. Tully relates many curious instances of the extraordinary strength of the contagion of plague: the following exhibits at once its power and its caprice. "The plague was raging in Potami, in Corfu, but the neighbouring town of Melicchia seemed likely to escape. The river Potami flowed between them, and an active police prevented all communication. The churches were closed, and the population daily inspected. Suddenly, a young woman of Melicchia, named Maria Canta, became ill, and died in thirty-six hours. An old relation, *whose son had visited Maria*, was attacked two days afterwards, and Mr. Tully immediately had recourse to energetic measures to stop the progress of the evil. The most important step was to discover the source from which Maria had imbibed contagion; and induced by the exhortations of a Greek priest, the Canta family confessed, that a relation who lived at Potami, and who had since died of plague, had contrived to elude the sentinels, and had thrown from the opposite side of the river four piastres wrapped in a piece of linen, with which Maria was to defray the expense of pruning his vineyard. The mother of Maria had picked them up, and *put them in her bosom*, but on coming home, gave them to her daughter, who placed them in a box, from which she took them only a few hours before she sickened of plague. By immediate separation of the suspected, Mr. Tully stopped the further progress of the malady." In the above account we may observe, that the man who threw the money had not the plague at the time, though he had already imparted its poison to the linen—that the mother who first received the piastres, and who nursed her child till she was removed to the hospital, did not take the disorder—that the relation who visited Maria escaped the plague himself, but conveyed it to his mother, who died of it. On one occasion plague was distinctly traced to a small piece of cord attached to a bread-trough, and on another it was proved indisputably, that a skein of cotton occasioned the death of five persons.

Instances like these seem to invest plague with powers so extraordinary, that to arrest its progress appears a task too difficult for human means to accomplish. But what De-Foe considered "impossible," Mr. Tully affirms, "may be brought to the certainty of a mathematical demonstration;" and he supports this hardy assertion by very powerful proofs. The means which he adopted were exceedingly severe, involving much general inconvenience, much private discomfort; but they were fully justified by strong public necessity, and ultimately saved the communities who groaned under their rigour. The ancient practice was to imprison the sick with their families in their own habitations, and to allow the unsuspected their freedom. The consequences were, that the latter spread the disorder ere they were aware that they had taken it, and that the houses so shut up became reservoirs of future contagion. Mr. Tully's first Plague maxim is "to trust no man," he encircles the diseased districts with a cordon of military, establishes arrangements for the most vigilant control over inferior assistants, and annexes severe penalties to disobedience. The sick are removed to hospitals, the suspected divided into different grades of suspicion, and the rest of the population confined to their own habitations. Every man's house becomes

a prison, he himself is no longer the master of his own actions; if his daughter sickens, she is taken from him; he is not permitted to sacrifice his life or risk his safety, for he would by so doing add to the general danger. The lower windows of houses are barred, or even bricked up, the doors are unlocked only for the purpose of ventilation, provisions are supplied under military escort by persons who have been previously subjected to a quarrantine of seven days, and who deposit them in vessels of water. A list of the inmates of each house is affixed to the door, all are examined daily by medical officers, and are obliged to air their susceptible effects very frequently, and to wash and fumigate their apartments.

By measures like these Sir T. Maitland stopped the ravages of the Plague in Malta, and Mr. Tully restored health and safety to Corfu and Cephalonia. The efficacy of the system was particularly exemplified at the village of Comitato, in the latter island. When Mr. Tully arrived there, it presented a most frightful spectacle; the sick, the dying, and the dead were mingled together, and the streets strewn with rags and susceptible articles. Mr. Tully assembled the clergy, and induced them to promise co-operation with his measures. The rags were collected and burned by some steady person of each family, who kept to the windward of the flaming mass, and afterwards buried the ashes. Poultry, dogs, and cats were confined or destroyed. The troops then entered the town, and imprisoned the unsuspected; the sick being removed to hospitals, and the suspected to encampments without the village. The latter were then shaved, washed in the sea, spunged with oil, new clothed, &c. The camps consisted at first of two hundred and thirty persons, but in nine days four families only remained for whom there was any apprehension. In fourteen days after Mr. Tully's arrival, the Plague ceased in Cephalonia, although it had been of a most virulent kind, carrying off fifty-nine persons in a few days, and never sparing when it once attacked.

Whether a system like the above could be effectually adopted in large and crowded cities is perhaps doubtful; and long may we be spared from the necessity of trying the experiment! We have been free from plague for one hundred and fifty years, and the most interesting question connected with the subject is, to what secondary causes we are indebted for this exemption—to our quarantine laws, or to the improved cleanliness and airiness of our metropolis? Dr. Hancock attributes no efficacy to the former; he supposes that plague has been often in London since 1666, but that from want of encouragement by filth, &c. it has never assumed a more formidable appearance than that of contagious fever. Now with all due allowance for the immense improvement of our metropolis, yet can any one who has ever visited the haunts of its poor believe that plague might not there receive sufficient exacerbation from dirt and closeness to give it its first impetus? and experience has everywhere proved that when this impetus has been given, it requires no fresh stimulus, but spares neither the rich nor the delicate. One of Dr. Hancock's reasons for disbelieving the efficacy of our quarantine-system, is that none of our expurgators of goods have ever taken the plague; but this, if allowed weight, immediately destroys any argument founded on the improved cleanliness of London, and tends to prove not that the disorder has perished in the bud for

want of a congenial soil, but that its seeds have either never arrived in this country or have been at once destroyed by the measures adopted for expurgation.

The late plague at Malta affords a strong reason for attributing our long exemption to our quarantine system. Malta had been free from plague for one hundred and thirty-six years, and dated this freedom from the period when its quarantine laws were improved and enforced. Its climate is salubrious, the habits of its people cleanly; and its Quarterly Reviewers might in 1812 have asserted, like our's, that "it did not seem probable it could ever receive a sufficient measure of contagious miasmata to cause the prevalence of positive plague." But in 1813 a vessel arrives at Valetta with the plague on board, it is received into quarantine, and the crew placed in the Lazaretto. In a few days the disorder appears in the town; it spreads first among relations and friends, and at last becomes general. A communication between the family of the first sufferers and the infected ship is clearly traced. Well may the writer in the Quarterly venture to think it "*next to impossible* to doubt the connexion of the plague at Malta with the arrival of the San Nicolo!" This is indeed almost the nearest approach which he makes to a decided opinion; but it is produced by a strong and overpowering fact, supported by the most unquestionable proofs. *This fact alone* is enough to uphold our quarantine laws, and to make us tremble at the idea of their alteration; for although the forty days of restriction might be reduced without danger to a shorter term, still we feel a kind of superstitious reverence for the system to which we attribute our long freedom from the attacks of plague. No doubt, however, were it to appear amongst us to-morrow, our danger would be aggravated as much by learned pertinacity as by vulgar ignorance; hundreds would dispute its contagion, and die to prove their error; and as Dr. Russell observes, "If out of one hundred persons exposed to plague by a near approach to the sick, ninety only should become ill, the inability to assign reasons for the escape of the other ten would be converted into a positive argument against the disease being taken by contagion."

FLOWERS.

Where are now the dreaming flowers,
  Which of old were wont to lie,
Looking upwards at the Hours,
  In the pale blue sky?

Where's the once red regal rose?
  And the lily love-enchanted?
And the pensee, which arose
  Like a thought earth planted?

Some are wither'd—some are dead—
  Others now have no perfume;
This doth hang its sullen head,
  That hath lost its bloom.

Passions, such as nourish strife
  In our blood, and quick decay,
Hang upon the flower's life,
  Till it fades away.

B.

LETTER ON THE TIMBUCTOO ANTHOLOGY.

To the Editor of the New Monthly Magazine.

Sir,—With every respect for the acknowledged ability with which you conduct your journal, and with all the hesitation which should belong to a country curate in a first attempt to appear in print, I venture to address you on the subject of an article in your last number, on "Timbuctoo Anthology," concerning the authenticity of which I entertain some serious doubts. You must know, Sir, that the New Monthly Magazine is upon the list of our reading club, and a general favourite with its members, who are in the habit at their nightly meetings of canvassing the various topics, literary and political, which are started by the current publications of the day; and it is upon the joint opinion of a respectable majority of these gentlemen, and not upon the unbacked suggestions of my own mind, that I presume to insinuate a suspicion that you have been grossly imposed upon by the person who professes to give specimens of Timbuctoo literature; that Mr. Muggs has never visited the interior of Africa; and that the whole communication is neither more nor less than what you Londoners call "a dead hoax."

In the first place, Sir, let me call your attention to a remark of the worthy rector, whose curacy I serve; namely, that Mr. Muggs (I beg his pardon, Captain Jonathan Washington Muggs) is a subject of the United States, and that we have the best authority in the world, the Quarterly Review, for believing that the Anglo-Americans are by the perversity of their moral and social institutions, much given to lying, and are indeed the most unprincipled vagabonds on the face of the earth. Now though I am not, I trust, deficient in that Christian charity which should accompany the cloth I have the honour to wear, yet I cannot but adhere to my rector's opinion (who is a very loyal and learned man, and a justice of the peace to boot), because the Americans are notoriously without a church establishment, and consequently without that "sound learning and religious education" which the people of these happy realms derive from a more steady adherence to the customs and laws of their wise and pious ancestors. To this observation, Lieutenant Longbow, H.P. Royal Navy assented, remarking at the same time, that nothing was more likely than for Jonathan to trump up such a story, exactly as he did about the superiority of the American navy in the last war; notwithstanding that it was notorious that the Yankies gained all their victories by pure hazard, or superior weight of metal. The jealousy of the Americans respecting our supremacy in arts, commerce, arms, policy and legislation, is notorious to all readers of the ministerial journals; and it may be easily imagined, that in order to deprive the African Company and the indefatigable English adventurers of any praise they might merit, by ultimately reaching the object of their destination, the malignant Captain Muggs would not scruple falsely to assert, that he had been beforehand with us, and patch up a silly tale, every line of which (by the way) contains its own refutation. If Mr. Muggs be not altogether a fictitious personage, and we may trust his own account of his life and adventures, it is not improbable, that he acquired from his cradle a habit of lying from his Timbuctoo mother: for we all know how little credit is due to a negro slave: seeing that

our Colonial legislators, who ought to know best how the case stands, have wisely ordained, that the evidence of such creatures should not be receivable in a court of justice; which sufficiently proves not only that negroes are constitutionally liars, but that white men never speak any thing but truth. Indeed it will not be believed that the West India planters would set their faces against educating and proselyting their slaves, if they were not convinced that (as Aristotle wrote of the barbarians) the negroes were a degenerate race predestined to slavery, and were perfectly unable to enter into moral and religious relations. It is not therefore too much to infer that Mr. Muggs's whity-brown complexion ought of itself to suffice for justifying our taking his wonderful narratives *cum grano salis*, and trimming his pages by the light of reason and probability.

And here, Sir, let me call your attention to Captain Muggs's assertion that the Timbuctoos are cannibals, and sacrificed an author to their idol Mumbo Jumbo; which bears internal evidence of being a downright falsehood. Who is there that does not know that an author, long before the reviewers have done with him, is not worth picking up by the dogs? The whole anecdote is much more like a sneer upon our missionary societies for not having sooner converted the savages to Christianity; a sneer the more worthy of a Yanky antiepiscopalian, inasmuch as the discovery of the city of Timbuctoo must, *in rerum natura*, have preceded the conversion of its inhabitants. But such is the nature of national jealousy, that it overlooks the grossest impossibilities, and never pauses to correct its own suggestions by the dictates of candour and forbearance.

Mr. Muggs makes a great parade of literature and learned research; but I shrewdly suspect that all his inquiries into Carthaginian antiquities have enabled him to attain to nothing but the true *punica fides*, in which, to say the truth, he seems a perfect adept. As for his nation of currycombers, his imagination must have been very *hide-bound* to hit upon so low a conceit: however it is what might be expected from the "saucy groom," so I shall say no more upon the subject. Then is not his story of the lake of molten lead, the merest Munchausen that ever was told. Lucian, in his "true history," a work of great credit and authority, mentions rivers of wine containing fish of such intoxicating qualities, that they could only be eaten when diluted with fresh-water fish. But a lake of molten lead beats cock-fighting, as our village-wit, Tom Marksby, the gamekeeper, has it; besides, Mr. Croton, our apothecary, at my desire has consulted Cuvier, whose book contains no account of salamanders living on live coals; and I am sure that the telling such untruths to deceive the credulous public is a burning shame.

One thing, I own, surprises me, and that is, that you, Mr. Editor, did not suspect something, when the rogue stole a line from the Latin grammar and passed it off for an African inscription. For you must have known that "HIC NIGER" was no river, but a Roman gentleman that went up and down speaking ill of his neighbours, just as the Yankies do of us English.

But, Sir, when we arrive at the specimens of Timbuctoo poetry, the "plot begins to thicken;" and the daring malignity of the Jacobin comes to the surface; or as my neighbour Captain O'Blunder is wont to say, "*all the bother comes out of the stirabout.*" The account of the

Timbuctoo levee day is plainly intended as a parody upon the august ceremonies of our legitimate allies, with all their chivalric and pious ceremonies; and there is no special jury in Westminster-hall but would convict the publisher on the innuendo, for the "fat and grease" can only allude to the anointing the sacred person of kings; unless perhaps it is a sly hit at the Macassar oil with which our peers and peeresses anoint their heads when time begins to "thin their flowing locks," and that, you know, would be flat *scandalum magnatum*, to say the least of it. The supposed translation of "Hoo Tamarama bow wow" is also a libel upon our laureate odes: and the assertion that Quashiboo is descended from the great baboon tends plainly to *hurt the feelings* of some (whose station should protect them from such indecency) by reference to the failings of their great great grandfathers. By the by, Sir, could not this new but most sound principle of law be brought to bear more directly in support of social order and our holy religion? for as the royal family is generally believed to be descended from Adam, any abuse of any of the descendants of that common parent, cannot but prove painful to the feelings of their royal relations. To this there is indeed but one objection, that the radicals are of the same blood; an objection too trifling to notice; since the upper classes agree in rejecting the relationship,—classes of which it may more especially be said, "regis ad exemplum totus componitur orbis,"—a plain proof that the said radicals may be libelled with impunity, if induction has not lost its whole force and efficacy.

The more I look into your correspondent's article, the more evident does it become to me that the whole is a disguised satire upon every thing that is respectable. Even the gentle Shenstone cannot escape him; and Isaac Walton comes in for his share of abuse, whose piscatory propensities to impale live worms, and to put a hook into a frog, "as gently as if he loved him," are plainly sneered at in the verses—

> And sew up live worms in a ring
> To encircle her fingers and toes.

And all this is done by the Jacobin Yanky, because Shenstone's banks were "covered with bees" instead of modern philosophers, and because Walton did not make use of decapitated kings for his bait instead of live reptiles.

Thus far, Sir, I had written when I received a letter from a friend, who has himself been a great traveller, and is a perfect adept in the history of languages. He assures me that the specimens of the Timbuctoo language given by your correspondent are analogous to no known dialect on the face of the earth. He likewise mentions a MS. extant in the Vatican (No. X. 25,674) which contains the narration (written, as Hamlet would say, in choice Latin) of a noble Roman, who during the Jugurthine war was sent an ambassador into the interior of Africa to the Timputani, a nation whom he describes as "homines teterrimi, Anthropophagi. Among this nation he resided for two years and a half, the better to maintain the "relations of amity" between them and the Romans, usually observed between civilized nations. From many collateral circumstances, as well as the identity of name, there can be no doubt that the Timputani the Timbuctoos are one and the same people. If I am right in this conjecture, the falsity of Mr. Muggs and his narrative is matter of pure demonstration. For

the anonymous author of the abovementioned MS. (who, from internal evidence and similarity of style, may be taken for a relation, or at least a schoolfellow of Sallust the historian, expressly states that the Timputani spoke a corrupted dialect of the Carthaginian; and every body knows that the Punic was identical with the Irish language; now Captain O'Blunder, before-mentioned, who conducts the war-department in the debates of our reading club, and is a man of undoubted veracity, solemnly declares upon "his honour as a gentleman," that your forged specimens are no more like Irish "than a pine-apple is like a Munster potatoe:"—those are his very words.

This, Sir, is the sum of what I have gathered from my own researches, and those of my friends on the subject; and Mr. Gage the exciseman having moved, and our worthy rector having seconded, a resolution to communicate with you and denounce the plot in which you have so unsuspectingly borne a part, I have willingly undertaken the office of secretary; upon the sole condition of being exempted from writing a sermon for the ensuing Sunday—the Doctor engaging to preach himself, *par extraordinaire*, in my stead. Our Squire insists upon it that the whole business is a covert attack on the corn laws, being intended to recommend the opening of British markets to African grain; which is the more curious an hypothesis, as I am certain the Squire never heard of Egypt having been the granary of Rome. But of this you may (being on the spot) learn something more positive in Mark-lane. For my own part, I doubt that the sting, besides its more general objects, is rather directed against the building of new churches; and that the architecture of the mud city of Tumbuctoo is a sarcasm upon the religious structures now raising by Act of Parliament in Regent-street, London, and in various other parts of the kingdom. This, however, I refer to your superior sagacity, and take my leave by assuring you that I am, with great respect and admiration,

Your very obedient servant and friend,

&c. &c. M.

PICTURE.

On tiptoe, laughing like the blue-eyed May,
And looking aslant, where a spoil'd urchin strives
(In vain) to reach the flowers she holds on high,
Stands a young girl fresh as the dawn, with all
Her bright hair given to the golden sun!

There standeth she whom Midnight never saw,
Nor Fashion stared on with its arrogant eye,
Nor gallant tempted;—beautiful as youth;
Waisted like Hebe; and with Dian's step,
As *she*, with sandals newly laced, would rise
To hunt the fawn through woods of Thessaly.
—From all the garden of her beauty nought
Has flown; no rose is thwarted by pale hours;
But on her living lip bright crimson hangs,
And in her cheek the flushing morning lies,
And in her breath the odorous hyacinth.

B.

GALLERIES AND STUDIOS IN ROME.

" Cette population des statues."—CORINNE.

To unite a dreaming, visionary life with a consciousness of industry, is, methinks, almost an anticipation of Paradise. This happy state of existence, which should seem properly to belong to the poet, is seldom realized by him, while by the artist, I am certain, it is realized daily; not, however, by the unhappy London fag, who toils, in half-allowed respectability, to bestow a very just portion of immortality on the visages of his acquaintance, and who argues stoutly after dinner for the sublimity of portrait-painting:—of such I know many worthy, witty, talented fellows; but, in truth, their life contains little resembling Paradise. The felicity I speak of is exemplified in the lives of those true votaries of the arts, who swarm, whether ragged or well-clad, still with happy faces, in the Eternal city. Happy mortals! they seem not to have an idea that there is aught in the world except painting and sculpture, sculpture and painting. Men were made but to be their models, and the ultimate end of nature is a landscape. To walk from any other society in the world into theirs, is even as though you stepped from this world into the next. The intruder, moreover, becomes a cypher; but at least a cypher surrounded by happy units.

There are few species of enthusiasm which, in this anti-quixotic age, can avoid being ridiculous. If there be any, it is that of the artist for his art; for having both its sentimental and its worldly side, it is all armed against a sneer, and the most matter-of-fact fellow that ever existed, could find no fault with an enthusiasm in favour of what produced one's bread and butter. The followers of the other liberal arts are always ashamed of their intentions, and hang a cloak there around: does a youth intend to be a poet, to be literary?—he dreads to confess, but sticks up a stalking-horse, behind which he aims at fame—he puts his name in the Middle Temple, and then writes his sonnet. This is shabby, timourous compounding with the world, which the true artist scorns; he takes up his brush, and is not ashamed of it. If you argue with a poet on the triviality of his profession, he blushes, and denies the soft impeachment; touch a gentleman artist on the same subject, and the fellow will uphold his art more useful than the baker's—if an Englishman, he will swear to you that Adam was an R. A.—and if a Roman, that the Virgin Mary herself sat for her picture to St. Luke.

This consummate impudence I like, and love to come within its sphere about once in the seven days; oftener certainly would be intolerable for one who had a faith that the world was aught else than marble or canvass. This taste of mine frequently brought me to the Lepri, a *trattoria* in the Via di Condotti, where the British sons of art in Rome appease their hunger. This article and many another might be well filled with the fun and waggery there flying about; but it would be worse than eaves-dropping to publish at and after-dinner free conversation. Suffice it, then, that there I prayed of —— to give me an idle day, to introduce me into those several *sanctiora*, where the work of solid immortality is carried on.

The next day, accordingly, after a cup of chocolate, we sallied forth from the Quirinal, where some of us happened to have lodgings. We resolved to visit the *Studio* of Thorwaldsen first; but, finding the Bar-

berini palace in our way, we ascended its staircase. In sculpture here was little, save Michael Angelo's sick Satyr (Michael should have stuck to monsters), a fine antique of Ariadne villainously restored, and the famous Grecian lion found at Præneste. Crossing the apartments, we met the Prince—What a nose!—the true Borromeo handle to the face; the prince's mother, by the way, was a Borromeo. The gallery full of Romanelli and Andrea Sacchi. The martyrdom of St. Apollonia, by Guido,—I mistook the executioner for a barber frizzing the locks of the saint. This private gallery, too, has its sanctum sanctorum, its Tribune. Here are hung Raphael's Fornarina, and Titian's Slave together —What a treat!—all Raphael's ideas are out, fully expressed; but there is in Titian a reserve of sentiment, to arrive at which requires a steady contemplation in the beholder. A noble Claude, Albert Durer's Christ among the Doctors, and the Adam and Eve by Domenichino, are the other *chef-d'œuvres* of the Barberini *Tribune*, and Guido's Beatrice Cenci.—How could the unhappy parricide have had that pretty infantine face, that fair complexion that unnoble though not ignoble simplicity? —yet that childish face so sunk in grief, for such a cause, is more affecting than if it spoke the heroine.

A few steps from the Barberini palace brought us to Thorwaldsen's Studio, where we found the Dane himself at work upon the model of a steed, intended, I believe, to support the statue of Poniatowski. He is an ugly Christian, every way mean in appearance, without the least expression of intellect,—even in the bust, which, in imitation of Canova, he modelled of himself. Thorwaldsen has, however, according to some, the fault—according to others, the merit, of being a most wretched bust-builder, witness the one he took of Lord Byron, to the great disappointment of every English pilgrim that beholds it at his studio. Still, however, lords and ladies sit to him, and rows of fair skulls with their formal little side curls, which look so barbaresque in marble, bear witness of the artist's occupation more than of his talent. We saw here the model of his Jason, almost the first effort of his genius, and which at the time he had not the means to cast, till Mr. Hope, that generous patron of the arts, hearing the distress of the young artist, ordered the statue, and sent him the means to go on with it. Every one knows his beautiful little medallions of Night and Morning, certainly the most poetical pieces of modern sculpture, of which perhaps the artist has sold more than fifty copies. The originals were bought, I believe, by Lord Lucan, one of the most munificent patrons of Thorwaldsen. Some beautiful *bas-reliefs* for Mr. Ellis, and his Graces for the Duke of Holstein, attracted our attention. His celebrated succession of *bas-reliefs*, illustrating the triumphs of Alexander, were ranged around: they were executed by command of Napoleon for the King of Rome's palace; the artist despaired, after the Emperor's fall, of ever procuring a purchaser, till the Marquis Sommerive bought them for his villa on the Lake of Como. Some of them have already set out thither. The great work that then employed the artist, was his Christ and twelve Apostles, intended to adorn the pediment of a church at Copenhagen. The Christ was finished, and the St. Peter, both considered remarkably fine.

Artists are here true brethren; they run in and out from one to the other, without envy or affectation, offering opinion and advice, censure

and praise, their souls equally interested in their brethren's and their own success. As we entered Gibson's studio, Camuccini, the first painter in Rome, was there, debating with our countryman on the Græcianism of some drapery. He took up a scrap of paper hastily to sketch his idea; but, finding the other look upon his sketch as a thing worth preserving, he destroyed it, and began his illustration on the wall. Gibson's Psyche borne by Zephyrs, is delicately beautiful, and promises well for the Welsh artist, who is as industrious as he is talented. Finelli is, perhaps, the only young Italian that rivals Gibson: his Cupid and Farfalla for Col. Finch, and his Cupid and Psyche for Mr. Baring, are his principal works. There is more nature than delicacy in his Hours with golden drapery, an odd sort of innovation. Gibson was busy on an Ajax for the Duke of Devonshire. We went to see Fabri's model of Milo, immense, three palms higher than the Castor or Achilles; he is rending the jaws of a most wretched lank lion.

After a vain attempt to get sight of the Ægina marbles, which some foreign artist, justly churlish of his time, refused to show, we struck across the Corso to the Borghese palace, and found ourselves soon gazing at the *chef-d'œuvre* of the gallery—Domenichino's Chase of Diana. The Borghese collection was the one, notwithstanding the popular principles of the Prince, which suffered most from the rapacity of the first French invaders. Somehow or other its best pictures disappeared, and with works of art belonging to other possessors, found their way, through the hands of Signor Moncenni, strange to say, into the hands of our all-purchasing countrymen. Amongst the Borghese treasures that thus were dissipated, was a famous Leonardo da Vinci, now hoarded in secret by its British owner, who, either afraid of reclamation, or from natural churlishness, keeps even the possession of it a secret. An Italian friend, in relating to me the account of this picture, called our island the hell of pictures, on entering which they might bid adieu to all hope of being seen or known—

"Lasciate ogni speranza, voi che entrate."

Modern Rome is itself almost as much a ruin and a desert as the Old. Scarce a palace remains inhabited, except by some such miser as Barberini, who lives on the fees which his servants extract from foreigners, and who, to my own knowledge, derives a pretty annuity from the emissary of the Alban lake, which the curiosity and liberality of visitors enable him to let at a rent not inferior to what he receives from some palaces not rendered thus lucrative:—what would Burke say to association considered as a source of gain, as well as of the sublime? The Borghese villa, so lately fitted up, is already a ruin; the walls are bare, the pedestals whence the Gladiator and the Hermaphrodite were torn, are still there, but empty: the pictures have vanished from the walls, save those which our countryman Gawain Hamilton executed in fresco; and except some sleek statues of Bernini, more remarkable for the beauty of their polish than of their sculpture, the arts have no offerings left in so famed a temple. Bonaparte, unwilling to rob his brother-in-law without at least some pretence of purchase, made the offer to Borghese. The Prince ordered Canova to value the collection. Canova, more artist than broker, said the Gladiator was inestimable, that he himself considered it the first statue in the world; but at a round estimate he thought the statues worth two millions of francs. Bonaparte, with the politeness that sometimes characterized him, put his imperial

tongue in his imperial cheek, ordered the Gladiator and suite to the *Musée Royale*, and gave an order on his archi-tresorier for two thousand francs. The Bourbons, however, have, since the restoration, kept the collection, by satisfying the very moderate demands of the needy Borghese. At the same time the pictures paid a visit to Paris, and were hung up in the Borghese Hotel, Rue Faub. St. Honoré, now the mansion of our ambassador; but they have all long since returned to their more classic home on the Ripetta. The Prince and Princess, as we all know, are two; and while she patronizes the baths of Lucca, the Prince builds at Florence, and rivals Lady Burghersh in his *fêtes*.

Emerging from the palace on the Ripetta, or Barge-quay, and somewhat satiated with pictures, we amused ourselves by remarking the pillars on which are marked the various heights to which the Tiber has risen in its several inundations. The upper marks are incredible—all modern Rome must have been immerged above the first story. But the mishap is easily accounted for; the Tiber, which is a very broad river beneath the Ponte Molle, and without the walls, no sooner enters them than its bed is narrowed by buildings, bridges, and the no less artificial island, founded, as history tells us, by the corn of the Tarquins. Beneath the bridge of St. Angelo, the Tiber becomes absolutely of insignificant size; the dreadful inundations of the classic river are but its natural retaliation for being so confined. A barge, ferried by the stream, through the help of an extended rope and pulley, brought us across to the Tiber, to the open grounds that face the batteries of the castle; and a short and agreeable walk outside the walls led us beneath the colonnade of St. Peter's. It was not the day, however, for the grand gallery, nor was our destination thither, but to the Mosaic studio near —a curious manufacture, for little more is this beautiful art, destined to bestow almost immortality on the more perishable originals of genius.

A curious and a dirty quarter was this Borgo St. Pietro for Corinna's choice, but certainly not more ill-chosen than was the Fountain of Trevi in the midst of a Roman St. Giles's for her impassioned meditations. Crossing the place of St. Peter's, we descended the Lungara to the Corsini palace—there is an *Ecce Homo*, by whose side I would not mention even a Correggio. This was the residence of Joseph Bonaparte when it was invaded by the hostile mobs of Roman populace and soldiery in ninety-seven or eight, when poor Duphot fell a victim; Rome expiated the crime by twenty years of foreign bondage. It is but a step over the way to the Farnesina; a villa which, although so called, was built and adorned by one of the Chigi family. The Loves of Cupid and Psyche, designed by the hand of Raphael, and finished by himself and pupils, adorn the *soffitto* of the hall; the colours are as fresh as if but of yesterday's laying on. There are three Graces in particular, all from the hand of the great master, inimitable in attitude and grouping. The celebrated Galatea, a fresco on the wall of an inner room, has suffered much more from time and ill-usage. Prints have made us more familiar with the figure of the triumphant sea-nymph, the very acme of graceful action, than with any other work perhaps of Raphael. Distemper landscapes by one of the Poussins cover the rest of the apartment, except in a single corner, where the hand of Michael Angelo sketched a gigantic head, some say in contrast to, or in derision of, his rival's more effeminate excellencies.

Leaving the Farnesina, we proceeded, jostled by true Roman shoulders, for the Trasteverini were in crowds on the little piazza of the bridge, over the Ponte Sisto. Its neighbour, the Ponte Rotto, calls out, with two stout existing arches, for repair; but the Popes of the present day are still as deaf on that point as when some Pontiff, unusually rigid, refused poor Beatrice Cenci's offer to rebuild it, if her life were spared. On our way to the Farnese palace, we took the learned Abbate C——'s in our way. The kind old antiquary kissed us all round to our no small dismay, the *accolade* not being unaccompanied with snuff and snuffle. The interkissing of the noble species, if not forbidden altogether, should at least be interdicted to elderly gentlemen of threescore, to snuff-takers, tobacco-chewers, and beards of a week's growth. The old abbate repaid us, however,—for, snatching up his wig, cocked hat, and cane, he sallied forth to the Farnese palace, and treated us to criticisms on the Caraccis far above the cant of Ciceronism. A visit to an Italian literatus without complimenting is bad breeding, so I mentioned the title-pages of his latest pamphlets—Ah, Signor—he complained that one of our reviews had ill-treated a man of his years and gown—it was the Edinburgh, I believe, in some article on Dante. "Spirited, ingenious is your periodical literature, *ma un po' feroce*"—"a little ferocious;" and I agree with the old abbé perfectly. Our knock-me-down mode of literary warfare astonishes the polite and timorous penmen of Italy, who are to each other *dottissimi et gentilissimi amici*, all bent one way, like reeds before the storm. They even shudder and recoil from our superior and more gentlemanly animosities; if some of our most flagrant publications were to reach them, I know not what effect they might have upon such quiet souls.

TO A WIND.

Wanderer of the trackless air,
Wherefore dost thou sigh and rave?—
Is it that thou hast no lair
In the blue and boundless air?—
Even the tiger hath his cave,
And the spurned serpent owns
A hole, where he may time his groans
To the rushing river's tune,
Underneath the moon.—
Even the toiling sun doth go
Into the dazzled deeps below,
And on sea-green billows,
Soft as pleasure's down-blown pillows,
Every even sleepeth
With Thetis, who no longer weepeth.—
Even the murderer hath his den,
And the lizard its wet fen,
And the hunted deer its brake,
And conscience will not *always* wake.
Sorrow sleepeth in her tears,
And the tyrant in his fears,
Which, albeit they wrap him round
Like a garment, do not sound
Always in a wakeful ear.
—But *thou* wanderest ever here,
Through all seasons dark and fair,
Wanderer of the air!

B.

LETTERS FROM THE EAST.—NO. VI.

Thebes.

Having hired a cangia for the voyage to Upper Egypt, we left Boulac on a beautiful evening in August. This vessel had very good accommodations—a low room on the deck with several windows, and a smaller one adjoining for my servant; but we preferred in general to take our meals under a canopy without. The crew consisted of seven Arab sailors, and their reis, or captain. For the first two or three days the shores and interior wore a more barren aspect than below Cairo, but the river became gradually wider. On the third day we came to Benesuef: at this town were barracks, with a number of Albanian troops, and it possessed a tolerable bazaar. As we advanced, our progress became increasingly delightful. The vessel generally stopped every morning and evening at some village or hamlet, or where the aspect of the country promised an agreeable walk, when we went on shore to purchase milk or fruit, and vary the scene a little. In oriental climates a traveller possesses the invaluable advantage of being enabled to calculate with certainty on his progress; the sun by day, and the moon by night, will always light him brilliantly on his way; and he has little disappointment to anticipate from rains, and fogs, and clouds; the atmosphere being almost always pure, the most distant objects can be distinctly seen. One evening, having walked some distance to an Arab village, in a grove of palms, we seated ourselves on the trunk of a tree as the daylight faded, when the Turkish commandant came up and politely invited us to take coffee with him. He conducted us to the top of a verdant bank, where a carpet was quickly spread at the door of his dwelling, sherbet was brought, and the time passed away very agreeably. He pressed us to dine with him the next day in the Eastern style, but this would have occasioned too long a delay. What was rather singular, this officer would not suffer his servant to accept any present; but, seeing us resolved to depart, he accompanied us good part of the way on board, and then took a kind and obliging leave. The scenery along the river now grew more rich and varied, and on the next evening it had an aspect of singular beauty: as the sun set with unusual splendour, its glowing rays were thrown through some long lines of palm trees, close to the water's edge, and rested long on a ridge of grey naked precipices on the opposite shore; at the foot of these rocks was a border of trees, and verdure of the liveliest green, with some spots of cultivation, amidst which might be seen a lonely Egyptian passing along.

We next came to the town of Minièt, not so large as Benesuef; a Turk, of a respectable appearance, requested a passage as far as Siout, which we gave him. Late in the evening the cangia came to near the house of Mr. Brine. This gentleman is a native of Devonshire, has its broad provincial dialect, and manages a sugar-manufactory for the Pacha; he is very hospitable, and the English traveller is sure to meet a cordial reception at his house, which has an aspect half Egyptian, half English; the garden is laid out very prettily in the latter style. Next morning early we took coffee, and then proceeded to visit the premises, where between one and two hundred Arabs are constantly employed at very low wages; but Mr. B. declared it was often impossible

to make these Africans work without blows, though he greatly disliked having recourse to violent measures Indulgence and kindness towards these people do indeed appear quite misplaced: they are certain to abuse them; and so rooted in the mind of almost every African is the love of ease and indolence, that they would rather subsist on the merest necessaries of life, than procure comforts by greater activity. We sat down to an early and profuse dinner at Mr. B's. and had the pleasure of partaking of what was rather rare on the banks of the Nile, a bottle of Champagne; and on returning on board we found two goats and a quantity of fowls sent as a present. This gentleman lives here on the fat of the land, and is absolute sovereign over all around him; but the uncertainty of earthly joys seemed to be felt in Egypt as at home, for on our return two months afterwards from Nubia, Mr. B. was dead, his *chere amie*, an Italian lady, was cast on the stream without a protector, the assistants and servants were turned off, and the whole establishment put under Turkish management.

Leaving Radamouni, we arrived next day at Monfalut, an ancient town from the appearance of the wall that encircled it; here was a very good bazaar, and, as usual, a number of Albanian troops. These men, remarkable for their fine and healthy appearance in their own country, seem to languish beneath this sultry climate, and become sallow and faded. Here we had an opportunity of witnessing the celebrated dance of the Almék girls, who abound in the towns in Upper Egypt, and are devoted to this profession from childhood by their parents, and dress in a gaudy and fantastic manner. They wear long rows of gold coins on each side of the head, which are attached to the tresses of their hair by means of a hole bored in the middle of the coin. They are often beautifully formed, but their features are in general plain, and a young woman of five-and-twenty always appears forty. They danced, five or six in number, to the sound of the tambour and guitar, and their gestures were as voluptuous as can possibly be conceived; for in the manner and variety of these the whole skill of the dance appeared to consist: altogether it was a very disgusting exhibition.

Siout, the capital of the province, lying a few miles inland, we hired asses next day in order to visit it. Its appearance at a small distance was very pleasing, the branches of the Nile flowing close to it, and just beyond the rocky range of Libyan hills.

We next came to Girgé, a good Egyptian town, of the same sad and gloomy aspect as all the rest: the dwellings of the poor, dark and wretched; those of the better sort, like fortresses, with small and close windows of woodwork, and walls of a dirty brick colour; and the streets, if narrow passages can be so called, always unpaved. A Greek doctor came on board here, and introduced himself, as he wanted a passage for a short distance. He had come from Ibrahim the young Pacha's army at Sennaar, to procure a supply of spirits and some other articles, and was now about to return. He was a true Greek, of a round supple form, and keen and cunning dark eyes, that could express all things to all men; and though the scorching deserts of Sennaar were not quite so sightly a home as his own Attica, he seemed very much at ease, and willing to take things as they came: he was quite a man of the world, and of very courteous manners. How he could satisfy his Christian conscience to remain with an army of infidels,

whose only employment at Sennaar was to drive out and butcher the harmless inhabitants, is not easy to understand; but a Hakim, or Frank doctor, is held in peculiar honour by the faithful, whom it is very easy for him to remove to Paradise at any time; for medicine in any form or way, they are always ready to gulp down, though in perfect health. The Greek accompanied me to visit some of the mosques in the town. It was the first day of the second bairam, and all the Turks and Egyptians were taking each other by the hand in the streets, and, having mutually kissed the cheek as brethren in the faith, they placed the right hand on the breast with an air of the utmost kindness and pleasure—and expressed their joy at the arrival of this happy day. It was a universal holiday: the Arabs, like boys released from school, formed in large groups in the open spaces, and danced and sang with all their might. We next visited the Coptic convent, a lofty and gloomy building of brick, with only one father in it. He was a man about forty, of a mild and handsome countenance, and, amiable manners, and appeared sincerely pious; he was unmarried, and no being but himself residing in this large and silent convent, his life must have been rather lone and desolate. He had a little garden of plants on the terraced roof of his house, the care of which seemed to be his chief delight, and he was supported by the contributions of his people, who were about three hundred in number. Had the Prophet forbidden his ministers to marry, he would have lacked imauns, santons, and dervishes, and might have propagated his faith by fire and sword, but never by the word of man, for not the certainty of Paradise would ever induce a believer to live a life of celibacy.

The banks of the Nile on the opposite shore were here formed of precipices of immense height, which descended almost perpendicularly into the water. The next day, our companion, the Greek doctor, left us, and proceeded to Furshout; and in the evening we reached the town of Kenéh, where excellent limes and melons were in abundance. The price of provisions in this country is extremely low—eggs twenty for a penny, a fowl for three-pence, and bread and vegetables cost a mere trifle. The thermometer was here at 93 in the shade, but in a few days it rose to 100. At this town we met with an amusing Turkish barber. This class of men are more respectable in the East than with us, which may partly account for their frequent introduction among the characters in the Arabian Nights. He was a clever man, and seemed to know the world well; his features were handsome, and, besides being well-dressed, he wore a formidable pair of pistols in his sash. He belonged to a peculiar order of dervishes, who allowed their hair to grow. Outwardly he looked as shorn as the rest of the faithful, but on taking off his turban, his long and luxuriant raven tresses fell on his shoulders and breast: he seemed to sneer at many parts of his Prophet's revelations, and said he believed that people of all religions would have an equal chance of going to Heaven. This sceptical dervish was a jovial fellow, and loved an inspiring glass, even with giaours; he wore several dashing rings, and took snuff with all the grace of a Frenchman. On our return from Upper Egypt some time afterwards, the cangia had not long touched the shore, when we saw the portly figure of our friend the dervish advancing over the sand; he carried a handsome walking stick, and hailed our arrival very cordially.

We set out in the afternoon to visit the Temple of Tentyra, about two miles from the opposite shore; it is situated at the end of a very fine plain on which is here and there scattered a lonely group of palms. This beautiful temple is in a higher state of preservation than almost any other in Egypt: it is the first a traveller visits, and its extreme grandeur and elegance excite surprise and admiration beyond what is felt amidst any other ruin. The portico consists of eighteen pillars, the capitals of which, with the head of Isis carved on each square, have a very noble and majestic effect. This kind of capital is seen only in one small temple besides, and appears to have been peculiar to the Egyptian architecture. The walls and ceiling are covered with hieroglyphics in bas-relief, emblematic of historical subjects, or agricultural pursuits, with figures bearing the fruits of the earth, and implements of husbandry, mingled with various grotesque figures of the human form, and the heads of all sorts of animals.

The hieroglyphics on the ceiling are painted with various colours, which still partially remain; the signs of the zodiac are here the prevailing ornament. You pass from this into an inner apartment, supported by rows of pillars, and at the end of this is the door of the sanctuary, over which is the device seen in every temple—of outspread wings, or plumes, and rays of light descending, as of the glory of Divinity. Having lighted a torch, you pass from the sanctuary through several chambers and passages of the interior of the temple; the walls covered with hieroglyphics of the most exquisite workmanship, half the human size, and cut two or three inches in prominence from the walls. But the body of the temple is partly buried in the earth. In the grand portico a great deal of rubbish remains, the lower part of many of the pillars being covered, probably, to the depth of several yards. It was a glorious site for a temple: the wide plain in front, which is now covered with a rank and luxuriant verdure; close behind the eternal barriers of the Libyan mountains; the Nile a mile and a half on the right; and the boundless desert on the left. The traveller in this country is often struck with the magnificence of the situations the Egyptians chose for their temples. Near the temple is a small building of a pyramidal form, which appears to have been a place of burial: you stoop to enter the low and narrow door, and the light is admitted through a small rude dome at top; many corpses must have rested here, for it still retained a death-like smell. About a hundred yards to the left of the great temple are the remains of a smaller one: the figures cut in the walls here exceed those of the former; the foliage of the capitals being carved with exquisite beauty; but the human figure that most frequently met the eye, was one of the objects probably of Egyptian worship,—a kind of Bacchus, or Priapus, and not of the most delicate kind.

The inundation of the Nile had this year fallen much below its usual limits; most anxiously did the poor Egyptians watch the rise of the waters inch after inch, till they came to a full stand. Twenty-five years ago a similar event happened to a greater extent than the present, which was productive of great distress, owing to the scarcity of the crops. They fear for their harvests now, and the peasants labour with daily and nightly toil to make amends for the deficient overflow, by raising the water by every possible device, to pour it on their lands. As we advance higher into the country, the surface of the stream is often several inches below the level of the shore. This evening a group of

Arab boys came to the river-side, and kept up a sort of singing in chorus for some time, which was more melodious than most of their efforts of this kind; then a man mounted on horseback, and dressed fantastically to personate a fool, advanced, attended by a number of Arabs on foot, whom he diverted by a variety of ludicrous gestures. This procession paraded about for some time, with much shouting and clapping of hands; and was, we understood, an ancient custom, to propitiate the waters of the Nile, that they might rise to their usual level.

We left Kenéh with a fair breeze about nine o'clock at night, and were becalmed the greatest part of next day near a pleasant village, luxuriantly shaded. In the middle of most of the villages there are generally one or more large spreading trees, mostly sycamores, which afford a shade sufficient for a number of people; beneath these the Arabs love to sit, passing their hours indolently away with conversation, and the everlasting pipe. The soil beneath is often nothing but a mass of thick dust or light earth, without any verdure; here they sit and recline with great content, when a little exertion of watering might procure a green and verdant couch. The patriarchs of the village, with their long beards, were all enjoying themselves in the shade of some beautiful trees at the river's side. There was not a breath of wind, and the heat was too powerful for our Arab sailors to walk on the beach, and pull the cangia along by a rope, which is the common practice in a calm. We resolved, however, to go and see what is supposed to be the site of Coptos, where some widely-scattered ruins are still to be seen; and having hired a boat, we crossed over, as it was a few miles walk from the opposite shore. Amidst large and confused heaps of rubbish, are some remains of walls, a few feet high, and fragments of pillars of fine granite. On our return, we passed through a village on the declivity of a hill, and stepped into its large mosque. The hour of evening prayers was just begun; and the peasants of the neighbourhood, many of them fine-looking men, others venerable with age, were gathering fast to their devotions. The corridor was supported by lofty pillars, among which were two or three fine ones of granite, which they had actually taken in pieces from the ruins of Coptos to support their house of faith. In a small building adjoining were several small reservoirs of water, cool and shaded, where the believers were carefully and devoutly washing their feet before they entered the mosque. In this climate their manner of worshipping has often a very impressive as well as picturesque effect. Just after sun-set, when the last and loveliest hues are cast over the silent Egyptian scenery, or more often when the moon has spread her brilliant light on the river and shore, the Turks and Arabs come to the water's edge, and, heedless of the traveller beside them, spread their cloak on the bank, and turning their face to Mecca, and alternately kneeling and standing, are for some time entirely absorbed in their devotions, heedless of every object around, and apparently actuated by a deep and solemn sense of the duty they are engaged in.

At the village of Koft a funeral passed by as we stood near the mosque; the burial-ground was on the side of a hill, shaded by palms, and commanded an extensive view of the surrounding country. The tombs were all of one form, low, a few feet in length, and plastered white. There was no outcry on this occasion, or funeral wail, as it was a child who had died; when an Arab had partly covered the corpse, each of the relatives pushed the earth gently with his hands into the

grave, continually repeating some Arab words, signifying "Be thou happy."

Although there is a sameness in the character of the Egyptian scenery, it is such as is to be seen in no other land. The Libyan and Arabian chains of mountains, perfectly naked, stretch on each side of the Nile nearly to the first cataract, generally within a few miles of the river, and sometimes close to it, or forming its bank. At the foot of these naked masses of a light colour, often appear groups of the most vivid and beautiful verdure, the palm and sycamore spreading over some lonely cottage, a herd of goats and buffaloes winding their way, or a camel silently grazing. The utter barrenness and desolation that often encompass scenes and spots of exquisite fruitfulness and beauty, the tomb of the Santon with its scanty shade, and the white minaret with its palm and cypress placed on the very verge of a boundless desert, or amidst a burning expanse of sand, are almost peculiar to Egypt. Then you often pass from the rich banks of the Nile, covered with lime and orange-trees, where groups of Orientals are seated luxuriously in the shade, into a wild and howling waste, where all, even the broken monuments of past ages, only inspire feelings of sadness and regret.

It was evening ere we arrived at Luxor, a poor yet populous village, erected partly amidst the ruins of the great temple. This edifice is near the water's edge, and its lofty yellow pillars, each thirty feet in circumference, and ranged in long colonnades, instantly arrest the attention. On landing, we found on the sand a dozen grim Egyptian statues, large as life, cut in coarse granite, after the fashion of the great Memnon, and in a sitting posture, close to the edge of the water, that rippled at their feet. The weight of each statue was enormous, and would render the removal difficult; or else a traveller might well be tempted to ship one of them, as they seemed to be no man's property. There are two most beautiful obelisks fronting the gateway, seventy feet high but in reality much loftier, as a considerable part is buried in rubbish. Their hieroglyphics are cut deeper, and with greater delicacy, than those on any other obelisks in Egypt. A Frenchman, in the employment of Drouetti the consul, resided here, who shewed us much politeness; he was an intelligent man, dressed in the Arab costume, and had resided sixteen years in various parts of this country. His companion, Moris Bonnet, had gone to Cairo for a supply of wine and other comforts, and he felt solitary and impatient for his return: he possessed a small collection of minerals and other curiosities, and had manufactured a cool delightful sort of palm-wine out of the juice of the tree, which was very grateful to us in the sultry heat of the day. Sixteen years residence in Upper Egypt is really a trial of a man's patience and enthusiasm, and for two Frenchmen above all beings. Suleiman Aga, commander of the Pacha's Mamelukes at Esneh, a town two days' sail farther, was not so resigned: this man was one of Bonaparte's colonels, and on the ruin of his master's fortunes he came to Egypt, and offered his services to the Pacha, protesting at the same time he would never consent to change his religion. Mahmoud laughed, and said, he cared nothing about his religion, if he only served him well; but he must allow himself to be called by a Turkish name, and wear the costume. Suleiman Aga now lives in style as commandant at Esneh, and receives travellers very hospitably; but his soul pines, amidst Egyptian beauty, for a suitable companion, and he implored a fellow-traveller and friend of mine to

send him out an English or Italian wife: he swore he would pay implicit deference to his friend's advice, and marry the lady the moment she arrived. The women around him, he said, were so insipid; and he would live there contented could he be but blessed with one whom he could converse with, and whose vivacity and intelligence would brighten his solitary hours.

It is difficult to describe the stupendous and noble ruins of Thebes. Beyond all others they give you the idea of a ruined, yet imperishable city; so vast is their extent, that you wander a long time confused and perplexed, and discover at every step some new object of interest. From the temple of Lúxor to that of Karnac the distance is a mile and a half, and they were formerly connected by a long avenue of sphinxes, the mutilated remains of which, the heads being broken off the greater part, still line the whole path. Arrived at the end of this avenue, you first pass under a very elegant arched gateway, seventy feet high, and quite isolated. About fifty yards farther you enter a temple of inferior dimensions, which Drouetti has been busy in excavating; you then advance into a spacious area, strewed with broken pillars, and surrounded with vast and lofty masses of ruins,—all parts of the great temple: a little on your right is the magnificent portico of Karnac, the vivid remembrance of which will never leave him who has once gazed on it. Its numerous colonnades of pillars, of gigantic form and height, are in excellent preservation, but without ornament; the ceiling and walls of the portico are gone; the plat-stone still connects one of the rows of pillars, and is ornamented, and viewed from below, with a slender remain of the edifice still attached to it, it seems almost to hang in the sky. Passing hence, you wander amidst obelisks, porticoes, and statues, the latter without grace or beauty, but of a most colossal kind. If you ascend one of the hills of rubbish, and look around, you see a gateway standing afar, conducting only to solitude; detached and roofless pillars, while others lie broken at their feet, the busts of gigantic statues appearing above the earth, while the rest of the body is yet buried, or the head torn away, while others lie prostrate or broken into useless fragments. On the left spread the dreary deserts of the Thebais, to the edge of which the city extends. In front is a pointed and barren range of mountains: the Nile flows at the feet of the temple of Luxor; but the ruins extend far on the other side of the river, to the very feet of those formidable precipices, and into the wastes of sand: the natural scenery around Thebes is as fine as can possibly be conceived. The remainder of the statue is still here, the beautiful bust of which Belzoni sent to the British Museum; it was fallen and broken off long since. Drouetti is quite inexcusable in causing one of the two beautiful obelisks at the entrance of the temple of Karnac to be thrown down and broken, that he might carry off the upper part: such an act is absolute sacrilege. One cannot help imagining that a vast deal yet remains to be discovered beneath this world of ruins, on both sides of the river; but the pursuit requires incessant and undivided attention. A traveller must lay his account to spend six months in excavating here, with a body of Arabs, who work very cheaply, and must put up with many privations, before he could expect to be richly compensated for his pains.

The second visit we paid to Karnac was still more interesting. The moon had risen, and we passed through one or two Arab villages in the

way, where fires were lighted in the open air, and the men, after the labours of the day, were seated in groups round them, smoking and conversing with great cheerfulness. It is singular that in the most burning climates of the East, the inhabitants always love a good fire at night, and a traveller soon catches the habit; yet the air was still very warm. There was no fear of interruption in exploring the ruins, as the Arabs dread to come here after daylight, as they often say these places were built by Afrit, the devil; and the belief in apparitions prevails among most of the Orientals. We again entered with delight the grand portico. It was a night of uncommon beauty, without a breath of wind stirring, and the moonlight fell vividly on some parts of the colonnades, while others were shaded so as to add to, rather than diminish their grandeur. The obelisks, the statues, the lonely columns on the plain without, threw their long shadows on the mass of ruins around them, and the scene was in truth exquisitely mournful and beautiful.

MAHOMET.

As from the western firmament
  The sun sank in the sky,
The Hero and the Prophet went—
  While evening from the minaret sent
    The Muezzin's holy cry
Of "Allah hu" o'er wall and gate,
    Deeply and solemnly—
"There's but one God, eternal, great:"—
    He knew that he must die!
The night-breeze from the midway air
Wafted the sound, that to his ear
  Echoed of conquest and renown
    With him for ever past;—
That he who swept the eastern world
Like a tornado blast,
  Hush'd in death-slumber should go down,
    Forgotten, overcast,
In the tomb's darkness hurl'd,
  And countless millions call in vain,
  Their chief to glory's lists again.
Forth to the mosque the Prophet went,
On faithful Ali's arm he leant;
  His look was firm, his turban'd brow
  Paled not though death was near him now
But he had faced him oft before
  In many a combat's rage,
Then wherefore should he dread him more
  When past his noon of age,
He had enough achieved for fame,
And earth ran over with his name?

But he had not been one of those
  Who combated alone
From lust of vengeance upon foes—
  He mercy oft had shown;
It was the Koran author's cause,
The Islem faith, and power, and laws,
  For which on nations near and far
  Had flash'd his conquering scimitar;
Glory to Allah, all his aim,
"Allah il Allah," still the same.

But now the soldier's eye of fire,
That lit the ranks of war,
Wax'd dim and weak, the prophet lyre
Shall never sound again—
Ainab all Asia's hope shall bar
From sight of fellow men;
The crescent its green flag may wave,
But only on its hero's grave;
The Koran still may chanted be,
And all men hear, save only he—
The founder of the mighty race
That bow at Mecca's holy place.
And he would close his time with prayer,
For life was flitting fast,
And feeble in the evening air
He to the mosque hath past.
His friend still gazing on his chief
In speechless and heart-piercing grief—
They enter at the holy gate:
The prophet on the tribune stands,
Then prays and rises in his state,
Looking the lord of countless lands,
Grace in his form, and majesty,
And rule in his awe-gathering eye,
And carriage that might dare or brave
Upon the margin of his grave
All human power, all human fears,
The wreck of worlds, the storms of years;
Yet mingling with a faded air
Of limb, and face, and frame,
Speaking the body weak to bear
That spirit's ardent flame;
That captived longer will not be
Its scarce controll'd intensity.

"My faithful Islamites! the grave
Is dug for me—I am no more
A thing of fear—Whate'er you crave
Of vengeance, on me take a store:
You I have stricken, strike me now—
You I have robbed, take of my gold—
You I have humbled, this old brow
Humble in dust an hundred fold!—
Take justice of me for your wrong!
Haste! for my moments are not long
And mortal love and mortal hate
Will soon be one to me in weight!"

'Twas silent! like an earthquake land,
Where all is swallow'd up and dead—
Tears only answer'd the demand—
The dying Prophet bent his head:
Faintly his parting orders gave,
Breath'd his farewell to all around,
Then sank enshrined into his grave,—
While the world startled at the sound
Of woe from kingdoms he had won,
Vast as the realm of Philip's son,
Soon to belong from their decay,
Like their dead chief, to yesterday.

J.

POPULAR SONGS OF THE MODERN GREEKS.*

THE publication of the Popular Songs of the Modern Greeks, is one of the most remarkable events which have taken place in the literature of our days. We have indeed heard of these songs in the works of travellers for the last two centuries; but we have always heard of them only as barbarous and unintelligible rhapsodies: and the poetry of Modern Attica has been characterized as worthy of nothing but the contempt and ridicule which have been so liberally poured forth by writers of all parties upon its turbaned population. The lovers of freedom, in their impatience at the sight of slavery in the plains and cruelty on the mountains, and despairing of the regeneration of Greece, were glad to turn their eyes from the spectacle of unresisted tyranny and forgotten days of glory, and to fix them on the chiefs and sages and poets of her happier ages: and the partisans of despotism having nothing to dread from the genius and virtue which had long faded from the earth, while they delighted to dwell upon the contented ignorance and slumbering energies of the Modern Greeks, and to represent their cause as utterly hopeless, pretended to be equally enthusiastic about their ancestors, and the arts, the liberty, and the glory, that were buried in their tombs, and forgotten like their names and example. It has always appeared to us, however, that the sentimental lamentations of the one party, and the savage exultation of the other over fallen Greece, were equally unreasonable. A people that could preserve, through ages of slavery and degradation, a distinct national character, and a language almost unmingled with the words of their oppressors, must possess a spirit and an energy which cannot be subdued: and if there were nothing else to recommend the cause of the Greeks, this alone, we think, would be sufficient to inspire a hope of their final success, and to justify the anxiety about their fate, which their first unassisted struggles kindled in the bosom of all the lovers of liberty and genius.

But happily there are other grounds for hope, and among them may be ranked their possession of the poetry, of which we intend in this article to present some specimens to our readers. As the first published sample of the original literature of the Modern Greeks, it is sufficiently curious; but it is still more interesting as a picture of the "fierce wars and faithful loves," which diversify their existence, and of the hopes and superstitions which colour or overcast it. We knew that the Greeks had a literature borrowed from the Italian—that they had copied the Provençal ballads and the romances of chivalry—but we did not expect to find any thing among them like the energy, the beauty, the tenderness, and the wildness that breathe and glow throughout these songs of Greece, bringing to our ears the earliest echoes of love and freedom which have come from that romantic land. The sudden unfolding of all this poetry, so singular and so characteristic, strikes us with the same delight and wonder, as if Greece itself were stretched out before us, crowned with its old poetic mountains, and all its sunny valleys laid open to our gaze.

M. Fauriel, a Frenchman of great erudition, and considerable taste,

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* Chants populaires de la Grèce Moderne, recueillis et publiés par C. Fauriel. Tome I. Chants Historiques. 8vo. Paris. June 1824.

has accomplished for the ballads of Modern Greece, what Sir Walter Scott performed among us for the kindred poetry of the Scottish borders; and though we cannot help regretting that a Frenchman, with his poetical prejudices, should have undertaken the selection, and become the *Scott* of the Greek Minstrelsy, we can safely say that M. Fauriel has executed his duty as an editor and translator with admirable zeal and fidelity; and with an enthusiasm in the cause of the Greeks and their ballads which is quite edifying. The first volume of the collection, containing the historical ballads, was published in the beginning of June; the second, which will be even more interesting than the present, will contain the love songs, the laments, and the romantic ballads of the Greeks, and is to appear shortly, if the first should be favourably received. There is a long introductory essay on the songs of Modern Greece, in which M. Fauriel has introduced some interesting details about the domestic life and warlike dispositions of its population. He seems particularly anxious to prove that most of the ballads are old—a thing which we are happy to say he has completely failed in establishing, except in the case of one or two pieces which celebrate the feats of some of the Greek chieftains and sailors who existed about two hundred years ago. We are glad that these songs are not old—because we would wish to believe that the energy with which they express the Grecian hatred to the Turks, and the spirit of patriotism and devotion which they breathe, belong rather to the days of awakening freedom; that they have sprung out of the struggles and successes of the present time, and were not composed to lull to rest past generations whom their stirring music could not uprouse.

The poetry of Modern Greece has a colour and a character peculiarly its own. There is something in the gentler songs that seems to reflect another heaven, and to taste of a softer and more delicious climate: while in the bolder compositions, the free mountain air and the wild scenery have given vigour and freshness to the inspirations of the poets. The names of Olympus, Pelion, and Pindus, are almost as celebrated in Modern Greek verse as in Ancient: and it is delightful to find that the earliest modern Greek poetry sprung up, like their liberty, among these ancient and famous mountains. These names, which are sacred sounds to our ears, are repeated in most of their ballads: the influence of the magical language and localities of Greece is added to the charm of its poetry; and we feel for a moment as if we breathed the warm sunny air, and were surrounded by the dazzling waters and blue skies—the glittering marble temples, and fallen columns, and dusky palms of its enchanting landscapes.

The lively imaginations of the Greeks turn every thing into poetry. Their voluptuous climate inspires them with an intense love of Nature, and their happy and indolent life disposes them to enjoy every change on her face:—to burst out into song on the return of spring, and the blossoming of flowers. Their faculty of improvisation, (which they possess even in a more remarkable degree than the Italians,) joined to the natural music of their delicious language, make even their common talk a kind of poetry: and when their feelings are heightened or deepened by joy or sorrow, their "thoughts voluntary move harmonious numbers." There is a peculiar intensity in their attachment to home and to kindred, in their loves and hatreds, and in all their domestic

affections. Love,—marriage,—exile,—death, are all celebrated or lamented in verse. The loss of a brother or a child produces a delirium of grief; and sorrow is exalted into poetry. The myriologues (or laments) which are uttered on these occasions have all the characters of inspiration: sometimes tenderness prevails over enthusiasm, and the death of an infant is compared to the withering of a bud, or to a tender flower, "no sooner blown than blasted:" but in general these compositions are of a more ambitious description, and are profusely figured with bold personifications, and gorgeously coloured with poetical images.

We have ascribed to the Greeks in general the faculty of improvisation; but there are certain vocations among which the faculty seems peculiarly to reside. The sailors and the tanners of Jannina, for example, are distinguished as the composers of hundreds of these songs; the shepherds are the poets of the beauties and the loves of the valleys, and the soldiers of the warrior-feats among the hills. The picturesque and precarious life—the love of wine and independence—and the inspiration of the air of Olympus and of Pindus,—which, though no longer the seat of gods and muses, keep still a portion of their old renown, make poets and musicians of these wild mountaineers, who seek to give a gaiety to feasts as rude and primitive as those recorded in Homer, by songs which they accompany, like his heroes, with the music of a lyre. These airs and songs are caught by the beggars and wandering minstrels, who follow the village feasts throughout Greece; and the loves and combats of her hills and valleys are thus spread speedily over the whole face of the country.

The Greeks seem to have as singular a talent for the improvisation of music as of poetry. The air of each new song must also be new, and is sung or forgotten with the words that gave it birth. The poet is always obliged to furnish with his song an air of his own composition: a title to fame, of which MOORE is in our country perhaps the only possessor. M. Fauriel tells us that he has heard many of these airs: the mountain music of the Greeks is drawn out into long and solemn cadences, like the plain chant of churches; and seems to have been intended to be repeated by the echoes of the rocks amidst which it was sung. There is a certain melancholy which throws its shade even over the Klephtic chants of victory and exultation: a sadness which may be traced in the music of all oppressed and conquered nations, and which is strikingly exemplified in the national melodies of Ireland.

There are in the Greek ballads many peculiarities of style and manner which remind us of those of Spain, in which the enmities and the misfortunes—the splendours and the fate of the Moors are celebrated. There is the same abruptness and dramatic effect, and the same obscurity in telling the story. But they resemble still more our early Scottish ballads: and though describing the lives, and loves, and adventures of men whom the Turks call robbers*—deal so often in feats of pure courage and boundless generosity—in a regard to

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* The Greeks, who were formed into a militia by the Turks for the defence of their country, bore originally the title of Armatoloi (Ἁρματωλοὶ) *armed men*; but when they began to resist the robberies and tyranny of the Pachas, and became formidable from their numbers and bravery, the Armatolos received from his oppressors the name of *Klephtes* (Κλεφτης) *robber*.

honour, which death itself cannot extinguish—in chivalrous devotion to women, and loyalty and hospitality to men—that the name which the Turks have fixed upon them has become a title of glory, and has changed, as the name of *outlaw* did on our borders and in our Highlands, into a word of fame and fearlessness. There is another peculiarity about these ballads which belongs also to those of the North: the chorus and the introductory verses are often independent of the subject of the ballad, and have no relation to the event which it celebrates; but are equally common to all songs, as well as to that to which they have been appended.

There is in all their songs a certain Oriental colouring which has been derived from the Eastern poetry and marvels. The armour of the Klephts is always represented as dazzling with gold and jewels, and the housings of their horses are lustrous with brocade, and their feet shod with silver. Birds are feigned to speak with human voices, and the poet listens and interprets the delicate language which they warble. Horses reply to their riders—and if this is not to be ascribed to some obscure tradition about the horses of Achilles, we may fairly put it down to the influence of the Turkish fictions upon the poetry of Modern Greece. The expressions, too, are often singularly bold, abrupt, and figurative, and the style has all the characters of Oriental poetry.

It would be delightful if we could trace as distinctly the influences of their own ancient poetry and superstitions upon their modern ballads, as the effects of those of the Turks. There are still, however, remains of the old popular belief, but changed and distorted by modern ignorance. Thessaly is still renowned in Modern Greece as the abode of powerful magicians, who could draw down the moon from heaven, and distill from its dews " a vaporous drop profound" with which to work their enchantments. If in the mythology of Ancient Greece every tree had its Hamadryad, every river its God, and every stream its Nereid, the inhabitants of Modern Attica have peopled the springs, the rocks, the caverns, and the mountains, each with its guardian spirit. The Modern Greek, though forgetting the religion of his ancestors, unconsciously remembers their observances: he is lapt into Elysian dreams by the haunted stream; and in the sigh of the gale, and the silence of the caves, and the murmur of the melodious river, he feels the influence of that genius which inspired or overawed his fathers. He approaches a running water with the love and devotion of a Greek of old times:

> Grateful for his beloved child's return,
> Thy banks, Cephisus, he again hath trod,
> Thy murmurs heard; and drank the crystal lymph
> With which thou dost refresh the thirsty lip,
> And moisten all day long these flowery fields.
>
> WORDSWORTH, *Excursion*, b. vi.

The Fates exist no longer: but the plague is personified by three women,—of whom one records the name of the victim, the second wounds him with the fatal shears, and the third sweeps him away. The Eumenides are replaced in the superstitions of Modern Greece by the Synchoremeni, (Συγχωρεμένῃ,) who preside over the small-pox, and whose name, like that of the Fairies, expresses the possibility of being appeased by prayers. There are traces also among the hills of the Morea of the Oreads, Graces, and Satyrs, though confused and indis-

tinct: and the terrible name of Charon occurs often in their poetry, though he has lost the form, as well as the attributes, which formerly distinguished him, and conducts the dead to their dark dwelling under the shape of a bird of evil omen and sable wing.

We here close this long introduction to illustrate the remarks we have made, by some specimens of the Modern Greek poetry: only premising that we have, perhaps, been more successful in copying the rudeness than the spirit of these compositions. We have imitated some of them in the measure of the Spanish ballads translated by Mr. Frere, as corresponding the most exactly of our metres to the Greek originals; and one we have attempted in a kind of verse which has been consecrated to themes of a kindred energy* by a poet, to whom, in this place, we must not do more than hint a reference.

THE DREAM OF DEMOS.

Have not I told thee, Demos, have not I told thee thrice,
To veil thy turban, and to hide those warrior spoils of price?
Lest the Albanians see thee, and thou their balls abide,
Because of all thy bravery, and because of all thy pride.
  The cuckoo sings upon the hills, the partridge in the woods,
And trills a little bird which o'er the head of Demos broods;
But not like spring birds singeth he, nor like the swallow gay—
He warbleth delicate human words, and thus the bird doth say:
" Why art thou sad, O Demos? why is thy cheek so pale?"
" Oh, little bird, since thou dost ask, I'll tell thee all the tale:—
Last night I turn'd to sleep awhile, and in a ghastly dream,
Which came to me as I was lapt in sleeping, I did seem
To see the sky all wrapt in gloom, and bloody was each star,
And stain'd with gouts of blood was my Damascus scimitar."

We have alluded to the Oriental character which sometimes mingles with their poetry: a Klepht, who has been wounded in the plains, thus charges his comrade to convey the news of his fall to his brethren on the mountains:

" If my companions ask of me, tell not that I am gone—
That I am dead, oh woe the day! but say that I have won
A bride in weary foreign lands—a grey stone for my mother—
The black earth for my loving wife—and a pebble for my brother."

The two following pieces are of the same description:

" Why are the mountains of Goura sad? Is it the hail that hath smote them? is it the rude winter? It is not the hail that hath smitten them—it is not the rude winter: it is the sabre of Kontoghiannis, who fighteth summer and winter."

" Diplas never feared the fight: he hath warriors who devour powder like bread, and balls like meat: who slay the Turks like kids, and their Agas like lambs."

The Greeks embellish all their songs with images of Nature. The following passage, for example, has evidently been inspired by pure love of the country, its birds, and fresh airs, and green trees:

" The sun was setting when Demos spake: Make my tomb, my soldiers, and make it wide and deep; that even there I may rise to the combat. But leave on my right a casement, that there the swallows

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* Lochiel's Warning.

may come to tell me of the return of Spring, and the nightingale sing to me in the sweet month of May."

The following wish is in the same spirit of longing after Nature:

IOTIS DYING.

Uprisen am I early, two hours ere morning shine,
And I hear the shiver of the beech, the murmur of the pine:
The Klephts are wailing for their chief—" O rise, Iotis, rise,
Sleep not so soundly when the foe hath sought us to surprise."
" What shall I say, my children, unfortunate and brave?
Smart is the ball, and deadly is the wound the foemen gave.
But take me, take me by the hand, and lift me up awhile,
And bring me wine, that I may drink, and all my pains beguile.
And I'll sing a low and plaintive song—a song to make one weep:
—— O were I on the lofty hills, amid the foliage deep!
Where the little lambs feed far away from the wild rams and the sheep!"

We have spoken of the dramatic effect of some of these ballads: here are two of them which will justify, we think, what we have ventured to say upon the subject. The first is particularly interesting, as relating an adventure of Spyros Skyllodemos, a Greek chief, who in 1806 was taken prisoner by Ali Pacha, and escaped as recorded in the ballad: in the last will be found an allusion to Charon, which will shew the character under which he is regarded by the Modern Greeks:

SKYLLODEMOS.

Skyllodemos sat beneath the firs,
And Irene at his side,
" And pour to me the blood-red wine,
O maiden fair," he cried,
" That I may drink till the morning star
Doth shew his paly fire;
And ten warriors shall guard thee to thine abode
When the Pleiads shall retire."
" Am I thy slave, O Demos,
To serve thee with the red wine?
I am the wife of a chieftain bold,
And I come of an Archon's line."
At dawn of day pass'd along that way
Two weary travelling men,
Their beards were long, and their faces were dark,
And they stood near Demos then.
" Good morrow, Skyllodemos," they said:
Then up spake Skyllodeme,
" Ye are welcome, welcome, voyagers,
But how do ye know my name?"
" We bring thee thy brother's greetings," they said;
" Where have ye seen my brother?"
" We have seen him in Iannina's dungeon, a chain
At his hands, at his feet another."
Skyllodemos wept loud, and he started up;—
" Where flyest thou, son of my mother?
Where flyest thou, chief? Look at me again—
Come and embrace thy brother!"
Then Demos knew him, and wistfully
All in his arms he clips:
And they kiss'd each other tenderly
On the eyes and on the lips.

"Sit down, my brother," then Demos said,
"And tell us how it befel
That thou sav'd thee from the wild Albanese,
And from thy prison-cell?"
"In the night I loosed my hands and my feet,
And I burst my prison door;
And I leapt into the reedy marsh,
Where I lay till day was o'er.
Then I seized a boat which lay on the lake,
And I cross'd it over to thee:
Last night lay Iannina far behind,
Now I'm on the hills, and free!"

CONSTANTINE.

A fair-haired maiden boasted
She did not Charon fear,
Because she had nine brave brothers
That loved their sister dear;
And she had bold Constantine
Who for her love did sigh—
He who had many broad lands
And withal four castles high.
But Charon came, like a raven,
And slew the beauteous bride:
"O thou hast slain my daughter!"
The woful mother cried.
There are steps upon the mountains,
And music in the glen:
'Tis her beloved Constantine,
With twice two hundred men.
His heart is joyous with the sounds—
But, alas, it grieved him sore,
When suddenly he sees a cross
Issue from his bride's door.
Then with a sad foreboding heart
He spurred his black steed on,
Until he came to the church where they
Were placing a funeral-stone.
"Oh, tell me, tell me, architect,
Who in that tomb must lie?"
"It is a fair-haired maiden,
Who had a soft black eye;
And she had nine brave brethren,
Who caused her mickle pride;
And she had bold Constantine
Who woo'd her for his bride—
He who hath many broad lands,
And four castles tall beside."
"O build the tomb then, architect,
And build it broad and deep;
And build it large and high withal,
That two therein may sleep."
Then out he drew a golden blade,
And he smote him in the side;
He fell into the open tomb,
And he sleeps there with his bride. *

* This Ballad is not to be found in the volume of the Greek Songs just published: we translate it from a collection in the possession of M. Buchon, one of the editors of the Constitutionnel. In noticing this, we take the opportunity of saying, that we

We have hinted a resemblance between the manners of the Greek mountaineers and the outlaws of Scotland: there is, at all events, the same generosity and gallantry in the actions and sentiments recorded of all these gentlemen. A priest of St. Peter's, who has been wronged by one of the Klephtic chiefs, very naturally complains; and the warrior thus justifies himself.

"What have I done to him that he should complain of me? Have I slain his sheep, or his oxen? I kissed his son's wife, and his two daughters: I slew one of his sons, and took another prisoner, for whose ransom I demanded five hundred and two pieces of gold: but I gave all these to my soldiers, and kept not one broad piece for myself."

This is "the lesson of Nannos"—a great moral lesson!

"Set we upon the house of the lady Nikolo, who hath many broad pieces and much plate: 'Welcome is Nannos,' shall she say, 'and welcome are his bold warriors!' And the soldiers shall have the gold pieces, and the youths the paras—as for me, I seek the dame!"

There are few recollections of Ancient Greece in this volume: here is one piece, however, which shews that Olympus is still a sacred mountain:

OLYMPUS.

Olympus and Kissavos, those hills of ancient fame,
Dispute together wildly which hath the greatest name;
Then spake the proud Olympus—"Let our dispute be done!
Kissavos, whom the Turkish foot hath ever trampled on!
I am that old Olympus, renown'd throughout the world,
My peaks are forty-two—on each a banner is unfurl'd;
My springs are seventy-two—each bough upon me hath its Klepht,
Nor is my topmost summit of its lordly eagle reft:
He holds within his claw the head of some brave fallen Greek—
'O head, what hast thou done that thou should'st be thus treated? Speak!'
'Eat, bird,' thus spake the head, 'and feast thyself my youth upon,
And drink my courage with my life, which is in battle gone:
So shall thy wing spread broad and vast, and strong shall be thy claws:
—At Louros and Xeromeros I was Armatolos.
Twelve years have I a Klepht been among Olympus' trees—
And sixty Agas have I slain, and burned their villages:
As for the others I have kill'd—of Turks or Albanese,
Too numerous are they, Eagle! I cannot count them all!
But now my day is also come amid the fight to fall.'"

The following expresses, along with the national hatred to the Turks, that dread of dishonour even after death which we have mentioned as distinguishing the insurgent Greeks:

GYPHTAKIS.*

The hills thirst for snow, and the valleys for water,
The hawks for young birds, and the Othmans for slaughter.
—"Where wanders in weeping young Gyphtakis' mother,
All wildly lamenting her children and brother?

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have heard M. Buchon named as the French translator of these songs; though M. Fauriel, doubtless from oversight, has omitted to do that accomplished person the justice of noticing his labours in his preface or introduction.

* Gyphtakis signifies the *young gipsy*, and was the surname of a Klephtic chief of dark complexion, killed in battle against the Arab Isouph, one of the generals of Ali Pacha.

No more is she seen by the mountains and valleys."
—" Even now from the huts of the shepherds she sallies"—
There loud roar'd the voice of the echoing gun,
But it was not to tell that a bride had been won,
Nor to shout that the feast of the vale had begun.
—Gyphtakis hath a ball in his hand and his knee—
He trembles—he falls like a dark cypress tree!
But loudly he cried ere he fell—" O my brother,
Where art thou? Return to the son of thy mother!—
Save my life—or my head from the Arab's wild paw,
Lest he snatch it, and bear it to Ali Pacha!"

The courage and patriotism of women sometimes figure in the Greek ballads:

" The Albanians have attacked Despo in her tower of Dimoulas:" "Wife of George, yield up thine arms!"—" Despo never had, and never will have the Liapides for lords!"—She seizes a burning brand, and calls loudly to her daughters: " Let us not be the slaves of the Turks, my children—follow me!" She fired the gunpowder, and they all vanished in the blaze."

The numbers of the Turks who fall are always recounted with exaggeration, to contrast with the boldness and the fortune of their enemies.

BOUKOVALLAS.

" What is the uproar which I hear? What is that terrible sound? Are they slaying oxen? Or are the wild beasts combating?—They are not slaying oxen—nor are the wild beasts combating: Boukovallas fights against fifteen hundred, between Kenouria and the Kerassovon. The shots fall like rain, and the balls like hail.—And a fair-haired maiden cries from her casement: ' Stay the fight, O Boukovallas, and stop the firing: let the dust fall, and the vapour disperse, and then we will count thine army, to see how many are missing." The Turks have counted thrice: they have lost five hundred men. The children of the Klephts have counted: there are wanting but three warriors. The first is gone for bread, the second for water, the third, the bravest of the three, is stretched dead upon his gun.' "

Sometimes the Grecian abhorrence of the Turkish tyrants assumes the air of contempt; as in the following ballad, which is, in our opinion, of singular elegance and beauty:

KALIAKOUDAS.

" O were I a bird, I would fly, I would journey through the air; I would look towards the land of the Franks, towards the melancholy Ithaca: I would listen to the wife of Kaliakoudas, as she wails and laments, and pours forth her bitter tears. She mourns like the partridge, and tears her hair as the stork her feathers; and she wears a sable vestment, black as the crow's wing; and she gazes from her casement upon the sea; and of every vessel which passes by, she asks—' O ye little barks, ye ships, and gilded brigantines, as ye went to the melancholy Valtos, or as ye came therefrom—have not ye seen my spouse? have not ye seen Kaliakoudas?'—' We left him yesterday beyond Gavrolimi. They had lambs which they were roasting, and sheep upon the spit; and to turn the spit, they had five Beys.' "

We here close our account of this very interesting publication; for the second volume of which we look with the greatest impatience. We have been anxious to notice it as early as possible; and perhaps our

anxiety to "do this quickly," has prevented us from "doing it well." We take this opportunity also of expressing our acknowledgments to M. Fauriel for the delightful present he has made us: and of congratulating him upon being the first to lay before us the popular poetry of Modern Greece. By embodying in an imperishable form these snatches of songs, he has rendered a lasting service to the cause of the Greeks, and has vindicated the genius, as well as the patriotism, of the people for whom Byron lived and died. Σ.

THE CAVERN OF THE THREE TELLS.

A Swiss Tradition.

The three founders of the Helvetic Confederacy are thought to sleep in a cavern near the Lake of Lucerne. The herdsmen call them the Three Tells, and say that they lie there in their antique garb, in quiet slumber; and when Switzerland is in her utmost need, they will awaken and regain the liberties of the land.—*See Quarterly Review*, No. 44.

Oh! enter not yon shadowy cave,
Seek not the bright spars there,
Though the whispering pines, that o'er it wave,
With freshness fill the air.
For there the patriot-three,
In the garb of old array'd,
By their native forest-sea *
On a rocky couch are laid.

The patriot-three that met of yore,
Beneath the midnight sky,
And leagued their hearts on the Grütli shore †
In the name of Liberty!
Now silently they sleep
Amidst the hills they freed,
But their rest is only deep
Till their country's hour of need.

They start not at the hunter's call,
Nor the Lammer-geyer's cry,
Nor the rush of a sudden torrent's fall,
Nor the Lauwine thundering by!
And the Alpine herdsman's lay,
To a Switzer's heart so dear,
On the wild wind floats away,
No more for them to hear.

But when the battle-horn is blown
Till the Schreckhorn's peaks reply,
When the Jungfrau's cliffs send back the tone
Through their eagles' lonely sky;
When spear-heads light the lakes,
When trumpets loose the snows,
When the rushing war-steed shakes
The glacier's mute repose:

When Uri's beechen-woods wave red
In the burning hamlet's light,
Then from the cavern of the dead,
Shall the Sleepers wake in might!

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* Forest-sea, the Lake of Lucerne, or *Lake of the Forest-towns*, as the German name implies.

† The Grütli, a meadow on the shore of the Lake of Lucerne, where the founders of the Helvetic Confederacy held their meetings.

With a leap, like Tell's proud leap,*
When away the helm he flung,
And boldly up the steep
From the flashing billow sprung!

They shall wake beside their forest-sea
In the ancient garb they wore,
When they link'd the hands that made us free,
On the Grütli's moonlight shore;
And their voices shall be heard,
And be answer'd with a shout,
Till the echoing Alps are stirr'd,
And the signal-fires blaze out!

And the land shall see such deeds again,
As those of that proud day,
When Winkelried, on Sempack's plain,
Through the serried spears made way!
And when the rocks came down
On the dark Morgarten dell,
And the crowned helms † o'erthrown
Before our fathers fell!

For the Kühreihen's ‡ notes must never sound
In a land that wears the chain,
And the vines on Freedom's holy ground
Untrampled must remain!
And the yellow harvests wave,
For no stranger's hand to reap,
While within their silent cave
The Men of Grütli sleep!

F. H.

WOMEN VINDICATED.

"The treasures of the deep are not so precious
As the concealed comforts of a man
Lock'd up in woman's love."

MIDDLETON.

If it be true that the principal source of laughter is the exultation occasioned by a sense of our own superiority over others, we need not wonder that nations and individuals have in all ages been anxious to keep up the materials of risibility by supplying themselves with perpetual butts, collective and single. Athens had not only her Bœotia as we have our Yorkshire for the supply of clowns, but her pedant to stand in the convenient place of our Irishman, and become responsible for all the bulls and blunders which Hierocles or his successors might think fit to father upon him; while no Symposiarch was held to have done his duty in the arrangement of a convivial entertainment unless he had provided an established jester, just as it is deemed indispensable to invite a professed wag and punster to any party of the present day that is meant to be particularly jocund and hilarious. The motley-

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* The spot where Tell leaped from the boat of Gessler, is marked by a chapel, and called the *Tellensprung*.

† Crowned helmets, as a distinction of rank, are mentioned in Simond's Switzerland.

‡ Kühreihen, the celebrated Ranz des Vaches.

coloured fools of our royal and noble establishments, as well as the dramatic clowns, which were once essential to every play, have indeed disappeared; but their place has been supplied by amateurs; and the court, theatre, and even our House of Commons, have each their regular buffoons, although the office and name have been ostensibly suppressed. Modern refinement may have introduced some little change in the process; we may laugh more often *with* the individual *at* others, than *with* others *at* the individual; but still the object is the same—the pleasant gratification of our egotism, and the exaltation of ourselves by making others appear ridiculous.

There are two whole classes of society who have done such special service to the utterers of bon-mots and composers of epigrams, that amid a dozen standing jokes, either of Joe Miller or his successors, at least three-fourths will be found to be directed against authors and women. Unfortunately for the modern race of wags, both these established and abundant sources, which promised to afford such an inexhaustible supply of small wit, have now become utterly dry and unavailable, for few jokes can be good which involve a contradiction in terms or a manifest untruth. As no point would redeem an epigram which tended to prove Aristides a knave, Lucretia a wanton, or Washington a poltroon, so we can no longer tolerate bald and hacknied jests upon the poverty of authors and Grub-street garreteers, when it is notorious that any man who can write decently is sure of a munificent remuneration; while some have realised fortunes by their pen unprecedented in the literature of any other age or nation. Still less can we endure those trite and flippant attacks upon women which have afforded such a poor pleasure to the profligates and sorry ribalds of more licentious ages, for if our females have not yet fully attained that high and equal station in society to which they are assuredly destined, they have so far found their rank and influence, and established their capacity for the very highest efforts of intellect, that any attempt to revive the defunct jokes upon their inferiority would be reckoned in every enlightened company an evidence of the supremest bad taste, or of the most egregious ignorance.

With this cherished notion, so fertile in supplying materials to our wittols, has perished the applicability of all those subsidiary jokes upon their frivolity, vanity, love of dress, and loquaciousness, which have afforded subjects to satirists and jesters from the literary days of ancient Athens and Rome down to the present hour. If their love of finery and garrulity ever exceeded the same propensities in men, it was at least a deviation from the ordinary laws of nature, for it is remarkable that in the feathered and animal kingdom, the gawdiest colours and loudest tongues are invariably bestowed upon the male. The peacock and the gentleman pheasant have all the fine clothes and the proud strutting to themselves, and if we may draw any further analogy from a class of creation which we so much resemble in our organization, that man has been designated a "featherless biped," it is worthy of observation that the hen bird invariably sits silently at home attending to her household duties, while the male is *dandyfying* his plumage, and chattering, crowing, and chirping all day long. So low does this rule extend in the scale of existence, that the shrill incessant cry which sa-

lutes us from the earth, like that which twitters from the air, comes from the male grasshopper only. This fact was known to the ancients, but instead of its leading them to distrust, from the analogy that runs through nature's works, the superior loquacity imputed to women, it furnishes Xenarchus, the comic writer, with an additional jest at their expense, by enabling him to exclaim "How happy are the grasshoppers in having dumb wives!"

What nature never intended, however, art may unquestionably produce; and at a time when we educated our females to become puppets, dolls, and playthings, there can be little wonder that the result corresponded with the intention. To keep any particular class in ignorance as an excuse for continuing them in bondage, is a very old expedient of human policy. It pleases the Turks to have slaves in seraglios instead of wives, and they therefore begin with declaring that women have no souls—an assertion which they do their best to confirm by their mode of treatment; but the practice, like every other violation of nature, entails its own abundant punishment, since it compels them to exchange the delights of female society for the solitary joys of chewing opium and smoking tobacco. For some centuries the Europeans, as an excuse for that truly infernal traffic the slave-trade, thought fit to pronounce that the blacks were naturally an inferior race, incapable of any higher destiny. But lo! we have not only woolly-headed authors who ably vindicate their own cause; but sable high-titled emperors, who, wearing powder and pomatum, crowns, sceptres and ermine, sacrifice their subjects in war, or oppress them in peace, with as much ability as the most civilized and legitimate members of the Holy Alliance; while there are black Dukes of Lemonade, Earls Tamarind, and Counts Malmsey, who pass their lives at St. Domingo in as much vice and idleness as if they formed a portion of the oldest aristocracy in Europe.

It was easy for the artist who had a sign to paint, to represent the man lording it over the lion; but, as the beast justly observes in the fable, "if lions were the painters, the case might be reversed." Men who have for many ages been the writers, have taken good care to assert their superiority by every possible species of attack and ridicule levelled against the women; and if the latter, now that they are fairly competing the palm of authorship with their male rivals, have nobly abstained from every attempt at retaliation, what a proof does it afford of their superior good taste and generosity! What so easy as to launch the light shafts of their raillery against our boobies, chatterboxes, and dandies? What so natural as that they should level their caustic satire against our drunkards, gamesters, and profligates; or more especially, that they should stigmatize and expose our sneering bachelors, who have themselves created that very class of old maids which they pelt with heartless reproaches and pitiful ribaldry? But no, our female writers have disdained the proffered triumph, as if determined to prove the superiority of their hearts at the same moment that they were establishing the equality of their heads. If any one feel disposed to doubt their capacity for achieving this victory, let him recollect that it may be said of woman, as was recorded of Goldsmith, "*nil ferè tetigit quod non ornavit;*"—that "from grave to gay, from lively to severe," they have left imperishable evidences of their intellectual power; that

in the light graces of the epistolary stile they are confessedly our superiors; that the most impassioned writer of lyrical poetry, one of the most learned classical commentators, and one of the profoundest and most original thinkers of modern times,* have all been women.

Malherbe says in his Letters that the Creator may have repented having formed man, but that he had no reason to repent having made woman: most people of sound heads and good hearts (and they generally go together, since virtue is only practical wisdom,) will unite in opinion with Malherbe; and yet how glibly will scribblers, who must know the falsehood of their accusations, fall into this vulgar error of pouring forth their stale flippancies against the sex. There is probably more male impertinence of this sort in print than was ever uttered by the whole of womankind since the transgression of Eve. In a former article upon "The Satirists of Women," the writer has endeavoured to expose the miserable motives by which they have been generally influenced in thus venting their disappointment and malignity; and where such direct personal feelings cannot be traced, we may perhaps be over charitable in assigning their slanders to ignorance, or an overweening conceit of their own epigrammatic smartness. Nothing but the latter can have seduced such a man as Voltaire into the following lines when speaking of women.

> ——"Quelques feintes caresses,
> Quelques propos sur le jeu, sur le tems,
> Sur un sermon, sur le prix des rubans,
> C'eut epuisé leurs ames excedées;
> Elles chantaient dejà faute d'idées."

Much may be forgiven a man whom we know to be capable of better things, who perhaps despises the vulgar taste to which he is thus pandering; but who shall absolve the pert-brainless smatterers, "who have but one idea, and that a wrong one;" who have but one little stock of cut and dried jokes of the same anti-feminine tendency, which they vent, *usque ad nauseam,* in the form of rebus, charade, epigram, and epitaph? A shallow coxcomb of this sort will complacently ask you, "What is the difference between a woman and her glass?" in order that he may anticipate you by exclaiming with an asinine grin—"because one speaks without reflecting, and the other reflects without speaking." Following up the same idea, he will inquire whether you know how to make the women run after you, and will eagerly reply—"by running away with their looking-glasses." He will tell you that Voltaire says "ideas are like beards—men only get them as they grow up, and women never have any," of which only the former clause of the sentence is Voltaire's, that which has reference to women being the addition of some subsequent zany. At the bare mention of the sign of the Good Woman in Norton Falgate he will chuckle with delight; Chaucer's and Prior's objectionable tales he will quote with egregious glee; upon the subject of marriage he is ready with some half dozen of the established *bons-mots,* and is provided with about the same quantity of epitaphs upon wives—from the

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* Madame de Staël.

> " Cy gist ma femme ; ah ! qu'elle est bien
> Pour son repos, et pour le mien,"

which Boileau stupidly pronounced to be the best epigrammatic epitaph upon record, to the more recent

> " Here lies my dear wife, a sad vixen and shrew ;
> If I said I regretted her *I* should lie too."

And his facetious dullness will be wound up with a few hard hits at widows, from the dame of Ephesus to the last new subject of scandal ; though he will prudently say nothing of those upon the coast of Malabar, who for many ages have continued to afford instances of conjugal devotion to which no solitary parallel can be produced, upon the part of a husband, throughout the whole wide extent of time and space.

His babble, in short, will be a faithful echo of the old jest-books, none of which can be opened without our stumbling upon a hundred of such stale flippancies. Let us consult the Virgilian lots, for instance, of the " Musarum Deliciæ," by opening it hap-hazard, and we encounter the following venerable joke :

> " Women are books, and men the readers be
> In whom ofttimes they great errata see ;
> Here sometimes we've a blot, there we espy
> A leaf misplaced, at least a line awry ;
> If they are books, I wish that my wife were
> An almanack, to change her every year."

Another dip and we turn up the following dull invective :

> " Commit the ship unto the wind,
> But not thy faith to woman-kind ;
> There is more safety in a wave,
> Than in the faith that women have ;
> No woman's good ;—if chance it fall
> Some one be good amongst them all,
> Some strange intent the Destinies had,
> To make a good thing of a bad."

The next venture exhibits some quibbling, too stupid to transcribe, upon the etymology of the word woman, which is made synonimous with woe-to-man, while we are sapiently informed that a very little alteration would convert Eve into evil and devil. Once more we open upon the old falsehood of female inconstancy.

> " A woman's love is like a Syrian flower,
> That buds, and spreads, and withers in an hour."

And shortly after we begin with the fertile subject of marriage.

> " Marriage, as old men note, hath liken'd been
> Unto a publick fast, or common rout,
> Where those that are without would fain get in,
> And those that are within would fain get out."

Even in an epitaph upon a young woman, which was meant to be encomiastic, the writer cannot forbear a misplaced taunt upon the sex.

> " The body which within this earth is laid,
> Twice six weeks knew a wife, a saint, a maid ;
> Fair maid, chaste wife, pure saint,—yet 'tis not strange,
> She was a woman, therefore pleased to change :

And now she's dead some woman doth remain,
For still she hopes once to be changed again."

In justice to the author we shall conclude with the following, both because it is in a better style as well as taste:

On Husband and Wife.

"To these whom Death again did wed,
The grave's the second marriage-bed;
For though the hand of Fate could force
'Twixt soul and body a divorce,
It could not sever man and wife,
Because they both lived but one life.
Peace, good reader, do not weep,
Peace, the lovers are asleep:
They, sweet turtles, folded lie
In the last knot that love could tie:
Let them sleep, let them sleep on,
Till this stormy night be gone,
And the eternal morrow dawn,
Then the curtains will be drawn,
And they waken with that light,
Whose day shall never sleep in night."

And now, before dismissing the gentle reader, we not only caution him against the sorry and stale impertinences levelled at a sex, which in these days of sordid or ambitious scrambling among men, remains the redeeming bright spot of humanity, and almost the exclusive depositary of the virtues; but we do in all sincerity of friendly purpose admonish him to perpend our motto from Middleton; and if he be a bachelor, to lose no time in becoming a candidate for those ineffable comforts, "locked up in woman's love." To guide him in this pious undertaking, we will transcribe for him Sir John Mennis's instructions

How to Choose a Wife.

"Good Sir, if you'll show the best of your skill
To pick a virtuous creature,
Then pick such a wife, as you love a life,
Of a comely grace and feature.
The noblest part let it be her heart,
Without deceit or cunning,
With a nimble wit and all things fit,
With a tongue that's never running;
The hair of her head it must not be red,
But fair and brown as a berry;
Her forehead high with a crystal eye,
Her lips as red as a cherry."

H.

THE MAN WITH THE HEAD.

There is scarcely any man that has lived much in the world, who does not know what it is to be haunted. I do not mean by ghosts, goblins, or devils, (unless they be blue devils,) brownies, bogles, or banshees;—I allude to the continual meeting of some individual face, which seems as if it had been formed for the sole purpose of being always opposite your own. Wherever you may chance to be,—" in church or market, at wedding or at burial, Sunday or Saturday, meal-time or fasting,"—the everlasting haunter is sure to be at your side. In town (and of course when I spoke of a man living much in the world, I meant in London) this has happened to me to a degree very nearly intolerable; for sometimes your haunter chances to be your horror also; and the conjunction of the characters is truly deplorable. In the course of one evening I have dined at the same coffee-house with one of this genus—found myself in the same box with him at the play—and afterwards been squeezed against him at the same party. It has sometimes happened to me to have a haunter, who evidently regarded me in the same light—till at last the absurdity of continually finding ourselves nose to nose has caused us to half smile, half laugh at each other in recognition, whenever we met. I have once or twice become acquainted with some of these subsequently, and we have compared notes in amicable disputation, which had played the part of haunter, and which that of apparition. I shall never forget being introduced to a man who had been my torment for nearly two years. I did not know who he was; but I had noted him as possessing a countenance of the most stolid, obese, and intolerable self-satisfaction on which it had ever been my ill fortune to gaze. There must, indeed, have been something peculiarly insupportable in this person's appearance; for a friend of mine, who is rather nervous, was at last very nearly driven to confine himself to the house, to avoid the never-failing meeting which was sure to follow his venturing out. It was at a very small party where I became known to him:—we were waiting dinner for two or three who had not arrived. At last they came; and in walked my monster at the head of them! I happened to be standing by the side of my host; but when he turned to me to introduce me to the new comers, I had started back several paces in the extremity of my surprise and dismay. There was no real occasion for wonder—for I had often seen this terrible man in fashionable crowds enough—but I certainly should have as soon expected to have been presented to the ghost in Hamlet, or the bleeding nun in Raymond and Agnes, as to this much more formidable apparition. While I met him only in the streets, or at theatres—or at *parties*—it was like seeing the spirits I have mentioned on the stage, or reading of them in Shakspeare and Monk Lewis; but to sit at the same small table with him—to be named to him, and have him named to me—and to see the creature open its lips and talk, and talk to *myself*, can be compared only to Hamlet's sensations during his interview with his dead father,—or to the still more unpleasant ones of poor Raymond at finding himself wedded to a bleeding corpse, instead of to a young lady whose flesh was living, and whose blood was warm.

But the person of whom I am about to speak does not come into this class. So far from having met him at every turn, I have seen him only

four or five times in the course of my life, after periods of considerable interval, and at places and under circumstances the most distant and dissimilar from each other. Neither has there been any thing to connect me with him, farther than these very casual meetings. There is nothing mysterious about him, for I know his name and rank in life—which are in no way peculiar or romantic. In fact, I doubt whether I shall be able to convey the causes or the nature of my sensations and impressions with respect to him; it is probable, indeed, that I shall *not*, for I am not quite confident that they are perfectly clear to myself. His very extraordinary personal aspect must have been the origin of the whole; and my falling in with him again in places and at points of time when he has been the farthest from my thoughts, and consequently when his appearances have had something of the nature of apparitions, has probably confirmed and strengthened the original feeling concerning him.

The first time I saw him was at the door of a French post-house, where I had the satisfaction of being detained above two hours for horses, during one of which he was my fellow-sufferer. I had overtaken him in the early part of the preceding stage; and as the never-to-be-sufficiently-accursed laws of the French post would not allow us to pass him, he arrived about three quarters of a minute before us, and was, therefore, to be served first. It was an extremely cold day, and, as I was very comfortably wrapped up, and *packed into* the carriage (an arrangement which had taken me some pains and considerable time in the morning,) I remained where I was, digesting my ill-humour as best I might. The stranger fortified himself against the weather by the warmth derivable from walking up and down before the door at a stout pace, and from the fumes of a German tobacco-pipe. For some time I took no particular notice of him—but when my eye *did* glance upon him, it was not speedily removed. There was nothing peculiar in his figure, or in his dress, or in any thing but the extraordinary and almost superhuman *length of his face*. The features in themselves were good; and the eyes *intrinsically* had no peculiarity of expression. But the excessive elongation of the whole head had changed the aspect of the individual details. It seemed as if a face of comely and quiet intelligence had been seized by the chin and the forelock, and drawn out as though it had been made of putty or of dough. Or it may, perhaps, be a more intelligible illustration to compare it to a face reflected on the convex side of a spoon held perpendicularly—a pleasant pastime, in which I have no doubt some of my readers (to say nothing of myself) have occasionally indulged. The expression of the eyes was not, as I have said, of itself particularly remarkable—but their very quietness seemed to possess something unnatural when contrasted with the unearthly head in which they were set. Such an outline ought to have had a filling up as strange and singular as itself. The mouth placidly puffing forth the successive volumes of smoke—the eyes, like any other eyes, varying their meditative expression only by occasional glances of moderate impatience towards the stable—all this seemed quite out of keeping, even in a discrepancy which was irksome and disagreeable, when considered with reference to the portentous and unspeakable head of which they formed (though they scarcely seemed to form) a part.

My companion and I had some discussion as to the country and the calling of "the Man with the Head." His carriage was a German *drotsky;* but this proved nothing—for a person of any country, coming from Vienna, would very probably have such a vehicle. His servant was a *courier,* so this proved nothing—for the members of that craft may almost, like the gipsies, be considered a *nation* of themselves. They speak all languages, and live in no country for a quarter of a year together. The master did not open his lips except to let out the smoke; the servant talking, bustling, and swearing, as the French say, *pour quatre.* At length the horses were ready, when "the man" put his "head" into the carriage, followed it, and drove off. We agreed, from his smoke and his silence, that he was a German. *Au reste,* I was convinced that he was a disciple of Kant, as nothing upon earth could possibly fill such a head short of the subtleties of the transcendental philosophy.

It was some years before I saw him again, but I did not forget him. I used frequently to talk of the extraordinary man I had seen at * * * *, and tried as well as I could to describe him;—ill enough I dare say; for there is nothing so difficult as to describe personal appearance so as to produce any defined and embodied idea in the party upon whom the description is inflicted. Eyes, hair, nose, mouth, and chin may be described with an exactness which would satisfy Sterne's critic, or the Austrian police when granting an Italian passport;—but the air, the expression, the *ensemble,* cannot be thus noted; of *them* every one is left to form his own idea, and probably a different one is formed by each. Description of scenery (on which, except in the Scotch novels, I entreat the Chancellor of the Exchequer immediately to lay a duty amounting to a prohibition) does not labour—would that it did!—under the same difficulty. If you give so much trees to one side, so much ruin to the other, so much water to the centre, and so much hill to the back ground,—set half a dozen painters to work, and their half-dozen pictures will be pretty nearly alike. But describe a face to them, and you would have a row of pictures, resembling each other, indeed, in general characteristics, but not to be recognized as springing from the same source, still less as intended to represent the same individual. Anacreon's directions to his painter would have produced a very beautiful, a very luxuriant and luxurious creature, such as his mistress probably was; but the portrait would have been equally that of any other voluptuously beautiful woman in Teos. Thus, I am conscious that I have never been able fully to convey the effect produced by the heterogeneous conjunction of feature, formation, and size, which existed in the head of my *mega-cephalistic* friend. If I could but borrow for two minutes the graver of Cruickshank *with the power of using it,* I would in a dozen strokes convince my readers that "the head" was indeed calculated to make even more than the impression which I have described it to have done upon me.

I had no idea, however, of ever seeing this well-remembered countenance again. I had ranked it among those which, as they flit across you once during your life, leave nevertheless a remembrance which lasts as long as that life itself. I speak (as of course all people do speak in such matters) from my own feelings and experience:—I do not know whether it is the case with others; but for my own part, some faces

which I have never seen but once, and that even passing in the street, have left an impression upon me more deep, immediate, and defined, than that produced by others, with which from time and opportunity, I ought to be thoroughly familiar. I have felt more than once, on such occasions, a sudden and indescribable sensation of almost recognition;—as if I had been wandering through the world, like one of Plato's divided spirits, in search of this very being, and exclaimed "Here it is at last!"*

Two or three years after the vision at the post-house, I was crossing from Dublin to Holyhead. It was before the steam-boats were established; consequently during the undisputed reign of that most ingenious of all inventions for human torture—a packet.

A packet is a small vessel, it is true; but it contains in my view as many horrors as a large one;—nay more; for of necessity the great majority of the passengers are not used to the sea, and the shortness of the voyage prevents their becoming so. Nine out of ten are, therefore, sick—and, as the whole set of them are piled, like fowls in a coop, in a cabin of a few feet square, the size of the vessel operates only as a condensing power of abominations. For my own part, I am *bon marin*, as far as stomach goes; and at the time I mention, had never been sea-sick. We embarked at night, at the Pigeon-house, which is built upon a pier running out two or three miles into Dublin bay. It was a beautiful night; and we had a fine fresh breeze, which sent the vessel gallantly through the water. I remained on deck, of course,—which I paced, although there was a good deal of motion,—for I have at least gained so much by my voyages as to have pretty good sea legs. The Irish are very proud of the beauties of Dublin bay—and justly, for they are great. It was impossible to see them to more advantage than at this moment. Indeed, I think all sea-views are best "visited by pale moonlight." The waves, as they rise, glitter without dazzling, and the general light is strong enough to shew the beauties of the prospect, and yet sufficiently subdued to throw a most becoming softness and indistinctness over the whole. As we cut rapidly out of the bay, with this beautiful light shining down upon the beautiful scene, and the fresh salt breeze blowing inspiritingly upon me, I began almost to forget that I was condemned to sixty miles of sea, and caught myself repeating in a buoyant tone

> "Oft had he ridden on that winged wave,
> And loved its roughness for the speed it gave,"

almost before I was aware of the folly I was committing. It was not long, however, before I had occasion to observe the want of seamanship of the couplet, which so practised a sailor as Lord Byron would never have been guilty of in prose. When we cleared the land, the wind (which had hitherto been a pretty fair side-wind) began to draw a-head; and of course the "roughness" of our progress became greater, and its "speed" proportionately less. I was sailor enough to perceive that if matters went on as they appeared likely to do, we should have a long passage, which at once cured me of the slight fit of romance into which

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* My readers will please to observe that the pronoun "it" is equally applicable to a face of either sex.

I had been trepanned, and punished me for it at the same time. We hauled closer to the wind, which caused the vessel to lie over so much as to stop my walk; so "I wrapped my old cloak about me," and took my station against the taffrail. I tried to enter into conversation with the man at the helm; but he was a surly Welshman, and either could not or would not speak a word of English. The few passengers who had remained on deck at first, gave in one by one, and slunk away to their births, some to sleep, but the great majority to be sick. For me, with all my stomach, I was well convinced what would be the inevitable consequence of a descent into the tartarus of a cabin, and had, therefore, no sort of idea of going below. By degrees, however, black clouds began to gather and approach from a-head, which foreboded not only rain, but also the extreme slowness of the progress we were likely to make. Both prognostics were accomplished: for the rain soon began to fall, in a manner which proved to me that it would not be very long before my water-proof cloak was wet through. With the rain, also, the wind increased—which, as we were close hauled, made the vessel pitch much more strongly. At last the spray began to wash over the deck in thick showers,—and I found that I must determine at once on being drenched and on remaining in my wet clothes during a long passage, or risk the encounter with all the horrors I might meet below.

I accordingly descended, and crept to the birth which I had had the foresight to secure in case of need. I did not close an eye—that of course; I was not sick;—but the Seven Sleepers themselves could not have rested in the births of a packet. The very uncomfortable human noises which surrounded me would, of themselves, have been enough to keep any body but a boatswain awake. But besides, each pitch of the vessel drew out every limb to a stretch of the sinews very far from agreeable:—I occupied myself in trying to draw from it an idea of what the rack was. As the night advanced, every five minutes some red-hot Irish voice called out "Stewart!"—as it is pronounced Hibernicè—"are we near the Head?"—"Stewart! are we half-way over?"—"Stewart! how long will it be before we'll be in?"—Every impatient answer to which questions proved that we should not "be in" for four-and-twenty hours at least.

I passed the night without sickness; but in the morning I began to be so weary and uncomfortable, that I resolved to go upon deck again, *coûte qui coûte*. But I had scarcely got my head above the companion ladder, before I saw that the weather was such as to render my staying there totally impracticable. I was therefore obliged to return, and then—the first mouthful of the thick, foul air, poisoned by the abominations of the whole night, quite upset me; and for four-and-twenty hours I felt, for the first time, the horrors of that most dreadful of all maladies, sea-sickness. I call it so in sober seriousness, for it is so for the time it lasts.—Why it should be always the subject of a joke, I never could give the most distant guess. It is impossible for any thing to be less of a jesting matter to him who feels it; and really I think it comes within that class of human calamities which are usually reckoned too serious for ridicule. I think we might as well laugh at a man for having a typhus fever.

We were six-and-thirty hours on the passage!—At last, the wel-

comest news I ever received in my life came down,—that we were running into the bay at Holyhead. I had somewhat recovered by this time; so I instantly jumped out of my cot, and began to arrange my toilet as well as I could. While I was doing this, I looked towards the birth which was immediately over mine: its occupant had suffered dreadfully, as I had full well heard during the whole time I had lain beneath him. The curtains were drawn,—but just at that moment a hand put them slowly back, and out came—" the Head!!!" I literally staggered with surprise, and (shall I own it?) there mingled in the feeling a something which might almost be construed as approaching to fright. For nothing human ever resembled " the Head" as I now saw it. The immense flat cheek was, from the violence of the sickness, quite sunken and yellow; the hair, which was black slightly grizzled, was matted and tangled into every shape, and the ends started rather than straggled, in every direction; the eyes were dim, sunken, lost: so exhausted was the unfortunate man, that it seemed to be with difficulty he opened them sufficiently for another person to see that they existed. The corners of his mouth were drawn down, and his interminable chin was encrusted with the marks of the disorder under which he had suffered. But, perhaps, that which added the most to the ghastliness of his appearance was, that the neckcloth (he was dressed all but his coat) had been tumbled and twisted into a dirty rope, which left his long and *loose* neck exposed. There is nothing so meanly disfiguring to any man as this; but, in the present case, it added to the already supernatural length of the head, and to the general gauntness of the whole aspect, in a manner which might almost excuse the little emotion of dread which his sudden and most unlooked-for appearance had occasioned me.

He shortly after came upon deck, and had now sufficiently re-adjusted himself to look very much the same as I had seen him a few years before; except that he was still cadaverously pale, or rather yellow, and that his eyes were still deeply sunken, and were expressive of considerable exhaustion. I now found that he was an Englishman, and his signature in the steward's book made me acquainted with his name.

After this, I met him twice in London—once in the street, and again, a couple of years after, in the pit at the Opera. I then lost sight of him for a considerable time, and began to fear that my long-headed friend was dead. I was afraid that, like John Bull in the song of Nongtongpau, I should, after having met him in so many variations and combinations of circumstance, at last fall in with his funeral. I had some thoughts at one time of inquiring of the Phrenological Society concerning him; for I was sure they could not allow so remarkable a skull to descend into its grave without having a cast of it taken, for the promotion of their scientific and very useful studies. I should, indeed, like to know what *organs* went to the composition of such a head, and whether or not it had more than the usual number. When the worthy society aforesaid allowed so many to the surface of a Swedish turnip,*

* The story of the cast of a Swedish turnip being passed upon the Phrenologists as that of the skull of Professor Von Tornhippson, a learned Swede, is well known. They reported him to have all the *finenesses* becoming a person of such "e-ru-di-ti-on."

surely a real human head of such extraordinary dimensions must have an extra number to its own share.

But, last year, I met my man again; and, as usual, in a distant part of the world from where I had before seen him, and at a moment when his appearance was quite unlooked for. During the course of last autumn, I happened to be at Florence. I met there a friend of mine who had been in Italy some time; and who undertook to shew me the lions, kindly adding his assistance to enable me to judge of them when seen. Like most other of our countrymen who have passed a few months under an Italian sky, he was, in all matters of art, an amateur, and beginning strongly to doubt whether he ought not rather to be termed a *conoscento*. He had his own little theory touching the relative merits of the two Venuses, and of those of the more celebrated one in comparison with the Apollo. He knew the history and traditions of every piece of architecture, sculpture, and painting, from the days of Michael Angelo downwards, and was not slow of communicating them. In short, under his pilotage, I safely avoided those rocks and shallows so perilous to inexperienced critics—so I very willingly resigned myself to his skilful guidance. One day he took me to Bartolini's. No Englishman who has taste and fifty guineas can be at Florence without sitting to this celebrated sculptor for his bust;—some indeed, who have more taste and more guineas, prefer a full-length statue; while those who possess a treble portion of both, petrify themselves, *cum suis*, into a group. I shall not say in which commodity I was deficient; but I went only for the purpose of going over the *atelier*, to inspect the treasures it contains. My friend, however, wished to speak with Bartolini, and took me with him to the room where the artist was at work. The servant told us that there was a sitter with him, but as my friend desired only to see him for two minutes, we were admitted. A green curtain hangs before the door on the inside;—when this was withdrawn for us to enter, I beheld the sitter and his bust—"the Man with the Head," and its duplicate in stone! There he was, with his neck bare, and a cloth thrown across his shoulders to represent the folds of the Roman toga! And, then, the rigid imperturbable likeness of the lengthy marble copy!—For the nonce, it was too much. I stopped short in amazement on the threshold, and exclaimed, with the ghost-seer in the story, "*Ah, ciel! en voilà deux!*"*

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* My readers, I conclude, are acquainted with the ghost story of the young Frenchman who lost his betrothed on the eve of marriage, and who believed he saw her spirit every night in her bridal dress. His friends, to prove to him the folly of his belief, dressed a twin sister (or, I believe, a twin-like cousin) of the deceased in a dress precisely similar, and placed her at the foot of the widowed bridegroom's bed, exactly at the hour the spirit came. He looked up, and crying out "*Ah! ciel! en voilà deux!*" fell back dead upon his pillow.—I do not say that the sight of the two heads had an equal effect upon me.

ABSENTEEISM.—NO. III.

"Les absens ont toujours tort."

While music excited in Ireland the same enthusiasm, and was cultivated with more science, than when "in early Greece she sung," the drama partook of the triumph. Two royal theatres and an Italian opera-house* could scarcely supply the cravings of the public taste; and an audience, noted for its critical acumen, gave to the Irish stage a classical character, and developed a competition which drew forth candidates for dramatic fame even from the higher classes of society, conferring that respectability upon the members of the stage, which ought at all times to belong to a profession which holds so decided an influence over the morals and the manners of a nation.†

But though the circumstances of the times rendered the home residence of the Irish gentry more permanent than it has since ever been, or perhaps ever was before, the fashion universally prevailed of sending the youth of good family to make the grand tour; and the young and travelled aristocracy, the Fitzgeralds, the Caulfields, the Kirwans, the O'Neils, the Blakes, came back, no less to improve the tastes of their country, than to defend her cause, and to enlarge the sphere of her energies. A variety of refined amusements and elegant enjoyments, hitherto unknown in Ireland, came in their suite; which while they gave employment and food to the lowly and the industrious, tended to disseminate that taste for factitious pleasures, and that craving for refined gratifications, which though not in themselves the efficient causes of civilization, are in no small degree favourable to its developement.‡ Pleasure, lured to the Irish shores from distant regions, planted her gay standard, and raised her brilliant pavilions in the capital, at that time crowded with the wealthy and the educated. The ridottos of the music hall, with their fantastic arrangements and sylvan scenery §, recalled the similar festivities of the Italian carnival. Palaces succeeded to the cumbrous mansions of the seventeenth century; and Charlemont house, with its beautiful architecture, its splendid library, and invaluable collections, still preserved in all their integrity by the present noble owner, stands a singular monument not only of the pure taste and magnificent spirit of an Irish nobleman, who had even higher claims to the admiration and respect of his country, but of the genius of the times, and the prosperity—the short-lived prosperity of the land in which such

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* "Italian singers were invited over, and the fair dames of Ireland learned to expire at an opera."—*History of Irish Music.*

† Barry, Sheridan, Mossop, Diggs, Daly, Crawford, and others of a more modern date, were all gentlemen of family, and members of the Irish University. They lived with their own class, and some of them went to court. The intimacy of Sheridan with successive lords lieutenant is recorded in the life of his celebrated wife, written and recently published by their accomplished grand-daughter.

‡ If a desire for luxuries and refinements is in all classes the natural check to excessive population, and to the degradation of the species, that check is wholly wanting in Ireland—not only the peasant, but the tradesman sees no attainable object of enjoyment in the possession of a class just above himself in ease and comfort, which might stimulate his ambition. The connecting link between the rich and poor is wanting; for middlemen are no refiners of manners. As a familiar illustration, let the reader imagine that, except in towns of the first class, few vegetables beyond a cabbage or a potatoe are to be found in the market. There is absolutely no demand for such *luxuries* to repay the culture.

§ One of these rooms painted in fresco and highly decorated, remains, or did remain a few years back, in Fishamble-street.

a private edifice was raised. The villas of Tuscany and Lombardy were repeated along the shores of a bay that wanted only a Vesuvius to rival that of Naples; and the names which these pretty villas still bear, recall the travelled tastes of their elegant founders.* Private theatricals (the dramatis personæ taken from the red book) were got up in the castles of the O'Neils and the halls of the Butlers; and the public assemblies, held under the newly-raised dome of the Rotunda, were types of the *casino nobile* of Florence and Bologna;† while the Sunday evening promenades in its illuminated gardens contributed to the funds of a blessed charity, and bestowed that health and those spirits, without which the kindlier feelings are too frequently blighted, and the generous propensities absorbed in a querulous and fretful egoism.‡

The Irish press!—and who that now knows the capital of Ireland, and beholds its utter incompetency to support the publication of even *one* trifling periodical work, will believe that Ireland once *had a press*!—the Irish press then teemed with native literary productions; which if as mere "*pieces de circonstance*," thrown off at a heat, they might sometimes want the higher finish of more elaborated composition, were still stamped with the ardour of the national spirit, and "faithful to its fires." The frequent and "keen encounter of the wits" upon great questions, produced an animated competition, which even the statesman-like sobriety of English viceroys could not always resist. The Draper's letter of Lord Chesterfield (an imitation of Swift), and the political caricatures of Lord Townshend, written at a later period, were proofs that Ireland was not always governed by the dull and the dogged, and that her metropolis once boasted of a society which *obliged* the representatives of majesty as well as the representatives of the people to cultivate the suffrages of the public, by means never addressed to an uncivilized or an illiterate community. Politics and polemics then alike fell to the discussion of humour and talent. The public journals, though few, were fair; their editors were responsible both by their property and their personal consideration; and their contributors were frequently the most brilliant members of Irish society, the most learned sons of the Irish alma mater. Swift, Dr. Sheridan, Lucas, Flood, Burgh, Yelverton, Courtenay, Jephson, Bishop Marley, Grattan, Curran, and others equally notable, if not equally noted, contributed successively a portion of their luminous intellects to illustrate the pages of that mighty engine of public feeling—the Periodical Press. Whatever side was advocated,—the country or the court, patriotism or power,—it does not appear that any journal was set up on a merely sordid principle, or an utter

* Marino, Frescati, Marli, Sansouci, Tivoli, Bellevue, Maritimo, &c. are curious monuments of the manners and feelings of the Irish nobility of the eighteenth century.

† Concerts were given in this room twice a week, for the benefit of the Lying-in Hospital, to which it is an appendage. Previously to its erection, these musical meetings were held for the same purpose in a long room in Granby-row, where Castruci, the last pupil of Corelli, performed.—See *Memoirs of Irish Bards*.

‡ The refinement, not to say dissipation, of this period was perhaps precocious and disproportionate to the riches of the country; but this circumstance, always perhaps inherent in a particular stage of civilization, was in Ireland increased by peculiarities in the distribution of national wealth, another fatal consequence of the frequent forfeitures. Time, however, would have cured this evil, if the tide of absenteeship had not again set in and swept away all improvement and prosperity from the land.

disregard of all truth and decency. There was then no waylaying with indiscriminate ruffianism the feelings of private individuals, no exhibition of the sacred details of the domestic life of political characters, as a means of existence to some outcast of society, who wanted the courage to seek a less dishonourable bread on the public highway. For when the genuine and educated gentry of Ireland, her hereditary senators and native legislators, made up the larger portion of the reading public of her capital, a journal edited by the nefarious and the base, by the hired assassin of reputation or the paid pander of ribald passions, would have been hunted down with one common feeling of national indignation and manly contempt. Where is the land, so lost in its degradation, so insensible to all its higher interests, as to endure that such a "damning witness" should go forth to the world and bear testimony to its moral, social, and literary depravity? Alas that there should be one! Alas that the land of wit and feeling should furnish forth readers, even from its high and official classes, to reward and encourage the instruments of its own disgrace! Alas for the country, where the hired servants of the government club their quota to propagate the rancorous overflowings of the vilest and most antisocial passions; where the ordained ministers of religion, subscribe for the dissemination of the grossest and most mischievous falsehoods; where the magistrate chuckles privately over the libel he is publicly bound to punish; and where to be pre-eminent in villainy and matchless in audacity, is the short road to command sympathy and ensure subsistence.

But if a reduction of absenteeism, if the permanent residence of the major part, of the wealth, the nobility, and above all, and more precious than all, of the EDUCATION of the country, produced these blessed effects, the greater good, the "last best gift," which congregated interests and intellects could bestow on a community, Public Spirit, fell like dew in the desert upon the renovating nation. Men who had long learned to feel and to think, now, in the consciousness and confidence of their associated strength, first ventured to speak and to act: at once inspiring and inspired, they spoke as prophets and acted as patriots. The talent of the free suddenly burst into existence, as if by a divine miracle in the land of the enslaved; and eloquence, the inherent characteristic of the nation, which had occasionally broken forth in the rude but exciting harangues of the O'Donnels and the O'Neils, now shone out brilliantly, with a lustre which Athens in her best, and Rome in her greatest days, scarcely surpassed. Political oratory and political knowledge, proceeding from the same cause and bearing on the same point exhibited Ireland in a new aspect to the wondering world; and the names of Molyneux,* Ponsonby,† Prior,‡ Boyle,§ Connolly,|| Totenham,¶ Lucas,

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* It has been said with great truth that "the politics of Molyneux long continued to be no less revered by the Irish than the morality of Confucius by the Chinese." The burning of his excellent work, the "Case of Ireland," the prosecution of Swift's "Drapier's Letters," and the imprisonment of his spirited publisher, Faulkner, had the great merit of bringing the doctrine of libel into public discussion, and of first awakening the people of Ireland to the value of the liberty of public speaking and writing, the most important of the many blessed constitutional rights extorted from power at the Revolution. It is pleasant to observe, that patriotism becomes an heir-loom, and to note that the immediate descendant of William Molyneux, who inherits his principles with his property and name, is a permanently resident Irish gentleman!

† For remainder of notes see next page.

Charlemont, Burke, Grattan, Curran — names which are now but sounds, —will retain to the latest posterity their mystical and magic influence, as the signs of times and events, the glory of a nation's history, and as the evoquing spells of that genius, which awakens liberty and watches over a nation's happiness. Oh! these were times to live in and men to live among—when the capital of the kingdom was something better than a garrison or an assize town! when its fashionable assemblies were not thrown upon the eleemosinary contributions of barracks and boarding-schools, of military exquisites who "*never dance*," and harmless young gentlemen who do nothing else! These were times, when the men were all at home, and their spirits all abroad! when the rush from the senate was sure to fill the drawing-room; and they who boldly fought in the one for the liberties of their country, came to lay their own liberty at the feet of beauty in the other. These were times, when even love and law went forth arm in arm together from the inns of court, to *that* court, where the special pleading of counsel rarely failed to win the cause, where even losses were victories, and where the inconsiderate heart of the young legal aspirant selected its client for life without reference to politics, place, pension, or promotion. Then Leinster-house, and Charlemont-house, and Powerscourt-house, and Waterford-house, and Moira-house, and an hundred other splendid "*houses*" of the resident nobility, were open to the wit, the talent, the literature, and the gallantry of the country. Then, the cells of the University, silent as the tomb during the studious day, echoed at night to the song, the laugh, the epigram, or the jest of gay and brilliant spirits destined to come forth and enchant society by their social and colloquial powers; while they defended the independence of their country by their eloquence and patriotism. These were times when the charms of the lovely Gunnings, the more lovely Munroes,* and an hundred others of their lovely successors, were embalmed for posterity in the verses of contemporary poets; and when the amatory sonnets of one of the first orators of the age were not deemed inferior to his speeches at the bar, or his orations in the senate.† These were times when the young ladies

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† John Ponsonby, Speaker of the House of Commons in 1756, under whom the Irish patriots made a most successful stand on a constitutional question of vital importance. The energy and firmness of the patriot Speaker, and of a majority of the members of the House of Commons, who then ("Hear this, ye gods, and wonder how ye made them") attended to the business of their country, forms a brilliant feature in the history of the times.

‡ The friend of the celebrated Berkeley, a right good Irishman and author of "A List of Absentees," a class, to which he shewed no quarter.

§ Henry Boyle, the patriot of the Irish House of Commons in the early part of the eighteenth century.

|| Connolly died Speaker of the House in 1730, lamented by all who loved Ireland; Sir R. Walpole gave him the name of "King of the Irish Commons," from his astonishing influence over the Lower House.

¶ Member for New Ross. On an important political question he rode post to town 60 miles to be present at the debate, and arrived just in time to give his vote.

* Dolly Munroe, the reigning Irish beauty of Goldsmith's day, to whom he alludes in his Haunch of Venison:

"'Twas a neck and a breast that might rival Munroe's."

† See some of the Right Hon. John Philpot Curran's Verses preserved in his Life by his son William Henry Curran—a work full of interest with respect to matter, and full of beauty with respect to style. The account given in its pages, of

of the capital did not wait for the *marching in* of the divisions of a regiment, as their only chance of *marching out* of the ranks of celibacy; for absenteeship was then but temporary: the young nobility and gentry, if they travelled and flirted abroad, came back to love and to marry at home; since, "where'er thy roamed, whatever climes" they saw, they still saw nothing fairer than the fair they left behind them. These were times, which, when recalled, like Ossian's Song of Sorrow, are both "pleasing and mournful to the soul."

But to return. When penal statutes and all that is intended by the false policy of shallow and self-interested legislators to disqualify man for the knowledge and assertion of his political rights, still continued to check the progress of civil liberty in Ireland, the combined efforts of a portion of the liberal and educated resident gentry were found sufficient to make head against a government which the sternest upholder of English power, and he too an Irish chancellor,* declared "was enough to crush any nation upon earth;" and which one of the wisest and best philanthropists of that or any age† has defined to have been "such a combination of rapine, treachery, and violence as would have disgraced the name of government in the most arbitrary country in the world." Other events, bearing upon the same point, tended at this epoch to soften, if not to remedy the evils of that terrific code, which disgraced England, even more than it degraded Ireland.‡ While the church militant in Ireland usurped a power in the persons of its Protestant popes, the primates and archbishops, which smelt of the times of the Beckets and the Wolseys,—while Boulter and Stone preserved their own supremacy by their well-sustained system of dividing Ireland within herself, and adding to her restrictions by fomenting her discontents; it *did* happen that the necessity of circumstances occasionally procured for the country a chief governor, whose personal interests in the land from which he drew his maintenance and support, awakened "some bowels for a poor relation," or whose higher order of genius and generalized views raised him above the level of the miserable local politics, the petty cabals, and factious intrigues of that remote and wretched spot which is, in position as in politics, the *cul de sac* of civilized Europe. These happy accidents indeed were rare, and make but a poor set-off in the balance, of vice-regal virtue and talent, against the dulness, bigotry, and ostentatious pretension, which have so often covered their Midas' ears under the coronet of delegated sway. It was under a Devonshire that the susceptible Irish, always led by personal feelings, first began to rally with confidence and hope round a government that seemed to abate in the execution, if not in the spirit of the law, something of that sanguinary reign which had hitherto chilled loyalty into despair; and the personal qualities of this great Irish proprietor were

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the convivial and intellectual meetings of "the Monks of the Screw" at the Priory (Mr. Curran's villa) forms a brilliant but painful contrast to other orgies now celebrated in Dublin, which alas! are neither social nor intellectual!

* Lord Clare. † Dr. Franklin.

‡ The penal laws had been multiplied and rigorously executed under George the First. On the accession of George the Second, for the first time since the Revolution, the unfortunate Catholics, who by a feeble and foolish fiction of the law of the land, were "not supposed to exist," ventured to approach the throne by a public act of their body; and they presented an address of congratulation at once dignified and loyal.

productive of the most felicitous effects, at the most fearful epoch in the reign of the house of Hanover. The Stuarts, the abdicated, the Catholic Stuarts, had planted their standard on the English and Scottish shores, and the English and the Scotch, to a dangerous amount, rushed from all parts to support the principles of Toryism, in the person of him who was the "brief abstract" of all Toryism. Where then in this moment of frightful exigency, when empire, liberty, and life were at stake, where then were those "*enfans de la revolution*," the Protestant princes of Brunswick, the defenders of the faith of Luther, to look for the rally of defence, for the protection of loyalty against Catholic oppression? It was to the native Irish, the Catholic Irish! that England, in the face of her own savage laws*, turned for aid against British rebellion; and while the Irish gentry of all sects remained immutably true to their legitimate (or according to modern doctrines their *illegitimate*) sovereign, the flower of the Catholic population rushed forth to man the navy and recruit the army, which was to make a stand against successful rebellion,—successful at least for a time, in every part of the British islands save alone in Ireland.

Still, however, in this moment of fearful exigency, when the old idols of Irish devotion were again presenting themselves to a susceptible people in all the charm of struggle and misfortune, something more than the mild wisdom which the gentle blood of Cavendish has always produced, was deemed necessary to watch over Catholic Ireland; and one was chosen suited to meet the difficulties of the day, and to carry on that system of conciliation begun by the Duke of Devonshire. This one was Philip Stanhope Earl of Chesterfield, who, as the "Mirror of (Irish) Magistrates," in which succeeding chief governors of Ireland should "dress themselves," merits a particular notice.

This nobleman, who had been for ten years in opposition, was selected more in necessity than in liking: and he with difficulty obtained an audience of leave from reluctant Majesty, on his departure for his vice-royalty. When he demanded in the closet, "his Majesty's commands," he was coolly told that he had already received his instructions, and was dismissed without any token of confidence or of courtesy. While, however, the ministry put him forward as an instrument of conciliation, and loaded him with the responsibility of a difficult government, they wished to retain in their own hands the substance of power, and to shackle him with some creature of their own, in the character of secretary; but he laughed at the intrigue, and in their despite chose for himself one, whom he describes to his son as "a very pretty young fellow, who knew nothing of business;" for he was determined to rule by himself, to see with his own eyes, and to encounter no subaltern interference with the system he chose to adopt. Such was the spirit in which Lord Chesterfield entered on his arduous mission, and ascended the vice-regal throne of Ireland, on which he was placed by that influence to which even kings and ministers must sometimes submit,—the influence of circumstances! Docile mediocrity, the ordinary qualification of an Irish Lord Lieutenant, was now no longer adequate to meet the exigencies of the hour, as in those times of comparative tranquillity, when any stalking-horse of diplomacy might be led over the beaten course by some self-sufficient political jockey with

* Forbidding Catholics to bear arms either by sea or land.

the name of chief secretary; who, without the pageantry of the higher office, monopolized all its patronage and exercised more than its powers. At this moment dangers both internal and external called for qualities of a different order, and the English government was driven to the desperate resource of accepting the aid of great abilities, at the expence of abiding by the decisions of untrammelled independence. Such was the moment at which George the Second disdainfully appointed one of the cleverest men of his empire to the government of Ireland; and to this involuntary election he probably owed that he was not himself sent back "to give his little senate laws" in his patrimonial estate of Hanover.

It was in vain that "Popery and the Pretender"* was the cry *mille fois repeté* in the ears of this new and singular Lord Lieutenant,—that the old measures of the Boulters and the Stones were proposed as the golden rules of viceregal conduct,—that preachers from the pulpit aroused the crusading spirit of intolerance against a sect beaten down to the earth,—that the domineering party of a haughty ascendency assailed the audience-room of the Viceroy, and "stopped the chariot or boarded the barge," to teach him how to rule, to force him to recur to a system beyond the rigour of the law, which enabled them "to reign by dividing," while it placed him on the list of mannikin lord lieutenants, the wire-worked puppet of a bigoted faction: the acute, the elegant Chesterfield, soon fathomed the depths of their ferocious feebleness, and he played with the virulence he did not deign to wrestle with. When the advocates of intolerance preached persecution, he answered their counsels by an apothegm and a *bon-mot*—he quoted Cicero when they cited Nassau—he gave them parties for their politics—suppers for their sophistry, he forced them to swallow his measures with his claret—and he stopped the mouths of many with good dinners on whom good arguments would have been thrown away. In a word, he knew them all, he defied them all; and in despite of that party in the ministry which supported an anti-national faction, he saved the wretched country they were driving into a rebellion, which at that peculiar moment might have separated Ireland for ever from the mother country. By this personal combination of wisdom, humanity, and impartiality, Lord Chesterfield

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* When Lord Chesterfield arrived in Ireland, all the Catholic places of worship were closed. A Mr. Fitzgerald saying mass in the obscure garret of a condemned house, an immense crowd had assembled, and the floor giving way, the officiating priest with many of his flock were buried in the ruins, and the greater number were maimed or wounded. Lord Chesterfield, horror-struck at the event, ordered that all the chapels in the capital should be opened on St. Patrick's day, and they have never since been closed.

A zealous Protestant, thinking to pay his court to the Lord Lieutenant, came to inform him that one of his coachmen was a Roman Catholic, and went privately to mass. "Does he, indeed?" said his Lordship; "then I shall take care that he never drives me there."—*Chesterfield's Memoirs.*

The Bishop of Waterford relates that the vice-treasurer, Mr. Gardiner, a man of good character and considerable fortune, waited upon Lord Chesterfield one morning, and in a great fright told him that he was assured upon good authority that the people in the province of Connaught were actually rising; upon which the Viceroy looked at his watch, and with great composure answered him, "It is nine o'clock and time for them to rise; I believe, therefore, that your news is true." This system of alarm, be it observed, continues in all its vigour to the present day; and the actual Viceroy has to withstand the falsehood of the designing and the credulity of the nervous, full as much as any of his predecessors.

preserved a Catholic population in the most perfect peace and obedience, during the whole of that rebellion, which in Protestant England and Presbyterian Scotland had nearly restored the Stuarts to the throne they had forfeited by their blind and bigoted attachment to papal institutions —a memorable example of the value of an enlarged philosophy in governors, and of the disposition of the people to be grateful for kindness in their rulers, of their proneness to yield a willing obedience to authority, if encouraged by the slightest show of justice and fair dealing in those whom chance has placed over them. But narrow hearts and narrow intellects, impervious to the more generous impulses of nature, and placing the whole force of government in the scaffold and the bayonet—oppressing those they fear, and fearing those they oppress—have too long exerted their baleful influence in brutalizing and debasing the Irish nation into permanent anarchy, creating those abuses, which they now plead in justification of their own unpitying rigour: and if in rare and distant intervals the patriotism and the kindly feelings of a Chesterfield have again found themselves under the canopy of the viceregal throne, the oppressor and the oppressed have alike been opposed to their beneficent activity. The good which Chesterfield effected in times of difficulty and danger, can now scarcely be hoped for even in the halcyon hour of peace: and should the British empire be again involved in foreign conflict, Ireland, unemancipated Ireland might be urged to seek new destinies for herself in an alliance from which she *might* have something to hope, but from which she could have nothing to fear more terrible than she has already encountered during the ceaseless miseries of nearly six centuries. Of this truth, harsh and repulsive as it may seem, no one who has studied the subject can entertain a rational doubt. The example of America is before the eyes of the people, and the hope delayed and the promise and the pledge unredeemed lie deep in their hearts: restrictive and penal laws, too severe even for occasional application, have become almost permanent on the statute book; famine and pestilence have grown almost periodical in their visitations. From such premises what other conclusion can be drawn? An influence behind the throne, and greater than the throne, has chilled the sympathies and arrested the outstretched hand of royalty; even the collective wisdom of the empire has cowered before a party, and truckled to a faction; the cup of reconciliation, though pledged by a sovereign, has been drugged with poison; and a divided cabinet has distracted the country and paralyzed the exertions of the only public functionary, who for years has administered the laws of the country with any thing approaching to the spirit of mercy and of fairness.

From the period of Lord Chesterfield's administration, the effects produced by the permanent residence of the Irish gentry, were felt in that most blessed consequence, the developement of a public spirit. The English in Ireland, says Burke, began to feel that they were domiciliated, and had a country; and the Irish found that what was technically called "the English interest," was gradually fading before one common and independent national will! It was in vain that one of the belligerent chiefs of the church (always the fomentors of Irish discord) still struggled to uphold a system which was ruin to the many and power to the few. The proud churchman and servile courtier, the arrogant and despotic primate of the day, was taught to feel that he had

other times and other men to deal with than those living when the country sunk under the weight of Boulter's iron crosier. It was in vain that he affected to "*do the king's business*," (as he termed it) as other Protestant Wolseys had done it; and openly avowed his intention of carrying every government measure, *à coup de main*, and in spite of all constitutional opposition; for he lived to see the Irish gentry arrayed against the undue influence of despotic churchmen under the standard of an Irish speaker! The Irish patriots, led on by the chief of the Irish aristocracy *, united with the middle and the mercantile classes, forming but one caste in feeling and effort to array public opinion, against unconstitutional measures, † and to put down for ever the direct and ruinous interference of ecclesiastical statesmen! The government was now awakened to the danger of employing the zealous and intemperate, by the resistance which the primate had roused into activity; and Stone, struck off the list of privy counsellors, the object of national hatred and party contempt, exhibited one more example of the vanity of unfounded ambition, and the weakness of that policy which is opposed to public virtue, and the plain rule of right.

The rapid progress which at this period public opinion and political science were making, through the agency of a resident and educated gentry, was so highly estimated, that an English Lord Lieutenant (Lord Harcourt), as the most popular measure he could bring forward to counteract the distasteful effect of other less gracious and salutary acts, proposed on the part of government (1773) A TAX ON ABSENTEES! Never was such a tax less called for; for the absentees were not in that day in the proportion of one to an hundred, compared with those of the present times. Yet the draining of the resources of Ireland in the smallest proportion, the pouring forth of any modicum of native treasure into foreign coffers, was considered as nothing less than high treason to the country. The great English landholdhers of Ireland made a powerful resistance to a tax which principally affected themselves; but the majority by which the measure was rejected was so small‡ as to leave no doubt of its popularity, and of the feelings of the

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* In a contest for constitutional rights (1755), the Earl of Kildare placed himself at the head of the liberal party, which was then technically designated "the patriots;" and the agents of the Castle and the Church faction having represented to the King that the Irish House of Commons was bent on destroying the royal prerogative, for the purpose of preparing his Majesty's expulsion; the Earl, with "the oulde bloode of the Geraldines" boiling in his veins, denied the calumny, and composed and with his own hand presented a memorial to the king, proving historically that the Irish were to a fault the upholders of the royal prerogative, and lovers of kingly government. For this spirited conduct, which recalls the opposition of the Kildares of old to the ministers of Henry the Seventh and Eighth, he received the glorious appellation of Father of his country.

† The terrorism of former times having now yielded to a more salutary system, the expression of public feeling took a variety of forms. It was at this period that political toasts came into fashion, introduced into social meetings through the convivial talents of a Mr. Carter, son to the Master of the Rolls. His toast of "May all secretary bashaws and lordly high-priests be kept to their proper tackle, the sword and the bible," became a charter sentiment at all public and private dinners. The lordly high-priest was Archbishop Stone, and the bashaw was Lord G. Sackville, who brought all the pedantry of the schools to his official diplomacy, and added the superciliousness of fashion to the hauteur of conscious supremacy.

‡ The numbers of those who voted were 102 for, and 122 against the measure. The tax proposed was two shillings in the pound upon rents and profits of landed

public on the subject. Those feelings, whether founded or erroneous, were by no means unnatural; and the government, on its part, has never been slow to encourage and strengthen them. The greater portion of the absentee property had fallen to the lot of its English possessors, by fraud or violence, by legal quibbling or by open proscriptions; and under the most favourable circumstances, the cultivators of that soil, which on the general principles of right and justice they imagined still to be their own property, must naturally have regarded with a jealous eye the foreign intruders. But in a country so poor as Ireland, so divested of all other means of making money beyond the cultivation of the soil, this annual exportation of excessive and burthensome rents could not fail to be viewed with great discontent.* In England at the present day, if all the landed proprietors were to export themselves to the Continent, and to spend their rents in its various capitals, their absence would scarcely be felt, amidst the multiplied resources of commercial activity. Wherever the lord of the soil abandoned his dwelling, an East India Nabob, a money-broker, or a merchant, would stand forth ready to occupy his station, and rule over his domains; and the sums expended abroad, would rapidly find their way home, in increased demands for the products of English industry. On the other hand, the *nouveaux riches*, divested of hereditary pretensions and feudal prejudices, and more deeply instructed in the true principles of political economy, would afford less opposition to the reception and diffusion of the lessons of experience; and would therefore be the more acceptable to the labouring classes, than those who, trammelled in the prejudices of hereditary consequence, obstinately stand still in knowledge, while all around them is moving in advance. In Ireland, however, it has always been otherwise. Land has been ever the only instrument of industry, and rent the only source of accumulated capital. The landed proprietors, together with their immediate dependants, the members of the learned professions, have long formed exclusively the educated classes; and their expenditure has produced the only stimulus which existed, to excite the petty commerce and circumscribed industry, which in the country towns of Ireland support half-a-dozen shopkeepers; who, dignified with the name of merchants, fill the municipal offices and send representatives to Parliament. When, therefore, these favourites of fortune, the landed proprietors, expatriate themselves, their mansions are left silent and desolate; and none remains behind to employ the tenantry, to spread illumination, or to distribute justice, but agents, middle men, and the clergy, whose *ex parte* notions of right and wrong, whose different creed and opposed pecuniary interests wholly unfit them for the civil duties which are thus devolved upon them. With such reasons for the unpopularity of absenteeism, the interests of government in the prevalence of such a prejudice strongly conspire. When the wretched condition of the country is made matter of general declamation, the minister calls for specific abuses; and when a specific abuse is dragged to daylight, and remedies are loudly demanded, absenteeism is made a ready skreen to conceal the incapacity or unwillingness to redress

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property in the hands of those who did not reside in Ireland for six months in each year, from 1773 to 1775.

* It is stated in the public prints that 350,000*l.* are, at this day, taken annually from the county of Kelkenny alone.

of the governing faction. Tithe abuses are met by the charge of excessive rents and absentee consumption; corruption of the magistracy is defended by the absence of independent justices of the peace; and whatever is the evil to be averted, whatever the malpractice to be reformed, the ABSENTEES are the ready scapegoats for every delinquent, and the plausible pretext for every forbearance.

Absenteeship, however, always founded in bad government, becomes ruinous only as it cooperates with other and mightier evils proceeding from the same cause. In a well-ordered community the number and influence of those who eat the bread of idleness and enjoy the means of expatriation, can never bear an overwhelming proportion to that of the industrious citizens chained down to a spot by the habits and the necessities of their laborious lives. Wherever this relative proportion is materially deranged, there will be found much to alter in existing institutions. In such a condition of things, a restraining tax is as futile as it is unjust. Government exists but to protect property; and any law which restrains the owner's right of spending his money where he pleases, operates a violence, which the most urgent necessity alone could justify. On the other hand to expect that a pecuniary mulct, of any amount short of an absolute seizure of the entire rental, would keep those at home, whom a sense of injustice, of insecurity, and of the absence of educated and liberal intercourse (of all that makes life endurable and wealth enjoyable) drives into exile, is to be utterly ignorant of human nature, and of the habits and feelings of the aristocratical part of the community.

To the pause which followed the commotions of 1745, succeeded an event which belonged not to *one* country or *one* age, but to the great history of mankind and to ages yet unborn! an event, which though it has produced the most extraordinary and wide-spreading consequences on the social condition, has not yet half worked out its mighty and incalculable effects. The American Revolution,—the greatest explosion that ever shook the complicated fabric of political abuses, the boldest step which civilization has yet made *en avant*,—was felt in its reverberations throughout all Europe; and even Ireland, remote, isolated, and oppressed Ireland, returned some vibration to the shock! England, amidst the host of ills which assailed her at this, the most awful crisis of her history, already beheld the children of the land she had so long oppressed, bursting their bonds and hailing with their wonted "ten thousand welcomes,"* the hope of emancipation, which came to them from the greatest and freest region of the earth. It was then that a British minister, worked upon by his fears, or driven by his necessities, granted a reluctant boon, for the purpose of winning back the affections of an alienated people, whose co-operation he wanted, and whose desertion he had but too just a cause to apprehend. It was then that he admitted the Irish to rights for which during past ages they had sued in vain; and flattered those with eulogies to whom he had hitherto denied justice. It was not, therefore, wonderful, though it was new, that when an Irish member in the British senate ventured to observe, that "Ireland was the chief dependence of the British crown, and that it behoved England to admit the Irish nation to the privileges of British

* Cead mille faltha.

citizens," there was not one dissentient voice to deny the fact, or oppose the proposition;* and the bills which then passed the Parliament for the relief of the Catholics, and for the opening of the Irish trade, produced the usual effects of kindness on the human heart. From that moment America promised, and Franklin wrote in vain. "If," says that patriotic philosopher,—the patriot of humanity, and the philosopher of common sense!—in his celebrated letter to the people of Ireland, "If the government whom you at home acknowledge does not, in conformity to its own interests, take off and remove every restraint on your trade, commerce, and manufacture, I am charged to assure you that means will be found to establish your freedom in this respect in the fullest and freest manner; and as it is the ardent wish of America to promote, as far as her other engagements will permit, a reciprocal commercial intercourse with you, I can assure you that they will seek every means to establish and maintain it."

But Ireland had not recourse to a foreign power to reclaim her rights. She placed her cause in the hands of her Resident Gentry: she committed it in the senate to a Grattan, and in the field to a Charlemont! The restrictions in trade, which America offered to break, were removed by the exertions of Irish patriotism, supported by that force, which is alone constitutional, a national militia! It was at this eventful epoch of Irish regeneration, that the combined exercise of those native energies to which, in a moment of exigency, a brave and unhappy people never fail to resort, produced that bulwark of national independence, the Irish Volunteers; and a whole people, with arms in their hands, and liberty in their hearts, stood forth the protectors of their native land, which an unnatural government had thus exposed to danger and seduction. Even England looked on with respect and gratitude, at the efforts of the devoted and loyal Irish, who, forgetful of all past injuries, came forward no less in her cause than their own;† and when the Irish volunteers presented themselves to the admiration of the empire, organised into a compact and disciplined body, under their illustrious chief the Earl of Charlemont, (whose name ever falls like light upon the page it illustrates,) it was declared in the British senate, by one whose words were then deemed as *prophet's breathings*, "that this great event resembled, intrinsecally and substantially, the glorious Revolution of England in 1688!"

This event, however, so glorious for the fame, and so profitable to the interests and independence of Ireland, never could have occurred, if the majority of the gentry, with their spirit, their wealth, their in-

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* It is worth citing, that Sir Cecil Wray, one of the most violent opponents of the extension of Irish trade, observed at this time to the House, "that the true grievances of Ireland were the Irish Pension List, the Sinecure Offices, the Roman Catholic Disabilities, and the Absentees."

† It was to the loyalty of the people of Ireland at this period, that the Lord Lieutenant of the day alluded, when in his speech from the throne he observed, "That the united and great military preparations of the House of Bourbon seemed only to have roused the courage and called forth the exertions of his Majesty's brave and loyal subjects of this kingdom of Ireland; and I have only to lament that the exhausted state of the treasury has hitherto put it out of my power to give those exertions the most extensive and constitutional operation, by carrying the militia law into effect."

fluence, and their education, had not been A RESIDENT GENTRY! and if there is one illuminated page in the dark story of Ireland's misery! one pause in her sufferings! it belongs to this proud and blessed moment, when her people and their chiefs were armed, morally and physically, in her defence; when her senate resounded to an eloquence as pure and as patriotic as the Forum ever echoed; when the private society of the capital became proverbial for its wit and festivity; and when all tended to, if it did not reach, the term of national prosperity and national glory.

But alas! this moment of promise and splendour was transient as a dream, and the bright effulgence of Irish patriotism, brilliant as the midnight meteor, was as suddenly succeeded by a midnight darkness. Causes on which it is now beside the purpose to dwell, paralyzed the virtues, and marred the hopes of the honest and the brave. Engines were put into play, and agents into activity, to destroy or to sap the foundations of national independence. Corruption and injustice recommenced their suicidal career; the rebellion and the Union were got up, and succeeded beyond the hopes of their authors; and from that epoch every evil which can afflict humanity and degrade a nation has gathered to a foul and purulent head; every sad succeeding year has been marked by some new step towards social disorganization and national extinction.

"Scarcely had the law passed ratifying that great mischief—the Union—(says one of the ablest and, what is yet more, one of the honestest and most uncompromising writers on Irish affairs, of the present or of any age) when Absenteeism, the predominant calamity of Ireland, was fearfully accelerated. The chief proprietors fled from the metropolis, as from an invading army; and the country affording neither interest nor expectation, they expatriated themselves in shame, in disgust, in anguish, in despair. A category of evils beset the land.—Those who had entertained fair hopes soon found their prospects darker, and a long night close the transient day. To infatuation succeeded self-torment. A Chief Judge died of a broken heart because he had participated in that signal treachery—another Judge asked pardon of God and his country, for sanctioning it with his vote. Pitt, the machinist, perished amidst the misfortunes of the Empire—and Castlereagh, in his pride and power, became his own executioner. The noble delinquents and their race perish together. Twenty-four Irish Peerages have become extinct since the Union in January 1801, exclusive of Peerages under a superior title, but continued in an inferior honour—and while I write, another of the noble order which stands between the prerogative and the people, as hounds between the huntsman and the hare, is extinguished. Thus nature takes vengeance on the exalted traitors to their country. The Union cannot subsist—Sin and Death have fixed their peremptory seal of doom upon it. Not all the vices of Ferdinand to his parentage, and family, and country—not all the deeds of the magnanimous Allies and the Holy Alliance to Spain, Germany, and Italy—no, not the repeated partitions of Poland by the Royal Robbers, the Austrian, and Frederic, and Catherine, equalled altogether the dreadful sum of sinning by the English Ministry, in preparing, prosecuting, and accomplishing that sad catastrophe—the Incorporate Union of Ireland with Great Britain.—*G. Ensor's Address to the People of Ireland.*

Previously to the Act of Union, Absenteeism, though encouraged by the geographical position of the country, and promoted by some inveterate habits derived from ancient abuse, was principally confined, among the native Irish, to a few individuals whose ill understood vanity tempted them to seek for a consequence abroad, which is ever denied to the un-

connected stranger, a consequence which no extravagant expence can purchase. With a few exceptions, therefore, the malady was confined to the great English proprietors of forfeited estates, whose numbers must in the progress of events have been diminished, by the dissipations inseparable from unbounded wealth, and the growth of commercial and manufactural fortunes. It might, in some cases, indeed, be both a vice, and a ridicule, in the absent; but had the nation in other respects been well used and well governed, it would have been of no serious evil to those who remained at home. But the Act of Union, whatever may be its other operations, meritorious or vicious, at once converted a local disease into a national pestilence. The centre of business and of pleasure, the mart of promotion, and the fountain of favour, were by this one fatal act at once removed into a foreign land; ambition, avarice, dissipation and refinement, all combined to seduce the upper classes into a desertion of their homes and country: and as each succeeding ornament of the Irish capital abandoned his hotel, as each influential landlord quitted his castle in the country, or his house in the city, a new race of vulgar upstarts of uneducated and capricious despots, usurped their place, spreading a barbarous *morgue* over the once elegant society of the metropolis, and banishing peace and security from the mountain and the plain. Many whom temptation could not hitherto seduce from home, were now forced by fear to fly; and every passion, every motive combined to drive from the unhappy land, all those who were possessed of the means of flight. It is in vain that patriotism struggles and conscience arrests the departing step of those who yet linger behind in painful vacillation. Self-preservation must and will in the end prevail. Whatever is educated, whatever is tasteful, whatever is liberal, will too probably fly a land, where the insolence of official rank supplies the amenity of an admitted aristocracy, and where vulgar wealth, acquired by political subserviency, and too frequently unaccompanied by knowledge, holds talent at at arms' length, and rejects wit from its coteries as dangerous to its own dull supremacy and hostile to the repose of its own "*fat contented ignorance.*" The philanthropist, disgusted with the perpetual spectacle of hopeless wretchedness and irredeemable despair, will seek relief by flying the misery he cannot mitigate; the enlightened and the liberal will turn with horror from the country where laws of exception have been adopted into the permanent code, and where necessitated violence is only met by judicial severity and legal murder. The landholder, wearied by his contests with the clergy, and intimidated by the armed and masked opposition of his tenantry, will be contented to purchase repose by abandoning at once the soil and its produce, to the proctors, the police-men and their chiefs. The *sbirri* of Ireland will alone find in a land, thus every way accursed, the elements congenial to their existence, as the reptiles and insects subsist in that putrefaction, which spreads disease and death among the nobler animals. In the present political prospect of Ireland, the eye of philosophy and of philanthropy turns on every side in search of a principle of regeneration, and turns in vain. On every side a circle of recurrent cause and effect, like the mystic emblem of the Egyptians, points to an eternity of woe, and to endless cycles of misgovernment and resistance. As long as the actual

system continues, (as long as every cause is forced to concur in rendering Ireland uninhabitable) so long will it be impossible to organize any plan for civilizing, tranquillizing and enriching the country. It is an empty and an idle boast in the British House of Commons, that it devotes its successive nights to the debating Irish affairs, so long as the religious division of the people and the proconsular government founded upon that division are to be recognized as sound policy or Christian charity. The half measures which have hitherto been adopted far from proving beneficial, and composing the contentions of hostile factions, have served only to increase discontent and disarm inquiry.* Nor can the ministers be entitled to any praise for generosity who dare not, in the first place, be just. In spite, therefore, of all their professions of zeal and compassion for the national distress; in spite of all their parliamentary tamperings with the national abuses, they must still remain answerable for the greater part of the absenteeship which they so strenuously hold up as the giant ill, over which they have no control, and for the existence of which they imagine themselves not responsible. The grand principle of "*divide et impera*" has produced both the religious question and the question between landlords and tenants, which are the hinges on which all the misfortunes of Ireland turn. To commence the work of regeneration in earnest, that principle must be fairly and honestly abandoned: when this is done, and not before, absenteeship, with every other evil which has grown out of the monstrous and anarchical system, that has so long subsisted, will gradually disappear; and proprietors in Ireland as in other countries, will inhabit their country, when their country becomes inhabitable—"*Ubi bene, ibi patria*" is a maxim not altogether unreasonable; and, surely, if in any circumstances it is entitled to toleration, it is in that land, where the greater the patriotism and virtue, the less chance is there of social comfort and rational happiness. To the ABSENTEES themselves we would willingly appeal with every invocation that can bind the conscience or awaken the heart. But the appeal were worse than idle, it would in fact be injurious, by pointing to effects and disengaging the attention from causes. In the present instance ABSENTEEISM is a necessitated evil!! In the absentees it is less a crime than a misfortune; and with respect to the government it is so far from being a justification of its acts, that it has become a pregnant and a pointed conclusion of its ignorance of all sound principle or its heartless indifference to all those interests which the unhappy destiny of "the *most unhappy country under* HEAVEN," has committed to its charge.

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* These half measures are, however, in the present state of affairs almost inevitable.—A divided cabinet founded upon a divided state of public opinion, opposes an insuperable barrier to a frank and honest reform: and oscillations of principle and of practice must attend the effort to manage factions so nicely balanced.

BRITISH GALLERIES OF ART.—NO. XII.

The Fitzwilliam Gallery at Cambridge.

There are few tasks pleasanter, and still fewer more useful, than that of pointing out beauties which might otherwise remain but partially known: and to describe the Fitzwilliam Gallery of Paintings will be in some measure to fulfil a task of this nature. I do not mean that the whole beauties of these works can possibly remain concealed from the actual spectator of them, however careless or uncultivated his taste for such objects may be; but I do believe that, from various causes, which we must not now touch upon, the existence of this collection, as a public gallery, is but little known, and its extraordinary value still less so. On this presumption, I shall proceed at once to describe it, as much at length as my limits will permit; which, however, I foresee, will afford me but a very inadequate opportunity of doing justice to those various objects which present almost equal claims to attention. It is only necessary to premise that the works now to be described formed the private gallery of the late Earl Fitzwilliam, and were by him bequeathed to the University of Cambridge—of which he had been a member; and that they came into the possession of the University on his death in the year 1816; and are now deposited in a temporary receptacle, until the splendid gallery—for the erection of which he also bequeathed ample funds—can be provided for them. That eight years should have elapsed without a single step having been made towards this provision, is a fact I shall merely glance at in passing, and couple it with another, that the building which the exquisite works in question at present occupy is in every respect unfitted for their reception.

The pictures, together with various other objects of art and *virtù* which accompanied them in the bequest, are at present contained in two very confined apartments. We will begin in the first of these apartments, and with the first picture, which hangs over the door of entrance. It is a three-quarter portrait, by Rembrandt, of a Dutch officer; and of all the works in this country by that extraordinary master, there is unquestionably no one which displays a more consummate taste in colouring. In fact, it is of itself sufficient to prove that Rembrandt wanted nothing but the will to make him as great a colourist as Titian; and that when he was not so, it was because he aimed at something which he considered to be beyond mere colouring, if not incompatible with it. His favourite object was to create extraordinary and unlooked-for effects, by means of embodying light. In the instance before us, however, he has attempted no such thing; but merely to banquet the eye by means of placing before it a rich union of colours, every one of which shall at once act by itself, and in conjunction with all the others—each being made to heighten, and, as it were, *bring out the flavour* of each; and the whole producing an impression of absolute unity, resulting from the strict and entire union and communion between all the parts. This splendid portrait represents an officer, in a loose outer dress of crimson stuff, with a body armour of steel, holding a sword in the left hand, and leaning the elbow on a pedestal, and having the right placed on the hip. On his head he has a Spanish-shaped hat and feathers, and he is looking out of the picture

with a quiet gravity of aspect, that finely harmonizes with the intended impression of the colouring. This latter I can compare to nothing but that particular portion of the evening-sky on which the descended sun has flung its last glories, after having withdrawn them from all the rest of the surrounding hemisphere. Or, if I am to compare it with any other object of art, it must be with the two celebrated Titians at Cleveland-house—the rich depth and the glowing harmony of which are scarcely superior to those of the admirable work before us.

Glancing at these pictures in the numerical order in which they are at present placed, we meet with a fine bit of chiaro-scuro by Castiglione, of Abraham journeying to the land of Canaan (2);—an elegant little composition by Paul Panine, introducing a classical incident into an Italian scene (3); and a pleasing, but not very spirited or characteristic landscape, by Zuccharelli (4); and then we arrive at a magnificent specimen of Titian's finest class of works, in which he blends nearly all the best qualities of his style. This is a large gallery-picture, including portraits of Philip the Second of Spain, and his mistress the Princess d'Eboli. The latter is a naked figure, in the character of a nymph or Venus, attended by a winged Cupid, who is crowning her with a flower-wreath, while Philip is represented with his back to the spectator, playing on a lute, and turning his face towards his mistress, to gaze on her as she lies. These two figures are placed on a couch which occupies nearly all the lower part of the canvass; and above this, through a lifted curtain, is seen a grand landscape, extending to a distance. Great part of the front of this picture, with the exception of the female figure, is dark almost to blackness; and the curtain which occupies the sides and upper part is the same. The effect of this on the principal figure, as well as on the landscape, is very powerful; and the more so as the flesh includes more carnations than usually occur in this artist's works. The extremities of the female figure are exquisite in this respect, as well as in their design and finishing; and in fact the whole figure is one piece of glowing vitality. The expression of the face, too, is very quick and full of life; but the form is deficient in refinement and delicacy, though not in elegance. The male figure in this picture is, as is usual with Titian, kept in entire subservience to the female one: for the only sovereignty he admitted, in objects of art, was that of Beauty. This fine picture is from the Orleans gallery.

After a portrait of Lady Fitzwilliam, by Lely (6), and a small landscape, hung almost entirely out of sight, by G. Poussin (7), we come to an excellent specimen of Vandervelde—a Storm at Sea (8). If there is less transparency in the water than this artist frequently gave, there is great spirit in the handling of it, and great force and truth in the management of the clouds. Three vessels are seen at different distances, labouring before the gale, with their cordage straining till you can almost hear it creak, and the little flags at their top-gallant masts ready to fly in pieces with struggling to escape from their places. The effect of the lightning, breaking out from behind the black clouds in the centre, is also very fine.

The next picture in succession (9) is well worthy attention, as a specimen of Annibal Caracci's vigorous, natural, and altogether unideal mode of treating even ideal subjects. It is a small picture (probably a

study for a larger one on the same subject) representing St. Roch and the Angel. Nothing is included but the upper half of these two figures, which extend to the extremities of the canvass; and the angel, as well as the saint, is expressed with a simplicity and truth of character, which prove that Annibal Caracci had no notion of attempting to represent any thing above or beyond what he had observed in actual nature. The Angel, without being in the least degree deficient in a proper dignity of character and deportment, is nothing more than a noble youth —a happy shepherd-boy, at once unrefined and unpolluted by the influence of custom and society. The colouring of this fine specimen is a mixture of that bright and sombre which the nâture of the subject seems to call for;—the dark dress and face of the Saint being strikingly but not violently contrasted by the white vestments and the highly-lighted looks of his angelic guide, which latter is pointing with his extended arm away into the distance—thus extending the imaginary scope of the picture.

We now—after glancing at, but not dwelling on, a good portrait of Fiamingo, by Velasquez, (10,) a curious and elaborate, but neither agreeable nor very meritorious picture by Vander Meulen, of the Siege of Besançon (11), and a flower piece by Petters (12),—arrive at what may be regarded as, upon the whole, the noblest picture in this room. It is by Ludovico Caracci, and represents Christ and the Angel appearing to Mary Magdalen. If this work is not altogether superior to any that we have in this country by the same master, it is, perhaps, as faultless as any one of them, in regard to the principal qualities that constitute style; namely, the composition, the design, the individual expressions, and the colouring; and unquestionably the general effect resulting from all these is entirely satisfying and complete. The picture is upright, of the gallery dimension, and the figures are nearly the size of life. On the left the Saviour is advancing majestically towards Mary, who is kneeling on the right in an attitude of adoring love. The Angel stands at a short distance behind, immediately between the two other figures, and is leaning, in a noble attitude of admiring contemplation, on the staff of a red-cross flag which he bears; one of his outspread wings finely fills up the space left by the kneeling attitude of Mary. Above the Saviour two cherubs are seen shedding from their faces and wings a golden glory round his head. The individual expressions in this fine work are highly animated and appropriate, without, in any degree, infringing upon that solemn, and dignified *propriety*, which should constitute the pervading spirit of this class of works; and they contribute to explain and illustrate each other in the most skilful and eloquent manner, producing that unity of effect which fixes the composition to a single point of time. The bland yet dignified simplicity of the Saviour, seems at once to engender and to justify the lovestricken adoration of Mary; while the half-admiring, half-approving look of the Angel, whose eyes are fixed upon Mary, and his wings spread above her, seem to connect the mortal and the God together, in a bond of half-mortal, half-heavenly affection. The attitudes and whole figures of Christ and the Angel are models of dignified ease, and there is a chaste grandeur about the whole scene that cannot be surpassed. It may here be observed that the admirable judgment of the Caracci, both Annibal and Ludovico, induced them for the most part to confine their works

to a very limited number of figures—not more than three or four; and I question whether a single point of time can be adequately illustrated, and a corresponding singleness of effect produced, by any other means. The maxim of "divide and conquer" applies to the human imagination no less than to other things. A multiplicity of ideas and images presented to it at one and the same moment, do but disturb and distract, without in any degree filling or satisfying it. They do but struggle at the gate for entrance, and obstruct and injure each other; while the temple within remains empty. It is scarcely possible to meet with a work of art that more entirely occupies the imagination than the one just described, or returns upon it more satisfactorily in absence; and yet it consists but of three figures, engaged in the simplest of actions.

Next to the above hangs an admirable specimen of Giorgione, full of his fine Venetian taste, both in colouring and expression. With more than the grace of Titian, it has much of rich and racy tone. The subject is the Adoration of the Shepherds; and the figure of the Shepherd on the left, first entering the picture, is particularly imbued with the Titianesque style. This picture is of the easel size, and represents the Virgin uncovering the infant, which lies on the ground, and exposing it to the adoring view of the shepherds who are arriving. The Virgin is full of grace and sweetness, and one of the shepherds, who is leaning over the infant, is grandly conceived.

We now come to a few pictures that must be passed over with a very slight notice, though some of them possess considerable merit in their particular class. Among these latter are No. 18, a Stag Hunt, by Snyders, which is full of eager expression and forcible handling; and No. 21—a Larder, with game, &c. also by Snyders; but including a capital figure of a female by Rubens. No. 22 is a curious and characteristic little work, by De Meyer, containing portraits of Lady Fitzwilliam and her three sisters when children. No. 25 may be pointed out as a piece of colouring not inferior to Titian. It is a Saint Jerome, by Bassan, who frequently produced the most admirable effects in this way, and was indeed a colourist of very extraordinary merit. Nothing can be more rich and harmonious than the little specimen now before us; and another occurs afterwards—(a Shepherd-boy, sleeping among his Sheep—No. 28) which is but little inferior. No. 26, a View in Venice, by Canaletti, is a charming and most perfect specimen of this artist's manner. The marble palaces and temples are looking through the clear Venetian air, like objects seen through crystal, or at the bottom of limpid water.

We now reach a grand gallery-picture, by Paul Veronese, which occupies one end of the apartment, and forms the *pendant* to L. Caracci's noble work at the opposite end. The subject is Mercury, Herse, and Aglauros. Mercury is in the act of touching Aglauros with his caducæus, and changing her into stone, as a punishment for her envious jealousy of her sister Herse. There are parts of this work which merit great commendation; but it is not one of those which elevate, or even sustain the notion that is prevalent as to the great genius of this artist. It has but little depth of expression, and still less purity or vigour of design; but as a piece of colouring it is undoubtedly clear, brilliant, chaste, and highly effective. Even in this point of view, however, it

will not bear a comparison with either the Rembrandt or the Titian that have been noticed above. It has not the glowing richness of the one, nor the intense truth and purity of the other. The senses, in passing from the contemplation of the two latter to that of the one more immediately in question, experience a cold and comfortless effect. It has all the freshness of a Spring morning upon it, but it has also all the chillness. This effect, however, is unduly and unnecessarily increased by its nearness to the above-named glowing works. In a separate apartment it would shew to much better effect, and would at the same time not call for those almost invidious comparisons which can scarcely be avoided under its present circumstances.

Near to the above hangs the other rich bit of colouring, by Bassan, referred to above (28); 29 and 30 are an indifferent landscape by Stork, and a portrait by Vos; and then we stand before another of the richest beauties of this collection. It is a Venus and Cupid, by Palma Vecchio, the size of life. The Venus is reclining in a chastely voluptuous attitude on the grass, in a grand landscape, and the Cupid is in the act of advancing towards her, to receive a dart that she is presenting to him. As a specimen of natural grace in the air of the figures, I have never seen a work of this accomplished master which equals the one before us; and for a certain brilliant and piercing sweetness in the colouring, very few works of *any* master can compete with it. The Venus is designed in the Venetian taste, and has little of that ideal beauty and refinement of mere form with which the goddess is usually represented, and which Palma himself frequently gave to his females; but there is a truth as well as a grandeur of character about it, which perhaps more than supply this want. The Cupid is a charming figure, beaming with intellectual life and beauty, and also instinct with that grandeur of character which pervades the general conception and design of this fine work. The landscape, too, has a fine antique air about it, that exactly corresponds with the subject; and, I must repeat, the whole is coloured with an elegant and airy sweetness, and a rich and full transparency, that throw an inexpressible charm over the scene. I venture to commend this work of Palma to the particular attention of the student in art, as one that will amply repay a more than cursory examination of it.

The only other works in this room which require a separate mention are a classical piece, said to be by Annibal Caracci (34); and a Landscape by Both (35). The first-named of these, which represents Amphitrite in the midst of her train of attendants, is a small easel picture, and is hung so far from the spectators that it is impossible to ascertain the exact nature of its claims to attention. It is evidently designed, however, with extreme elegance, and coloured with a rich solemnity of tone; and the lights and shadows seem blended with great force and effect. The figure of Amphitrite is elevated much above the rest, and occupies the centre of the scene; and the various figures about her are grouped with great taste and skill, both with reference to themselves and to the figure the effect of which they are intended to heighten and aggrandize.

The landscape of Both is one of his largest and most elaborate works —combining all his lightness and elegance of handling, with all his truth and sweetness of general effect; and if it wants that glowing

warmth which he sometimes threw over his scenes like a glory, it is perhaps the more rather than the less natural on that account. The scene which it represents is richly wooded on the right; a road, enlivened by cattle and figures, separates this portion from the rest; and the centre and right stretch away into a distant expanse of country, interspersed with villages, and bounded by hills, on two of which latter, in particular, the eye, and through it the imagination, are made to repose, as the mind does at judicious pauses in a descriptive poem. The great trees which run up the scene, from the bottom to the top, are extremely elegant; and they produce an excellent effect on the different distances beyond them. This was an aid that Both scarcely ever ventured to dispense with; and his scenes have therefore a certain sameness about them which it is much easier to except against than to point out the means of avoiding. Claude almost always made use of the same artifice; and if Cuyp was the only great landscape painter who dared to depend entirely on Nature, it was because she had gifted him with a faculty of seeing, of feeling, and of depicting what he saw and felt, that no other artist in the same class ever possessed.

Second Room.—The works contained in this inner room, contrary to what I had been led to expect, are, generally speaking, altogether inferior in character to those first described. In fact they present a very miscellaneous, not to say motley collection, including some few of very extraordinary merit and value, but many that scarcely reach to mediocrity, and not a few that are very far below it. It is only with the first of these that I shall concern myself; for my object is to assist in pointing out beauties, leaving the task of discovering faults to those who are fond of it; except where those faults may happen to be intimately blended with beauties, and thus become a necessary part of the whole that is to be examined. The numerical order of the works will be followed, according to their arrangement in the printed list; except when there may seem some local or other reason for departing from it.

The first picture to be pointed out as worthy of particular attention, is one which hangs at the upper part of the room, on the right, (No. 5.) It is a copy of Titian's celebrated figure of a sleeping Nymph, usually called a Venus, and it may be cited as a rare, if not a singular instance, of a copy of Titian which is in some respects not inferior to the original; deservedly great as the reputation of this latter unquestionably is. For exquisite symmetry and beauty in the outline, and ineffable loveliness in the character of the face, this charming copy is at least equal to Titian's own work. Indeed for a perfect natural sweetness both of form and face, this figure cannot be surpassed. In all other respects, however, in truth and purity, in the colouring of the flesh, and in general harmony of arrangement in the tints, as well as in the spirited and vigorous handling of the draperies and the other collateral parts of the picture, Titian's work is undoubtedly much superior to the one before us. In fact, the latter bears no traces whatever of Titian's peculiar style; and it may upon the whole be considered rather as an *imitation* of his celebrated picture than a *copy* of it.

Below this picture hangs a very characteristic specimen of Teniers, (13.) It represents an interior, with an old woman on the left paring apples; a man bringing in a tub in the centre; and on the right a man engaged at an open door. The front is enlivened by fowls, a pig's

head peeping through an opening, &c. The left department of this picture is delightfully free, clear, and silvery; and the old man entering with the tub is extremely rich and forcible; and the animals are expressed with exquisite truth.

Near to the above there is a small picture by Pordenone, (14,) which seems to have possessed great beauty; but it has been so much injured by time and attempts at improvement, that little of its original character is left. (17,) is a tolerable but by no means first-rate specimen of G. Dow. (20,) Interior of a Cathedral, by Van Dalen, is a very interesting specimen of this elaborate class of work—the various details being touched with infinite precision, and the perspective being completely illusory. (21,) Dead Game, Fruit, &c. by Weenix, is very exquisitely finished, and the finishing does not in any degree impair the spirited truth of the effect; and (29,) which is an Adoration of the Shepherds, by Breughel and Rothenhamer, excites considerable attention and admiration—but more, I fear, on account of its defects than its merits; for its high finishing and its gaudy colouring produce any thing but truth of effect in the one case and harmony in the other.

We now arrive at some very charming little works, the value of which must not be estimated by their size. The first of these are a pair by Watteau, (25. & 26.) than which nothing can be fuller of characteristic expression. One represents a man playing on a flute to two ladies who are *not* listening to him. The unconscious affectation of the gentleman, and the infinite indifference of the principal lady, are delightful. The other of these excellent little specimens of Watteau's peculiar style consists, like its companion, of three figures similarly engaged, except that here the gentleman is discoursing with his tongue; and if he excites as little attention from his lady companions as the flute-player does, he is equally unconscious of the neglect: for a Frenchman (and Watteau never attempted to depict any one else) talks to please himself, and not other people, and never fails in attaining his object. There is great merit in the colouring of these little works, and they are touched with considerable spirit. (30,) by N. Poussin, on a scriptural subject (Reuben with Abraham's servant at the well) is finely coloured, and has much learned ease about it; but it is not by any means a favourable specimen of this master—who, when he was treating a subject which accorded with his peculiar powers and habits of feeling, (which scriptural ones did not) added, to the eye and imagination of a poet, and the gusto of a great painter, the classical purity of feeling in regard to the expression of the human form, which seems to have been, with this exception, almost confined to the sculptors of antiquity. Some of Poussin's pictures on classical subjects have the air of animated pieces of sculpture, which cannot be said of any other works.

(36,) is a sweet bit of Nature, by Wynants, the subject Men coursing, in an open landscape. Above this hangs a rich and capital specimen of Ostade, a Fiddler playing at a Cottage door, attended by a whole company of listeners, young and old, all displaying that truth of expression and individuality of character, which this painter so finely blended with rich colouring and humorous incidents. (38,) is a very pretty specimen of Poelemberg's favourite, nay, his almost exclusive subject. One would think, to judge by his choice of subject, that this

artist had never seen any thing in his life but nymphs bathing; but, to judge by his general and most overrated manner of treating it, he had certainly never seen even that. (45, and 58,) are two companion pictures, by Claude, the figures by Swaneveldt; each introducing different points of the story of Joseph and his Brethren. These pictures require mention chiefly on account of the principal artist's name, and because no opportunity should be lost of examining all that proceeded from his pencil. Compared, however, with many other of his productions, they do not authorize me in devoting any further space to them.—Nearly the same may be said of (48) a Madonna, by Carlo Dolce, which, from its striking and brilliant effect of colour and of finishing, has become one of the leading points of attraction in this collection; it scarcely, however, merits this distinction on the score of expression; which latter quality should form almost the exclusive characteristic of a work on the subject in question.

There are two or three very favourable specimens of Gerard Dow. The one that occurs in this part of the Gallery (49.) is a very spirited little work—much more so than we generally meet with from the pencil of these elaborate finishers. The head of the old woman, and that of the boy reading, are both extremely natural; and the tone and colouring of the whole much resemble those of Rembrandt in his small cabinet pieces. Between the two Claudes named above, there hangs a most curious and interesting specimen of Albert Durer, an artist who, if he had lived an age later, would have been scarcely inferior to Raphael himself, in grace of manner and intense beauty and truth of expression —of individual expression, however, rather than historical. The picture now before us (53) is on the subject of the Annunciation. The Virgin is engaged at her devotions, in the chapel of a grand Cathedral, the perspective of which is seen in the centre of the picture. She is seated, with her hands raised, and her eyes cast down, and from every part of her figure there beams forth a mingled grandeur and sweetness of expression that cannot be surpassed. The arrangement of her draperies greatly adds to the first of these characteristics. On the left the Angel is entering. This figure is in many respects very defective, but its defects are those of the day to which this great artist belonged, in which expression was every thing, and colouring, design, perspective, &c. but little attended to. The faults of the whole work, in regard to these latter particulars, are so striking as not to require pointing out; but its extreme beauties of expression and conception more than compensate for these, and render it a most valuable and interesting production. Immediately above this picture hangs a small upright one, by A. Caracci (54.) which is full of power and grandeur. The subject (the Trinity) is altogether an impracticable one; but if any one was entitled to attempt it, it was A. Caracci; and he could scarcely fail, in doing so, to present us with something impressive at least, if not adequate to the nature of the undertaking. The lower part of this picture (which is an upright one) is occupied by a Saint, who is kneeling in an attitude of rapt devotion, and may be supposed to have contemplated the subject of his adorations, till his enthusiastic conception of it has at length, as it were, embodied it to his "mind's eye" in the form under which we see it above. There

is infinite grandeur in the figure and air of the Saint; the head, in particular, is nobly conceived, and the whole work is among the finest in this Gallery. The picture of a Holy Family, &c. by L. da Vinci, (57,) which hangs close to the above on the left, is considered as the gem of the collection. As I have no wish to disturb the notions of any one where I have nothing better to substitute than what I may chance to displace, I shall not enter into any minute examination of this work. It has some beauties, no doubt, and beauties that are in no degree inconsistent with the subject. But as a whole I cannot think it worthy of the genius of L. da Vinci. It is throughout tame and spiritless, without being refined. The finishing, indeed, is exquisite; and the draperies are very finely arranged and richly coloured. But it is so poor in expression—both general and individual—that I would it had borne any other name. Passing over several excellent little works, which our limits will not allow us to examine, particularly two capital specimens of Canaletti (72 and 101), two equally rich and characteristic ones, of Cuyp's Horses (76 and 79)—an exquisite Mieris (80)—and a noble bit of chiaro-scuro, by A. Caracci (84), we arrive at one of Wouvermans' most capital productions (83), representing the interior of a stable. This is an oblong picture, painted with extreme care, and including more spirited expressions than Wouvermans usually attempted to give. The man flogging the horse with a frightened boy on the back of it, is extremely clever; the cavalier and lady at the door of the stable are also admirably painted; and there is an exquisite bit of landscape seen through the open arch which forms the entrance to the stable. There is another work of a somewhat similar character to the above (91), and said to be by the same artist; but it is undoubtedly by K. du Jardin, who occasionally exceeded Wouvermans in depicting scenes of this nature. It represents cavaliers hawking, in a rich wooded scene, with an exquisite distance on the left. There is extreme delicacy in the touch of this picture, which, however, does not impair either its brightness or spirit. The only other works that our space will permit us to point out are a pair of uprights, apparently painted for the sides of an altar-piece, by Old Palma, 85 and 93. They represent Christ calling to Zaccheus, and the Angel appearing to Elijah. The latter is most grandly conceived, nobly designed, and coloured with a correspondent force and richness. The former is also full of merit, though greatly inferior to its companion.

I cannot take leave of this fine collection of pictures without expressing a hope that they may not long be suffered to remain in a situation, the nature of which is said to render it indispensable to put such restrictions on the exhibition of them as amount almost to a prohibition, so far as regards the general public. Visitors are not allowed to see them unless accompanied during the whole time by a master of arts belonging to the University.

THE ENFRANCHISED, OR THE BUTTERFLY'S FIRST FLIGHT.

Thou hast burst from thy prison,
  Bright child of the air,
Like a spirit just risen
  From its mansion of care.

Thou art joyously winging
  Thy first ardent flight,
Where the gay lark is singing
  Her notes of delight:

Where the sunbeams are throwing
  Their glories on thine,
Till thy colours are glowing
  With tints more divine.

Then tasting new pleasure
  In Summer's green bowers,
Reposing at leisure
  On fresh-open'd flowers;

Or delighted to hover
  Around them to see
Whose charms, airy rover,
  Bloom sweetest for thee;

And fondly inhaling
  Their fragrance, till day
From thy bright eye is failing
  And fading away.

Then seeking some blossom
  Which looks to the West,
Thou dost find in its bosom
  Sweet shelter and rest:

And there dost betake thee,
  Till darkness is o'er,
And the sunbeams awake thee
  To pleasure once more.

A. S.

MODERN SPANISH THEATRE.—NO. IV.

Besides those impediments which we have previously specified, the Spanish classico dramatic writers were formidably opposed and seriously discouraged in their first endeavours, by the incapacity of the players, and the poverty of their professional resources. Indeed at the period we speak of, the comedian, entirely uninitiated in the commonest ideas of his art, exhibited but a servile copy of what his father or his uncle had enacted before him, honestly believing that the whole scope of his task included nothing more than the learning his part by rote and giving it a vociferous utterance on the stage. Whenever chance offered him the opportunity of pouring forth any very long and extravagant declamation, he could anticipate with certainty the applause of the pit, and never neglected to avail himself of it. The condition of the stage itself was scarcely better. All that had reference to its conduct was neglected or misunderstood: all that could heighten its optical effect was overlooked or spoiled. In short, theatrical costumes and customs were almost wholly disregarded.

In confirmation of this we may cite a ludicrous instance within our

recollection. In the play entitled "The Preceptor of Alexander," the comedian Robles performed the part of Aristotle in an embroidered coat, silk-stockings, a well-powdered wig, a sword, and a gilt-headed rattan. Yet Robles was the Roscius of the Spanish stage scarcely thirty years ago, and was said to have occasionally displayed talent productive of striking impressions on his audience, though, for our own part, we never saw him open his mouth to make an exordium without first coughing five or six times, or using his handkerchief unreservedly, or spitting, and then donning his hat with white feathers, and his knitted thread gloves, besides shifting the cane from his right hand to his left, to give himself freer scope for beating time. From all this it may be readily apprehended that the style of the newly-introduced compositions was very far from proving agreeable to the performers. Simple representations of domestic scenes, intelligible to all, and requiring in the actor nothing out of the bounds of nature and truth, had no sort of conformity with the panoramic situations, the bustle, and the glitter, which the members of the art were desirous to uphold. Hence the utmost skill of Moratin was demanded in order in the first place to get his comedies accepted, and then to procure such attention to them in the rehearsals as should guarantee their being well acted.* Other writers, of less repute and ingenuity, were sure to suffer from the intrigues of the comedians, or from the wretched mode of performing their productions.

About the commencement of the present century, however, the daily complaints in the circles of the literati, and the ridicule encountered from foreigners, urged the Spanish government to the institution of a kind of dramatic tribunal or committee *(junta censoria)* for the purpose of watching over so important a branch of the national amusement. The judges appointed were Moratin, Estala, and a few other men of letters. A school of declamation, similar to that of Paris, was subsequently founded, and placed under the direction of M. Castellanos, an old comedian of great experience, who had travelled much in France and England, solely to ascertain the comparative progress in the art of dramatic oratory. But this individual was unfortunately deficient in the one chief qualification of a professor — the power to convey instruction. Moreover the *junta censoria* occupied itself unwisely in the framing impracticable regulations, and the imposition of new fetters upon young authors.† By such means as these were two institutions rendered almost of no effect, that might otherwise have obtained a decisive influence over the Spanish stage: and this last would perhaps have remained yet many years in the condition we have described, if the good genius of the theatre had not prompted the comedian Mayquez to the lucky idea of quitting his countrymen to pass a few months in Paris.

Mayquez was but the son of an indifferent actor, and followed the same profession himself from his early youth, without any kind of edu-

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* This species of ingenuity has grown into a proverb in Spain, where the players often say of a piece that has been well acted, "one would think Moratin had managed the rehearsal."

† Among the measures adopted by the *junta*, was that of consigning to the archives upwards of one thousand plays of the old stock, voted irregular, &c.; and as the void thus created was not filled up by new productions, the evil of scarcity became worse than before.

cation. He could scarcely read at twenty years of age, and was incapable of writing at thirty; neither had he found means to acquire that species of external varnish which a residence of some duration in great cities can alone give, and which is but the simple reflection of the manners and phraseology of what is termed good company. Mayquez, in fact, had been ordinarily a performer on provincial boards, unless when attached to some miserable itinerant company. Art, therefore, had done nothing for him; but the bounty of Nature had far more than indemnified him. Physical and moral advantages were his original portion; elegance of figure, a Grecian turn of head, full and highly expressive black eyes; a voice sonorous and flexible; gestures ever in harmony with thought; a noble gait; attitudes fit for academic studies, yet perfectly unconstrained; a soul replete with the finest sensibility; a keen understanding; and a natural good sense which always guided him aright in the most trying and novel conjunctures;—all these combined to render him one of the most extraordinary men to whom the Peninsula has given birth for some ages; nor did he want any advantage, in our opinion, beside that of a country that could have appreciated his merits and drawn from him all the benefit he was capable of communicating.

The correct judgment of Mayquez could not but revolt against the vicious system of declamation, to which ignorance and fashion had given popularity. He repaired to Madrid, where, with no other aid than what he derived from his own original force of conception and observation, he had the boldness to speak on the stage in the same natural manner as is usually employed on occasions of familiar intercourse.* But the solitary example of one individual, destitute of influence with the public, or with those of his profession, could avail but little. The acting of Mayquez, so utterly opposite to all other acting, offended the long-received dogmas of the scenic circle. He was, in consequence, loudly accused of being frigid and careless, and was even opposed with hisses whenever he attempted to speak. The vigorous character of Mayquez, however, would not easily permit him to forsake the path, however thorny, which he had chosen. He persisted, during three years, in the same system of acting, in despite of every injustice and insult. Finding at length that he could never hope to overcome the blind obstinacy of the public taste, unless by availing himself of some imposing circumstance that might carry him through with his design; and being likewise well aware of the weak side of his countrymen, he made a resolve with alacrity, and quitted Madrid at once for Paris, after selling all he had, to defray the expenses of his trip, and giving it out every where that he was going to seek improvement in his art, from the famous Talma.

This singular man at that time spoke not a word of French, nor did

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* On this topic he would observe, "that we could only *conjecture* how Achilles was wont to talk; but that ears alone were required to teach us the utterance of our good neighbour the shoemaker." This principle indeed, accounts for the wide difference between the respective modes of tragedy and comedy, the former of which is entirely conventional, whilst the latter is restricted to the most exact imitation of Nature. Every nation has its own manner of representing the one, derived from its character, or the genius of its language: the other is every where exhibited in the same manner, Nature being every where the same.

there seem to be any thing in Paris that could promise him either solid advantage, or pleasure. Poor, and without patronage, friends, or means of introduction, he well knew that he should find himself, when there, in the state of one fallen from the clouds. Moreover, he only proposed to himself a residence of eight or ten months in France,—a space of time which he must have known inadequate to the acquisition of any art even in the most superficial degree. What, then, was his purpose in going to Paris? Merely to have the advantage of talking about it after his return. And here we must observe that an erroneous impression has been conveyed by Montesquieu, Voltaire, and most foreign writers on Spain, as well as travellers, when they have asserted the people of that country to be one of the proudest and vainest in Europe, in what relates to literature and the fine arts. This is altogether incorrect. No individual of any nation has a less flattering opinion of his own national contemporaries than the Spaniard. For him, the man who meets his daily view on the promenade, or in the evening circle of the *Tertulia*, is only the man of his acquaintance, not the *savant*, the artist, or the man of letters. The vanity of the Spaniard (if he may be said to have any) exerts itself upon objects no longer in existence, or attaches itself to such as are yet to come, but takes no notice of those which are passing under its immediate view. In this sense, Spain may be designated as the *paradise* of the departed, the *limbo* of those yet unborn, and the *purgatory* of the living. A national production of the present age can only receive estimation there from its reference to ultramontane manners, language, or institutions: it is allowed, in short, no merit but what it borrows, and is only relished by the Spaniards in proportion as it is not Spanish. Mayquez, therefore, who had been despised so long as he continued to live in Spain, became an object of public interest as soon as the purport of his journey was noised among the coteries of the capital. No longer calumniated as the insipid, monotonous actor, he was now viewed as the future disciple of Talma, the intrepid young traveller seeking instruction beyond the formidable space between the Manzanares and the Seine!*

It is not our intention to affirm that this tour was of no real service to Mayquez, or to the interest of Spanish oratory. The former unquestionably derived from it an enlargement of his ideas. He obseved, compared, and extracted the quintessence of every thing that could further his design. His manner of regarding things was guided by too sensible a judgment to admit of his confounding, in the performance of Talma,† Lafond, Clozee, or Mademoiselle Mars, what appertained to the art in

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* To such a degree had the Spaniards become isolated by the effects of despotism, that the custom of travelling was lost among them. Previously to the war of 1808, the fact of a person's having been six months in Paris or London, was looked upon as an actual merit by the vulgar. It was an exertion more extraordinary than that of Belzoni.

† Mayquez visited Talma as soon as he reached Paris. An anecdote is related that does honour to both. We believe it substantially correct, although we cannot certify it to be so. It is said that Talma received Mayquez with great cordiality, and requested him to recite some passage from a Spanish tragedy, in order to give an idea of his powers as an actor. It must be observed that all the conversation passed through the medium of an interpreter, as neither of the principals could speak the language of the other. Mayquez delivered about twenty lines of the *Numancia* (a tragedy of Ayala's); and such was the expression of his features, the

general, with what was only conceded to the particular circumstances of national manners and habits, or to the structure even of French versification. He selected, accordingly, that only which was adapted for representation in Spain, *hispanizing* (if we may be allowed the term) whatever he found it convenient to transport with him. We may add moreover, from his own declaration, that in all which concerns scenic decoration, the interior service of a theatre, and accurate imitation in costume, he profited much by his journey.

The return of Mayquez to Madrid, after an absence of ten months, was marked by the most brilliant success. His acting produced an enchantment of delight. People affected to discern at once that Talma had been his instructor. His refined manners, his dignity on the stage, plainly denoted one who had inhaled the air of the fauxbourg St. Germain. There alone was the knowledge to be acquired how to present oneself before the world. The very dress of the newly adopted favourite bespoke a derivation from the Rue Vivienne; and finally the fair sex voted his face more handsome and more animated since it had been immersed in the limpid waters of the Seine. To doubt of this was a sacrilege—the sex were so rarely deceived in their opinions of physiognomy, in the case of men! Mayquez, who adhered to the familiar style of acting, thus acquired a popularity which not all the arguments and the criticism of a Luzan, a Velasquez, or a Mayans—nor the declared patronage of the ministry,—nor even the masterpieces of a Moratin had availed to excite. It was then that classic comedy gained ground in Spain, for it was then only that the taste for its representation became generalised amongst all ranks of society, that players learned to embody it with propriety, and that poets were enabled to write in that style, without fear of committing themselves, or of being misunderstood.

To the same period (that of Mayquez's return) may be assigned the custom of the daily representation of tragedy. Its performance had, till then, been usually very rare, and equally wretched. The same manner of recitation and decoration had been applied to it, and even the same carelessness of costume, as in the exhibition of comedy. Mayquez was not only superior in tragic parts, he was the inventor of Spanish declamation; the founder of a *school* altogether new and *national.** The prosperous opening which he made, encouraged authors to cultivate a branch of literature hitherto almost exotic in Spain. We have already noticed that only two tragedies (the *Raquel*, and the *Numancia*,) had maintained their place on the list of the *Repertory*, and shall presently enquire what are those that may be added, up to the period of this essay, after we have said a few words about the tragedies of M. Cienfuegos, printed, with his other poetical writings, towards the end of the last century.

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silent eloquence of his eyes, and the truth and nature displayed in his action, that Talma made no scruple of assigning to him thenceforth one of the highest stations in the temple of Melpomene. The mutual esteem of both followed this interview, and endured no interruption.

* Such of our readers as may desire a more intimate acquaintance with this part of the scenic history of the Peninsula, are referred to the Life of Mayquez, published in Madrid in 1820, from the pen of M. de Gorostiza, a dramatic writer of eminence and competitor with Moratin.

M. Cienfuegos held a post in the office of foreign affairs in Madrid, and was a distinguished member of the Spanish academy. He was excellent as a lyric poet, judicious as a prose-writer, highly enlightened as a man of letters, besides being in his character honourable and amiable. He was likewise the intimate friend of Cadalso, Melendez, and Jovellanos. Four tragedies were composed by him: *Idomeneo, Pittaco*,* *Zorayda*, and *La Condesa de Castilla* (the Countess of Castille). The two first have never been played, nor do we think they will ever meet with success, by reason of the barrenness and comparative torpor of their respective plots, although their versification is very good. The other two have had success, and are still occasionally played, though not productive of much effect. They are deserving, at least, of estimation among the literati, and of the critic's notice. *Zorayda* is a very well written composition, giving a faithful picture of the troubles in Grenada during the feuds of the Abencerrages and Zegries. It derives from its subject an air of romance which conveys into the details an inexpressible charm. *Zorayda* is, in fact, the tragedy, of all others, which the Spaniards experience the highest interest in reading. However, whether it be that Moorish tales harmonize better with the lyric than the tragic manner, owing to the richness of imagination which they call forth, and which leads us unavoidably into exaggeration, or that the isolated subject of the tragedy in question was not well conceived by Cienfuegos, the fact is certain, that, in the representation, it excites no emotion, either by means of the situations or the speeches. The spectator is sensible of a void, which he is at first at a loss to explain to himself, but soon finding time for analysis, discovers that the characters are feeble, the dialogue loaded with a superfluity of words, and the progress of the story, in consequence, very tardy. The catastrophe, besides, excites neither surprise nor strong sensation of any kind, as it merely fulfils previous conjecture. Of the *Condesa de Castilla* we must observe that it is the only one of Cienfuegos' tragedies the subject of which is positively tragic. Indeed, we are aware but of one blemish in it: that of a denouement tediously slow. The Countess of Castille swallows poison towards the middle of the fifth act, and never quits the stage, nor ceases to speak, until she dies precisely at the end. A strict attention on the part of the auditory to a protracted contrivance like this can by no means be kept up, and the illusion of the spectacle is therefore dissipated. We paint Melpomene with a dagger in her hand —never with a phial of *laudanum;* thereby seeming to indicate that a catastrophe, to be imposing, should be rapid and bloody; that the curtain should descend as soon as the blow is struck, if we would prolong for a few moments the terror it is presumed to have inspired in the mind of the spectator. The catastrophe, however, excepted, this tragedy may be termed excellent. Its tone is truly historical, its dialogue concise and impetuous, its versification powerful; the story is well developed, the characters well marked and supported, particularly that of the Countess, which is a finished piece of composition, exhibiting at once the haughty sovereign, the weak mother, the devoted mistress, and the impassioned woman.

We will now return to the time of Mayquez. The first tragedy he

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* This piece was not printed till after the death of the author.

performed in was Shakspeare's Othello, translated into Spanish by Don Theodore La Calle, from Ducis' French version. We should have bestowed no mention on this translation, which is altogether below mediocrity, had not M. Bouterwek cited its author among those who have exerted themselves for the re-establishment of the modern stage, and that chiefly in allusion to his translation of Othello. None of the literary works of M. La Calle, on the contrary, have entitled him to this kind of distinction. Destitute of genius as a poet, and being in fact but a mean versifier, he has never enjoyed any consideration in the Peninsula; and we are impelled to point out M. Bouterwek's mistake, from the apprehension that La Calle may acquire an undue estimation with foreigners through the means of so respectable an authority.

If it was M. Bouterwek's wish to devote a few of his pages to the Spanish versions of modern tragedies, he might have adduced Legouvé's *Mort d'Abel,* translated by M. de Saviñon; *L'Oscar,* translated by M. Gallego; or the *Cid* of Corneille, translated by M. Garcia Suelto. Of these, the two first are distinguished for purity of language and richness of versification. The last is rather a new cast of its subject, than a simple translation. M. Garcia Suelto, a young physician of great credit, and an estimable member of the literary world, profiting by Voltaire's judicious remarks contained in his elaborate criticism on the Cid, took care to omit in his translation the tedious character of the Infanta, to abridge considerably Rodrigo's famous soliloquy, and to amend certain anachronisms as to the manners of the period as well as the scene of action, which had escaped Corneille. The style and the mode of versifying of the translator are moreover worthy of an original writer. The national theatre is likewise indebted to the pen of M. Garcia Suelto for a highly approved translation of Regnard's comedy, the *Celibataire.*

Whilst on the subject of tragic translation, and that we may avoid future recurrence to it, we will make a cursory allusion to what M. Solis has done in this way from the compositions of Alfieri, although of a date somewhat posterior to the preceding. This writer has translated *Eteocle, Polinice, Oreste, Virginia,* and some others with a very laudable degree of talent. His versions are invariably accurate, and he has rendered admirably the republican spirit and occasional ruggedness of Alfieri. Possessing little harmony in his own mode of versifying, Solis has given with so much the better effect those monosyllables and disjointed words so frequent with his Italian original; and having been many years engaged as a *prompter* to the stage in Madrid, he is extensively acquainted with the dramatic literature of his country. He is likewise understood to be well informed in that of other nations, besides having a familiar knowledge of the dead languages. G.

ITALIAN IMPROVISATORI.

No sooner had the gloom of the dark ages been dispersed and literature regained some portion of its pristine splendour, than in almost every town of Italy Improvisatori appeared, professing to descant in poetic metre upon any subject that might be proposed. Nor was it solely in the vulgar dialect of the provinces, or where the mere tinkling of rhyme would ensure applause, that these indefatigable bards appeared. On the contrary, many of them courted the criticism of the learned. Of some of these worthies, whose names are distinguished in the writings of their contemporaries, an account may not be uninteresting to the general reader. The literary historians of the sixteenth century, in their account of this class of poets in that age, all agree in honourable mention of Andrea Marone. The exact place of his birth we do not find recorded, but he seems to have been a humble schoolmaster in Venzone, until the fame of his versifying talents introduced him to the notice of the Cardinal Ippolito d'Este, whom he accompanied to the court of Alfonso I. Duke of Ferrara. His protector, the Cardinal, having occasion to make a journey into Hungary, Marone expressed a wish to be of the party. For some reason or other the Cardinal was not anxious for his company, and Marone unable to bear the mortification of the refusal, grew weary of the countenance of his patron, and at length abandoned the Court of Ferrara for that of Leo the Tenth, which was at that time the most advantageous arena for every species of talent. Giovio, Giraldi, and Valeriano, his contemporaries, relate almost incredible instances of the wonderful facility which this poet possessed in Latin improvisation. Accompanying himself on the viol, which he played with exquisite taste, he poured forth verses with astonishing rapidity, and as he proceeded, increased in copiousness and elegance.

Scarce a meteor appeared in the horizon of literature, science, or the fine arts, during the pontificate of Leo the Tenth, the lustre of which did not contribute to the splendour of his court and add glory to his reign. Possessed of no trifling share of acquirement himself, he knew well how to appreciate it in others, and from one end of Europe to the other, the Vatican drew learning and accomplishment to splendid leisure and luxurious enjoyment. Here then was a fit stage for the developement of the talents of Marone. We are told by Giovio that Querno, Raffaello, Brandolini, and other celebrated improvisatori of the Court, "hid their diminished heads" when confronted with him, and that on one occasion at a solemn festival given by his Holiness to the ambassadors and other distinguished residents at Rome, when commanded to dilate upon the league against the Turks, then the subject of discussion, he so far surpassed the anticipations of his patron, and so delighted and astonished the guests, that Leo immediately conferred on him a valuable benefice in Capua. Contemporary with Marone, though enjoying less honourable celebrity, was Camillo Querno, born at Monopoli, in the kingdom of Naples, A. D. 1470. His propensity to gormandizing was so great that many historians make no mention of him but as a notorious "ghiottone," whose other qualities were too trifling to redeem this unpardonable sin. He seems, however, early to have listened to the whisperings of his art, and ere he quitted his native

country had composed a poem of 20,000 verses, called Alexias,* in which, as it frequently happens, the author discovered more beauties than were clear to the indifferent reader. On its merits he determined to risk his reception at Rome, and accordingly proceeded thither with his poem. On his arrival he presented himself to the scholars of the academy, and courted their inspection of his performance. The gentlemen, however, whom he chanced to meet, were much more inclined to merriment than criticism, loved a joke a great deal better than a poem, and concluding from the grotesque rusticity of his costume, the convivial ruddiness of his features, and the uncultivated shagginess of his long black hair, that he was a much fitter subject to laugh at than to laugh with, voted him at once more likely to contribute to their amusement than do honour to their patronage. They therefore prepared an entertainment in a small island in the Tiber, to which Querno was invited; and while he was displaying his poetical as well as his guzzling qualities, and doing full as much justice to Liber Pater as to the Muses, they entwined a new wreath of poppies, cabbage, and laurel, and placing it solemnly upon his temples unanimously declared him "Arch-poet." Querno, inflated by an honour so far above his most sanguine expectations, thought himself quite competent to appear before the Pope, was presented and displayed before his Holiness his versifying talents. Leo soon perceived how great an addition the Improvisatore might prove to the hilarity of his entertainments, and accordingly ordered him to be regularly admitted. With the notion of making the hope of gratifying his gluttony an incentive to his muse, he was always kept at some distance from the table, and little delicacies were occasionally sent him to provoke him to exertion. After he had devoured these with the most disgusting avidity, the Pope had him placed nearer to himself, and filling a tumbler of the choicest wine, promised it to him on the express condition, that he should immediately produce two extemporaneous verses at least, which if he failed to do, or his verses were not approved, he was condemned not only to forfeit the wine, but to swallow an equal quantity of pure water or of wine very considerably diluted. On one of these tantalizing occasions the disappointment seems to have produced what expectation could not, and Querno very appropriately on receiving his penance, exclaimed

"In cratere meo, Thetis est conjuncta Lyæo
Est dea juncta deo, sed dea major eo."

Querno had expressed a very pardonable exultation in his talent by the following line:

"Archipoeta facit versus pro mille poetis."

Leo replied:

"Et pro mille aliis archipoeta bibit."

Querno:

"Porrige quod faciat mihi carmina docta, Falernum."

Leo:

"Hoc etiam enervat debilitatque pedes;"

alluding to the gout to which the jester was a martyr.

* The first line only of this poem has been preserved.
Infelix Europa diu quassata tumultu
Bellorum, &c.

The usual lot of buffoons was at length that of poor Querno. The applause of one moment was often effaced by the insults of the next; and we are told that some pointed witticisms did, on one occasion, so irritate the feelings of his patron, as to earn for the protégé very violent marks of his displeasure. An additional mortification was provided for him in the great superiority of Marone, and between the caprice of the Pontiff and the occasional outrages of his company, he retired from Court in disgust.

Giraldi, from whom this account is principally taken, mentions other poets of the same description, who, like Querno, were introduced to Leo in the hope of establishing their own fortunes upon the gratification of their patron, and like him, instead of favour or patronage, received nothing but mockery and derision. Among these he particularly names one Giovanni Giraldi, who for his absurd libels upon poetry was frequently publicly whipped by order of his Holiness—a species of despotism, which, happily for many poets of the present day, has now become obsolete. Baraballo, Abated a Gaeta, is likewise more famous for his inordinate vanity and ludicrous conceit than for any real merit. He seems to have been one of those *ennuyeux*, whom Molière describes—

> Au palais, aux cours, au jardins, au table
> De ses vers fatigants lecteur infatigable.

At any rate he carried his stupid vanity so far as to compare his improvisations to the sonnets of Petrarch, and actually claimed the honour which that poet had received, of being crowned in the Capitol. This idea opened a fine prospect of amusement to Leo and his Court; his pretensions were acknowledged by acclamation, and it was arranged that his coronation should take place upon the festival of St. Cosmus and Damian. The Pope was so enchanted with the ludicrous anticipation of Baraballo's self-complacency, and of his utter insensibility to the real nature of the part he had to play, and of the applause he was to receive, that he determined to give every possible éclat to the farce, and assemble all Rome to witness the ridiculous exhibition. Baraballo, too, within sight of the very summit of his ambition, resolved that the ceremony should proceed with the utmost magnificence, and this inclination received every encouragement from the courtiers, who naturally concluded that the more pageantry surrounded him the greater was their dupe. It happened about this time that a very large elephant had been presented to Leo by the King of Portugal, and it was suggested and finally agreed, that the elephant should convey the Improvisatore to the Capitol. On the appointed day the "Eternal City" was on the alert to catch a glimpse of the procession; every avenue to the Vatican was crowded to suffocation; elegantly dressed females, the rank and beauty of Rome, of course, decorated the windows, and the air resounded with *vivas*, and shouts in honour of Baraballo. He himself was betimes at the palace, from whence the *cortège* was to proceed, and was feasting upon the honour that awaited him, when a deputation was announced from Gaeta, where the friends of the Abate enjoyed some consideration. The deputation was admitted to the presence of Baraballo, who received them in the costume which was worn by the triumphant generals of ancient Rome. He was clad in a garment of purple, embroidered with

gold, and surrounded by facetious wags, who were loading him with congratulatory mockeries. Baraballo, elated by this new mark of attention, had begun in pompous verse to express his acknowledgments to his fellow-citizens of Gaeta, for the interest they took in his good fortune, when they interrupted him by earnest entreaties not to dishonour his family and stamp ludicrous notoriety upon his birthplace, by exposing himself to the jests and ribaldry of Rome. This unexpected rebuff, instead of cooling the ardour of Baraballo, only roused him to exertion. He burst into a violent paroxysm of rage, vented in impromptu verse the most violent imprecations upon the deputation, which he accused of mean and sordid jealousy at the distinction he had reached, and leaving them abruptly and in anger, mounted his elephant amid the suppressed giggle of the Court and acclamations of the populace. He had not, however, proceeded very far, before some misgivings overtook him of the honorary character of the proceeding: the jibes of the people became at length too unequivocal to be mistaken—he saw through the *double-entendre* or the insincerity of every fresh compliment he received, and by the time he had arrived at the Ponte S. Angelo, he had become excessively impatient, and had given his attendants several indications that their fulsome flattery was offensive. Shame and mortification still chained him to his seat, and had not an impediment occurred where it was not expected, this extravagant pantomime must have been consummated. Luckily, however, for the Abate, further than the Ponte S. Angelo the elephant would not move. It seemed to have conspired with the Nine Sisters to prevent the profanation of an honour, until then only enjoyed by their darling votaries, and nothing could induce it to proceed. It was soon understood that another conveyance would be supplied to complete the burlesque; but in the midst of the hurry Baraballo had disappeared, and having doffed his triumphant robes, sneaked to his lodging. From the failure and exposure of the two last-mentioned Improvisatori, it will appear that mere versification, without intrinsic merit, was not sufficient to procure applause, either from the learned or the vulgar. No poet was considered to have attained perfection in the art, until he was able to treat with accuracy and precision the theme appointed for his amplification. Music, too, that twin sister of Poetry, in its primitive unsubdued existence, was the inseparable companion of extemporaneous recitations, and the mere effusion of verses was held a very mediocre performance unless enhanced by the charms of song and the sweet notes of the lyre. But some instances are recorded of Improvisatori, who, to this varied and extensive accomplishment, added profound learning and erudition. Towards the end of the fifteenth century flourished Bernardo Accolti, son of Bendetto, secretary of the Republic of Florence, and a celebrated historian. He was a native of Arezzo, and from his extraordinary talent in improvisation obtained the name of "l'unico Aretino." It is to be regretted that little of the poetry of the Improvisatori of his age has been preserved by historians; but in the absence of such testimonies of ability, the suffrages of their contemporaries must be admitted as evidence, and the proficiency of Bernardo will not be doubted when supported by the authority of Ariosto, who, speaking of him in his 46th Canto, says—

"Il cavalier che tra lor viene e ch' elle
Onoran sì, s' io non ho l' occhio losco
Dalla luce offuscato de' bei volti
E 'l gran lume Aretin, l' unico Accolti."

Cassio da Narni is not less flattering in his testimony of Accolti:—

"Vedevasi poi l' unico Aretino
Un nuovo Orfeo, con la citra al collo
All' improviso un stil tanto divino
Che invidia gli ebbe non pochi anni Apollo."

The applause which Accolti received at the Court of Urban and afterwards of Leo the Tenth, was almost without example. When it was understood that he was going to recite, the shops in the neighbourhood were closed, crowds assembled to listen to him, and cardinals, ambassadors, and the most distinguished literati of Rome, were regular attendants. Pietro Bembo, in a letter to the Cardinal of St. Maria, 19th April 1516, furnishes other instances of this poet's ability, and throws some light upon his amours. He says he had lately heard from Accolti, who was still very assiduous in his attentions to a young lady with whom he had long been enamoured, that when he wrote he had the most encouraging prospect of success, for that she had desired him, when he next came, not to forget his lyre, and he doubted not that by its assistance he should be able to describe his passion in such glowing colours as would overcome the hesitation of his mistress. This certainly was turning the talent of improvisation to some account, but from the silence of Bembo it would appear, in this instance, that it was not successful.

The Conte Mazzuchelli, in his account of the Improvisatori of this age, makes particular mention of Aurelio Brandolini. He was the son of Matteo di Giorgio Brandolini, of a noble Florentine family, and when very young was afflicted with a defluxion in his eyes terminating in total blindness—a misfortune which acquired for him the name of Lippus, and which he beautifully deplores in a sonnet written when very young to Lorenzo de' Medici.

Risguarda alla mia cuca adolescenza,
Che in tenebrosa vita piango e scrivo
Com' uom che per via luce l' abbandona.

The fame of Aurelio's extraordinary talent soon reached the ears of Matthias Corvinus, King of Hungary, who at that time was making every exertion to attract men of letters, and particularly Italians, to his court. By this prince he was prevailed upon to leave Italy, and he seems to have enjoyed some lucrative employment in the University of Buda, founded by that prince. After the death of Matthias, he returned to Florence, and entered into the religious order of the Augustines, in which he became a distinguished preacher. Although blind, many cities in Italy witnessed the display of his talents from the pulpit, and the numerous testimonies of his contemporaries furnish abundant evidence of his success. His talent, however, in extemporaneous versification obtained for him a much greater celebrity than his oratorical powers, and from the account which Matteo Bosso sends of him from Verona to one Girolamo Campagnola, a citizen of Padua, he seems to

have possessed the power of treating the most intricate and difficult subjects with consummate ability.

"If I might be allowed the expression, (says Bosso), he yields not on the lute to Amphion or Apollo. Certainly he is superior to the most celebrated poets: their productions are the result of much labour and meditation, while in his recitations music and composition unite in instantaneous combination. It would be difficult for you to conceive the fertility of his imagination, the retentiveness of his memory, or the extraordinary felicity with which he adjusts the most elegant language to his beautiful conceptions. We read of Cyrus that he was able to recite the name of every soldier in his army; of Cineas, that the day after his arrival at Rome, ambassador from King Pyrrhus, he addressed by their own names all the senators and equestrians of that city; of Mithridates, that he spoke the language of twenty-two nations under his dominion: but surely all this bears no comparison to the wonderful powers of Brandolini. Before an immense concourse of the nobles and learned men, he versified with his lute in his hand upon every subject, and in every species of poetic metre which might be proposed. Being at length requested to celebrate the illustrious men to whom this city has given birth, he without a moment's hesitation and without pause or interruption, sang the praises of Catullus, Cornelius Nepos, and Pliny the Ancient, the pride and glory of Verona. But what is still more surprising, he ran over the natural history of Pliny, dividing it into thirty-seven books, and without passing over a single chapter or omitting any fact worthy of observation."

Brandolini's erudition, combined with his wonderful facility in displaying it, had rendered his name famous throughout Italy, and his acquaintance was courted by the most learned men and greatest princes of his age. At the express solicitation of that prince, he lived for some time at the Court of Ferdinand the Second, King of Naples, which city he afterwards left, and on his return to Rome, died of the plague in 1497.

The account which Bosso gives of Brandolini appears, indeed, to border on romance; and had we not indisputable proofs, in the writings of that poet, of his extensive learning and acquirements it would be difficult to believe so marvellous a tale. But to affect incredulity at this point and still proceed to the history of the next Improvisatore would be trifling with our readers.

Silvio Antoniano was born at Rome, in 1540, of an obscure family of Abruzzo. He made rapid progress in the studies which the scantiness of his parents' means enabled him to pursue, and at ten years of age could make verses upon any subject proposed; which, though pronounced *impromptu*, were not surpassed by poems of more elaborate preparation. On one occasion, at the table of the Cardinal of Pisa, Alexander Farnese taking a nosegay presented it to Silvio, desiring him to transfer it to him among the company, who, in his opinion, was most likely to be Pope. The youth, with a handsome eulogium, presented it to the Cardinal of Medicis. This Cardinal, who did afterwards actually become pope, under the title of Pius IV. was inclined to be displeased, supposing the whole a premeditated contrivance to amuse the company at his expense. The guests protested against this misinterpretation of the occurrence; and as the Cardinal still continued incredulous on the subject of the youth's ability, they requested him to make the experiment himself, and propose a subject for Silvio's amplification. Strada tells us, that while considering what theme to propose,

the clock in the hall happened to strike, and on the clock Silvio was desired to descant for the satisfaction of the Cardinal. The task was executed to the astonishment of the party, and the great increase of Silvio's reputation. The Duke of Ferrara, coming to Rome to congratulate Marcellus the Second on his being raised to the pontificate, was so charmed with the genius of Antoniano, that he carried him with him to Ferrara, and provided able masters to instruct him in all the sciences. He soon became acquainted with the literati of that city, and particularly with Ricci, whose letters concerning Silvio evince the warmest admiration and regard. It was at a *fête champêtre* given by Ricci, that Silvio displayed to most advantage his powers of extemporaneous versification, and we have the account of it from Ricci himself in a letter written to a friend of his, and to be found in his works :—

"After dinner," says Ricci, "Silviò sang and accompanied himself upon the lyre. He descanted upon the charms of social intercourse, and took occasion to praise the beauty of my villa, and the excellent system of cultivation which prevailed around it. Observing one of my guests anxious to leave the table, and hurrying to a house not far distant where his mistress lived, I whispered the circumstance to Silvio, who touched upon the lover's impatience with such exquisite humour and expression, that we were all amused beyond description. After some little conversation, Silvio resumed his lyre and continued to versify upon indifferent subjects. While still singing, a nightingale, attracted by the sweetness of his lyre, perched on a tree near the house, and when Silvio discontinued, relieved his silence by the enchanting melody of its notes, and seemed as if it had come to contest the palm of music with the Improvisatore. Silvio took the hint, and accommodating his verses to the occasion, complimented the little warbler in a strain of elegance and simplicity, which extorted applause from the most insensible of his hearers."

So far Ricci, whose testimony some of our readers will be inclined to class with that of Matteo Bosso, and charitably suppose that the inspiration of the Improvisatori had communicated itself to their friends, and that when they wrote their accounts, they considered themselves entitled to the license of poetry.

The next Improvisatore of whom we have any detailed account, is Bernardino Perfetti, who was born at Sienna in 1680, and whether we consider the testimonies of his contemporaries, or the honours by which his talents were rewarded, seems to have surpassed any of his predecessors. He was of a noble family and was educated with great care and attention. The old saying "Poeta nascitur, non fit," was strictly exemplified in him; for at the age of seven years he had composed some very passable sonnets and given proofs of his talents in improvisation, by occasional effusions, which, though not excellent, were still of a nature to create astonishment and admiration. About this time there lived at Sienna an Improvisatore named Benedetto Bindi, who enjoyed some local reputation, and was esteemed in that city for the elegance of his taste and the gracefulness of his elocution. On his recitations Perfetti was a constant attendant, and soon became enchanted with his art, and emulous of sharing the applause which he saw so lavishly bestowed. His first attempts were made in the presence of a few friends on whose judgment he could depend, and they unanimously advised the cultivation of a talent, the seeds of which appeared so plentifully sown by nature. On their recommendation he sat himself

down to a regular course of study, and convinced of the necessity of informing himself upon every subject, he resolved to be ignorant of nothing which he had time or opportunity to learn. The Abbé Fabroni says, that in his time there were several who declared that they never knew him to hesitate on a single subject, and particularly mentions an occasion, on which he elucidated a very intricate and difficult theological question, in extemporaneous verse, in so masterly a manner as to extort applause from many very eminent divines who were present. During his recitals he seemed transported by a supernatural energy; his gesture was so violent and his agitation so strong, as to leave him in a state of languor and exhaustion, from which he was with difficulty recovered. He could seldom conclude an argument without seeking refreshment in cooling draughts; and after an extraordinary effort sleep was for some nights a stranger to his pillow. Most Improvisatori consider it absolutely necessary to recite their effusions with a certain degree of rapidity, but with Perfetti words crowded so thick as to render it hardly possible for the person who accompanied on the guitar to follow him. The honour which had been almost miraculously rescued from pollution by Baraballo, was reserved for Perfetti, and the examination which preceded his coronation, furnished abundant evidence of the extent of his acquirements. He had gone to Rome in the suite of the Princess Violante of Bavaria, during the pontificate of Benedict the Fourteenth. This Pope, by no means an enthusiastic admirer of poetry himself, had received from all quarters so many assurances of the powers of Perfetti, that he resolved to subject him to a public examination. The questions appointed for this contest were confined to no particular science, but embraced a wide range in theology, physics, mathematics, jurisprudence, morals, poetry, medicine, &c. on all of which subjects he dilated in extemporaneous verse with such wonderful accuracy and ease, that it was unanimously decreed by the judges, who were sworn to well and truly try the Improvisatore, "Cæteras a Perfectio semper omnes illo autem die se ipsum a sese superatum." On the day appointed for the coronation, Perfetti seated in a magnificent chariot, drawn by six beautiful horses, and accompanied by an immense concourse of spectators, proceeded to the Capitol. He was received there by Maria Frangapani, senator of Rome, and president on this occasion, who, on placing the laurel-wreath upon his head, addressed him in the following words:—"Eximium hoc poeticæ laudis decus quod tuo capiti impono sub felicissimis auspiciis, D. N. Benedictæ Papæ 14, Eques egregie, sit publici non minus erga te studii argumentum quam obsequentissimi animi erga amplissimam et plane regiam benevolentiam quâ decoraris." The title of Roman Citizen was on this occasion conferred upon Perfetti; he was permitted to bear in addition to his family arms a crown of laurel; medals bearing his effigy were distributed at Rome, and the citizens of Sienna sent a deputation to compliment him and thank his Holiness for the honours he had received. But in the midst of so great a reputation, nothing was so remarkable as the unexampled modesty of Perfetti, who, though he enjoyed the highest distinction, never suffered a word to escape his lips indicative of a consciousness of superiority. On one occasion being complimented in the most flattering terms on his talent by Clement the

XIth, he is said to have replied. "Hoc quicquid est Dei munus est qui ut Balaam jumentam loquentem fecit, ita me poetam facere voluit; haud multum possumus, beatissime pater, in his gloriari quæ ab alio accepimus." This accomplished poet was carried off by an apopletic fit in 1747. All ranks of people crowded to his funeral, and over his tomb a large wreath of laurel was suspended.

Francesco Quasbrio, in his "Storia d'ogni Poesia," mentions several ladies distinguished for their talents in extemporaneous versification; as, Cecilia Micheli, Giovanni de Santi, Barbara di Corregio; of whom, however, he informs us of little but their names. But the most celebrated of all the Improvisatrici was, Maria Maddalena Fernandez, a native of Pistoia, born in the year 1740. In her infancy she gave the most unequivocal marks of uncommon genius, and at seventeen her acquirements in natural and moral philosophy were very extensive. At twenty she began to display that talent for extempore composition, by which she afterwards acquired so much celebrity. She married a Signor Morelli, a gentleman of Leghorn, but her conduct after marriage became extremely licentious, which however does not seem to have diminished the estimation in which she was held. The Emperor Francis I. offered her the place of female poet-laureat at his Court, which she accepted, and went to Vienna in 1765. At Vienna she wrote an epic poem and some volumes of lyric poetry, both of which she dedicated to the Empress Maria Theresa. She attract[illegible] the enthusiastic admiration of Metastasio, and very much propaga[illegible]d the taste for Italian poetry in the Austrian capital. In 1771, she settled at Rome, became a member "dell' Academia degl' Arcadi" under the name of "Corilla Olimpica," and for several years continued to charm the inhabitants of that city by her talents in improvisation. When Pius the VIth was raised to the Pontificate, he determined that she should be solemnly crowned, and an account of the ceremony may be found in a small work printed at Parma in 1779.* Twelve members of the Arcadi were selected to pronounce upon the merits of this tenth Muse, and three several days were allotted for the public exhibition of her poetical powers. The subjects on which she was expected to *improvisare*, were Sacred History, Metaphysics, Epic Poetry, Legislation, Eloquence, Mythology, and the Fine Arts. Among the examiners, appear a prince, an archbishop, the Pope's physician, *abati*, *avocati*, all of high rank in criticism and letters. These successively appointed subjects required, besides a readiness in all the measures of Italian poetry, reading and knowledge of almost every kind; and in every trial she acquitted herself to the astonishment and satisfaction of all the principal residents at Rome, among whom was his late Royal Highness the Duke of Gloucester. Innumerable sonnets, *canzoni*, *canzonette*, *terza rima*, *ottava*, &c. written upon this occasion, will be found in the narrative above referred to, of enthusiastic homage paid to female genius and acquirements. This renowned lady was no less

* The Italian title of this Narrative is "Atti della solenne Coronazione tutta in Campidoglio della insigne poetissa D'na Maria Maddalena Fernandez Morelli, Pistoise, tra gli Arcadi, Corilla Olimpica," published at Parma by Bodoni, 1779.

celebrated for her personal than her poetical charms. Her taste and talent as a musician, were likewise conspicuous. She sang her own poetry to simple tunes, and often accompanied herself on the violin, which she rested on her lap. At Florence, in 1770, she was accompanied on that instrument by Nardini, the well-known pupil of Tartini. Towards the close of 1780, she left Rome with the intention of passing the remainder of her days in retirement at Florence, nor did she practise her art much longer, conscious that youth and beauty had added charms to her performance which she could no longer hope to create. She died at Florence in 1800. Our readers may be here tempted to complain, that we have confined ourselves to a general account of the lives of the Improvisatori, and of the honours and reputation they have enjoyed, without giving any specimens of their productions. A little consideration, however, will convince them, that even were their poems of a nature to withstand the keen glance of deliberate criticism, the rapidity with which they are uttered would prevent the possibility of their collection. Poured forth at the impulse of the moment, and under the influence of an excitement over which the will can have but little control, the distinguishing characters of extempore compositions are rather bold and nervous figures, than correctness or precision. The very attempt to subject them to any but metrical restriction would require an intensity and coolness of consideration which is quite foreign to the spirit of an Improvisatore. The few who have aspired to immortality by giving stability to their imaginations, have uniformly failed in the attempt; but most of them have prudently abstained from the hazardous enterprize of publication. Improvisation is a talent rather natural than acquired, and is by no means so common in Italy as has been supposed. Among the peasantry, indeed, who breathed the pure and animating atmosphere of the north of Italy, before the ravages of the late war and the brutifying influence of German dulness had destroyed the energies of that interesting people, Improvisatori of merit might frequently be met; and it was no uncommon incident to a journey through Piedmont or the Venetian States to be overtaken by one who sang the legends of his native hills. But now-a-days these enlivening historians, the very soul of whose poetry was a wildness like that of their mountain breezes, have been hushed by the Austrian authorities, who fear that in the fervour of their own emotions, they might be led to contrast the happiness which their traditionary tales pourtray, with the oppression under which

> Yoked with the brutes and fettered to the soil,

they are now condemned to consume.

A

AN HORATIAN ODE TO THE YACHT OF A GREAT CIVIC CHARACTER,*

Recently returned from the Mediterranean.

———tu, nisi ventis
Debes ludibrium, cave,
Nuper sollicitum que mihi tedium,
Nunc desiderium, curaque non levis.— HOR.

IMMORTAL bark! once more I hail
From Blackwall-shore thy well-known sail,
As at the Gun† I stand,
And see thee in thy vent'rous pride
Float, like a porpoise on the tide,
Toward the civic strand.

Safe hast thou brought to Ramsgate Pier
Thy precious freight, from danger clear,
And horrors of the sea!
Audacious vessel! Walcheren
Long since confessed thy prowess,—when
Thou sail'dst with Castlereagh: ‡

When his great expedition, plann'd
Against Mynheer's mephitic land,
His genius proved and skill
In statesmanlike affairs—and now
Far to the South thy daring prow
Achieves fresh triumphs still.

And thou hast cross'd the dangerous bay,
Bold ship! that sailors call Biscay,
Unfathomably deep;
Where navies roll from left to right,
Till cooks can keep no fires alight,
And nothing do but sleep.

Old Elliot's rock thou anchor'dst by,
Where sons of Spanish liberty
Had fled, with want afflicted:
And some believed thy chest profound
Relieved them with a thousand pound,§
Until 'twas contradicted.

For Malta spread thy daring sail,
Undaunted by the Libyan gale,
Its breath with red heat blended;
Thou dared'st the Corsair's bloody flag,
Nor saw'st thy noble ardour lag,
Till turtle was expended.

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* The writer was shewn a vessel said to be the modern "Argo." His informant might have been mistaken, but it is enough that the poet had faith as to the identity.

† The Gun Tavern.

‡ A voyage famous in a parody on "Black-eyed Susan," said to have been written by the Rev. S. S——.

§ *Pound* for the rhime's sake—this donation was stated in the newspapers, an afterwards contradicted. It might have been best answered by a line of Mr. Canning's parody on Dr. Southey's Sapphics—"I give thee sixpence?" &c. &c. *Vide* Anti-jacobin Review for the rest of that excellent *jeu d'esprit.*

Yes, thou hast cut the Tyrrhene wave,
And seen the clear blue ocean lave
The foot of Ætna tall;
Pass'd luscious Capri to the bay
Where hot Vesuvius steams away,
With kitchen like Guildhall.

At Naples almost famine-struck,
Sans flesh, or fish, or egg, or duck,
Thou wert in starving plight;
But thy high fortune conquer'd all,
On the same shore where Hannibal
Found his had taken flight.

Where maccaroni, rich and rare
Is spun amid the open air,
Like cord is twined and thrown,—
And wine of tears * makes glad the soul,—
And kings of spotless faith control
With Austrian slaves their own.

Doubtless thy skipper went to court;
'Tis a fine clime for kilted sport,
For philibeg and dirk:
The ladies, too, regard "us youth;"†
Their eyes and busts are fine in truth,
But skins a little mirk.

No more of Anson, Parry, Cook,
Shall now be read in history's book,—
Of these let fame be dumb;
Thou, gastronomic bark, shalt claim
More sterling honours for thy name
When city dinners come:

Thou shalt be toasted three times three
By collar'd Aldermen, and see
Thy master, "'fore the King,"
Relating all his perils past,
His hairbreadth 'scapes from rock and blast,
His short provisioning.

Accept from me this little lay,—
Bards have but compliments to pay,
Cheap though such off'rings be;
May time long see thee riding brave,
Well stored, well cellar'd, on the wave,—
The tavern of the sea.

And when (for Argonauts must fall)
Thy seams are opening, one and all,
And thou must quit thy station,
May'st thou be changed to tables strong,
And joy beneath the feast and song
Of London's Corporation! J.

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* Lachymæ Christi. † Query—Shakspeare?

PROPOSALS FOR SETTING FIRE TO PATERNOSTER ROW.

Quas tu dixisti nugas, non esse putasti;
Non dico nugas esse, sed esse puto.

"Young folks talk of what they are doing, old ones of what they have done, fools of what they wish to do;"—it's unfortunately true, and still more unfortunate that I must include myself in the latter class; for here have I been *wishing*, during a whole rainy morning, to write a paper for the New Monthly, and threatening most fiercely to perform it the moment I could hit upon a subject. With this, however, I still remain as unprovided as the ex-Emperor Iturbide, or any of the ejected majesties of Napoleon's family, most of whom have nevertheless been recently writing and publishing, and I begin to think it perfectly unnecessary to make any such provision before one sits down to compose either an essay or a book. Committing one's thoughts to paper is a favourite phrase with many writers, who are merely transcribing the thoughts of others, or evincing the total want of any such progeny of the brain in their own persons. Literary highwaymen of the former class sometimes wear a crape to prevent detection; sometimes, as Sheridan says, they alter and disfigure their plagiarisms to avoid discovery, like gipsies who disguise their stolen children to make them pass for their own; and he might have added that when they take hold of them by the wrong end, and drag them willy-nilly into the empty chambers of their brain, they are like Cacus who served the herd of Hercules in the same way, that they might appear to have issued from his den, instead of having been purloined and forced into it. Every body knows that extempores require a good deal of deliberation, but it is not so generally understood that the most profound writing is best executed when it is entirely unpremeditated. There are shoals of thoughts, as of fish, which lie upon the surface ready to fill our nets at the first hawl; while, if we sink our tackle deeper we shall probably bring up nothing but sand, and sea-weed, or something even "vilior algâ." Besides, we cannot plunge them so low without a good many leaden weights, dangerous accessories to a writer, who may be carried by them down to the waters of oblivion, which, as every body knows who has read Sadak and Kalasrade, are not to be tasted without death.

If one's own nonsense be not better than another man's sense, it is at least more original—no mean praise in this golden age of plagiarism. If Horace could exclaim against the servile crew of imitators—Heavens! how would he now ejaculate and apostrophise, when the human faculties remaining the same, and the field in which they are to be exercised unenlarged, the number of competitors is increased a thousand-fold, until the writers threaten to exceed the readers! Well might Champfort assert that the greater portion of modern books have the air of being written in the morning, with the assistance of those read on the previous afternoon. What are termed original communications are the last new combination from old materials, and our profound writers are like mirrors which merely reflect the images of others. A pond is not the less shallow because a mountain seems to be inverted in its bosom, nor is the page the deeper or the more powerful, because the literary giants of antiquity may be made to figure upon its surface.

Our present enormous mass of publication could never exist but that one half generates and supports the other, throwing out fresh props as it enlarges itself, like the sacred tree of India. One book affords nourishment to fifty, or five hundred magazines and reviews, from which, in due time, some diligent gleaner collects materials for a new work and a new host of reviewers; so that we keep fulfilling the squirrel's circle, always going on and making a mighty clatter in our little cage, but never advancing. It is so much easier to review books than to write them, to detect faults than to avoid them, to compare than to invent, that it is probable the critical system will continue expanding until it becomes a disease, a monstrous wen, which the body of our literature may for a certain term nourish and enlarge, but which ultimately will, in the intellectual, as in the human subject, finish by destroying its supporter.

It is ridiculous to expect originality; presumptuous to claim it. What! has the world existed for six thousand years, and are Simpkins or Jinkins to hit upon a bright thought which escaped the penetration of Socrates and Plato, and every individual of those innumerable generations, whose wits have been fermenting and cogitating since the days of Adam! Now and then, indeed, we may recover something that has been long lost, and of which we cannot ascertain the original owner, but we are no more its authors than we are the coiners of the shilling which we may accidentally pick up at Charing-cross. Like old-clothes-men our minds can only dabble in what our predecessors have worn and thrown away; our rarest originalities have once been common-places, our novelties were antiquities to our ancestors. We learn something that time has forgotten, and then demand a patent of invention and discovery. The world is a round robin ending where it begins. Cities are built of the ruins of cities, one generation of human bodies fattens the earth for the sustenance of the next, and their minds follow the same course; yet cities, bodies, and minds, are pretty much what they were three thousand years ago. Our mental stature is as unchangeable as our corporeal. In the early ages there were Titans in both, for men were measured after death by their exploits when living; and when the sun of history and literature was only rising, a little hero or a diminutive mind might cast a very long shadow, and of course afford a very fallacious standard. In our present meridian days we are reduced to our proper level, and it is nearly a permanent one. Time must laugh in his sleeve when he sees us strutting in our borrowed plumes, piquing ourselves upon our stale originalities, and fancying ourselves very bright-eyed, because we have lost sight of old knowledge so long, that when we stumble upon it we mistake it for new.

Thrice happy the author who lived soon after the Caliph Omar, when books were scarce, and nearly all that existed were destroyed in the Alexandrian library! If any critic presumed to twit him with plagiarism, he would dare him to prove his assertion, and in the impossibility of compliance insist upon his recalling it. Commentators have remarked that the reviewers of this period were more than usually foul-mouthed, arising probably from the great number who had been thus compelled to eat their own words. Like the *Gentilhomme Bourgeois* of Molière, who had been speaking prose all his life without dreaming of his cleverness, every writer of this enviable period became suddenly

original without even suspecting the fact. To whom was he to be traced? The books that might convict him had warmed the Turkish baths, been converted into smoke and vapour, and ascended into the skies to rejoin their authors. No fear of his suffering the fate of the modern, who pathetically complained that Shakspeare had said all his good things before him. He stepped down into a field of literature, unplucked, unploughed, untrodden; and whether he collected weeds, thistles, or flowers, every body was ready to exclaim, "O what a rare posy!" Authors at that fortunate epoch were, like the followers of Columbus, invading the New World, who had nothing to do but to pick up the treasures beneath their feet, until the poorest soldier became suddenly enriched. The first literary foragers soon robbed nature of every thing she had to offer, and we must either pilfer from them or pluck one another, unless we embrace the easy alternative which some have chosen—that of being *un*natural. Though reason is exhausted, folly may still be original—a hint which we moderns should most seriously perpend. He who wishes to confer a benefit upon the existing generation should discover some process for accelerating oblivion. Instead of writing that they may be read, men read that they may write; and as the perusers have all access to the same fountains, they seem to be perpetually drinking the same beverage through different diluters. Folks now-a-days write faster than we can forget, nay, there are some who even scribble more rapidly than we can read. To him who is fond of books a good memory is the wand of Sancho Panza's physician, which whisked away the taste of every thing that might have been most grateful to his palate. Who has not often wished to forget some former feast of reason that he might enjoy a new banquet? Who has not often envied youth, or even mature ignorance, when he sees them devouring for the first time Don Quixote or Gil Blas? Magliabechi was not only conversant with the contents of every volume in the immense library of which he was the guardian, but could indicate its exact position amid the numerous shelves. Reading was his sole delight, and yet he was obliged to abandon it because he could meet with nothing new, and could no longer interest his head in that which he knew by heart. Could he have decompounded this immense mass of literature, and condensed it into its first elements, it is possible that all the generations of human minds as well as of their bodies might be traced back and limited to one original man and one original volume.

To a certain extent we are all in the melancholy situation of Magliabechi. We have arrived at a crisis from which we can only escape by some desperate expedient, and as none seems more effectual or practicable than that adopted by the provident Caliph Omar, I would respectfully submit to the public the propriety of calling a general meeting—"To consider the wisdom, in the present alarming state of our literature, of a general book-combustion, to be commenced by setting fire to Paternoster Row."—This would be attacking the enemy in his head-quarters: the public and private libraries might subsequently be piled up in Smithfield or other appointed ustrinæ, and a day be proclaimed for their indiscriminate cremation. Heavy fines should be imposed for secreting a single volume, but as no evil could result from the conservation of such books as are never read, it may be right to

make a special exception in favour of the Roxburgh Club, the reprints of the Archaica, Heliconia, and other collections of scarce rubbish. The author of this proposition, who knows the exact value of his productions, would willingly throw himself into the fire, (in print,) like a second Curtius, for the good of his country, an example which he trusts would not be lost upon his brethren. After having suffered our minds to lie fallow for a reasonable time, we should then all start fair, readers as well as writers, to enjoy a new youth of intellect, and luxuriate in the fresh bloom and May-day blossoming of an untrodden Parnassus. We should be like the Argonauts of the early world, who encountered some enchanting vision or supernatural beauty at every step they took. Unhaunted by literary reminiscences, we should realise the averment that "men are but children of a larger growth," and plunge into the pages of the poet with all the raciness and enthusiasm of our boyhood.

Make ready then, ye patriotic authors—present your works with alacrity—and hesitate not when the command is given—*to fire!*

H.

LONDON LYRICS.

A Pair of Ear-rings.

HAPPY the man in music nursed!
  Toward Phœbus' Temple beckoned;
He lets some fair one sing the first
  And takes at sight the second.

Not mine that tuneful height to gain,
  And yet, to stem disaster,
Methought I might, by care and pain,
  Some few duettos master.

Kate, fair preceptress, taught me well,
  By dint of toil, to bellow
A second to Mozart's "Crudel,"
  And Mayer's "Vecchierello."

Push'd on by her assiduous aid,
  In strains not much like Banti,
Through "Con un Aria" next I strayed,
  Composed by Fioravanti.

Thus taught my tuneful part to bear,
  To Kate, assiduous girl,
In courtesy I sent a pair
  Of ear-rings, deck'd with pearl.

My Mercury to Kate's abode
  On agile pinions flew,
And fleetly by the self-same road
  Brought back this billet-doux :—

"A boon like this, dear Sir, appears
  The best you can bestow :
'Tis fit you decorate my ears—
  You 've *bored* them long ago."

CHARACTERISTIC EPISTLES.—NO. II.

From the Collection of an Amateur.

As we ventured to express our opinions in regard to letters generally, in the introductory remarks to the first number of these papers, we shall, in this and the subsequent ones, indulge ourselves in little more than a few prefatory words on each specimen, as we present it for perusal; for, if we are for once pretty confident in our expectations of affording amusement to the reader by the matter we shall offer to him, our confidence arises from the certainty that what we are presenting is, in every instance, the genuine and unalloyed effusion of the heart and mind from which it proceeded; that it is always written with perfect *good faith*—a sentence which can be scarcely pronounced of any thing that was ever yet written expressly for the public eye. We shall venture, also, to linger a little longer among the theatrical letters; because this subject is at all times one of almost universal interest; and because, moreover, it is capable of taking a firmer and more effective hold of the mind, for the time being, than most others, and is consequently calculated to produce more *characteristic* results.

The first specimen we shall present may be accepted as one of the most compendious examples of amateur criticism that has lately been penned. The critical acumen displayed throughout is scarcely surpassed by that of "my Grandmother's Review" on similar matters; the happiness of the various epithets is perfect; and the modesty of the critic in preserving a strict anonyme, cannot be too much admired!—What, too, can be more conclusive than the reason he gives why tragedy is sometimes "too deep"—viz. that the heart is seldom sufficiently "loaded with sorrow" to be able to bear so great an *additional* load? And what, in fine, can be more delicate, and at the same time decisive, than the distinction that he draws between tragedy and comedy—viz. that the one is "quite the reverse" of the other?

To Charles Mathews, Esq.
Comedian.

London, April 18, 1818.

Sir,—I am very sorry to hear that you have been indisposed, but hope it will not be for a long continuance, and hope you will soon be able to honor the public with your company—which has met with unbounded applause. I had rather go three miles out of my way to see you—which I shall do if you appear on Saturday. Not even the stalking Hamlet or the deep and loving Romeo and Juliet, or the great Kemble or the mighty Kean, should debar me from a glimpse of yourself. Little as you may think of what I write to you in this letter, I can assure you all I write is true even to my very heart. In becoming a spectator of Romeo and Juliet, which I once saw, and in which Miss O'Neil performed Juliet and Mr. C. Kemble Romeo, it appeared a well-written tragedy, but almost too deep unless the heart is naturally loaded with sorrow. Unless a man is a deep *studiosum* he cannot enjoy such a scene as Romeo and Juliet. The dirge is the most impressive and likewise the most pleasant. Now, on the other hand, a comedy pleases—and not only so, but 'tis quite the reverse to tragedy of course.

Teasing made Easy I thought was very entertaining and at the same time instructing—light and not burthensome—jocular and witty. The *Actor of all Work* was well acted—superior to any thing exhibited at this present time. Mackbeth may be reckoned as being one of the finest and at the same time deepest of Shakespear's tragedy—so likewise Richard 3rd and Coriolanus. I have read all these tragedys twice through, to which may be added Julius

Caesar. These are the finest specimens of dramatic literature which perhaps this great world may ever produce. But still at the same time I prefer comedy, and then tragedy, but not always for tragic. I should not wish to see a tragedy more than one dozen times in a season, and comedy as often as you please, provided you acted in it. Now I close this short letter—wishing you better health, and hope this indisposition is better.

I remain,

Yours, &c.

An Admirer.

Excuse this scrawl.

At your next appearance after your indisposition I mean to attend.

Our next specimen has the merit of brevity, at least. It is impossible for any thing to be much more literal and to the purpose. Seriously, the first of these characteristics is not a little curious, with reference to the natural deficiencies of the writer.

Sir,—I am a salamander. Do you want me to perform at this theatre for some nights? I am deaf and dumb, and much able to read and write, &c. I can resist the power of heat (more) than the female salamander.

We shall, as in duty bound, be somewhat tender of the reputations of professed authors (and especially of distressed ones) in these extracts—holding, as we do, that it is hardly fair to expose them to the public view *en deshabille.* But the " improvident disciple of the Muses," who writes the following, is evidently almost as much knave as fool, and certainly will not thank us for our tenderness towards him even in omitting his name—if indeed he is still alive to recognise his own effusion. He seems to have despatched an epistle of a similar kind with the following to all the principal London performers on their arrival in Dublin: for we meet with others in this collection.

" To Mrs. Edwin.

Madam,—The bearer of this—(an improvident disciple of the Muses) as eccentric as the celebrated Edwin himself in his own doggrel line—though rendered gloomy by adversity as a weeping mourner of Melpomene—untill exhilarated by the staggering God from the fountain of humour—is come to beg your mite to enable him to bring forward a small production of a fanciful imagination, in which his generous patronisers shall have honourable mention. He is, Madam,

Your necessitous bard, to command

W. R. O'C——

While Thalia in your breast resides within,
To support the name of famed Edwin,
To a forlorn bard your timely succour yield
As Savage gain'd relief from famed Oldfield;—
Who, though descended from a race of lords,
Plays could write, but never trod the boards.
Though on the stage not gifted well to shine,
His misfortune was not more bitter mark'd than mine.
And why this affinity I truly claim,
A Crispin bard, his trade and mine the same.
And while Johnson made him immortal be,
Come now your benevolence let me see!

We shall now present the reader with two or three epistles from aspirants after theatrical fame. For our own parts, we cannot help perceiving something deeply interesting and even pathetic in these letters.

The writers of them (particularly of the first) are evidently the victims of a hopeless passion. And whenever this is the case, a well-constituted mind can no more withhold its serious and sincere sympathy, than it can, in cases like the present, forbear to smile while it accords it.—In the first of these letters, the reader will not fail to detect the most unaffected diffidence and modesty struggling with an all-absorbing desire—a desire that the writer dare not encourage, and yet cannot repress. She alludes, at the end, to the combat she has had with her feelings, before she could persuade herself to take the step of making her wishes known; that her struggle was a severe one is proved by the tears which have evidently been shed over the paper as she wrote. She is perfectly sincere, too, in thinking that her motive in wishing to act points at the service of others, not the gratification of herself. It was lucky for the "prior engagement" she alludes to, that Mr. Trotter did not offer her one in his company—for if he had, it would have puzzled Love himself to forge a chain that would have held her from accepting it.

Sir,—I hope my motive for writing will plead my excuse for the liberty I take. The young woman who now addresses you, Sir, presumes to offer you her service to perform at any time you may think proper to request her to attend while she remains in Brighton. She has no other motive than that of serving Mr. Trotter or any of his performers whose, benefits are not already past. She has never given any proof of her abilities in public only by atracting the attension of the managers of the taunton and exeter theatres—at that time I ceartinly had a great wish to join them had I not been prevented by my friends—and I should be happy in a situation now as an actress if a prior engagement did not render it impossible.

The name of a stranger performing will no doubt be the means of gaining a few more than would otherwise attend—if so, believe me, Sir, my object will be gained. The favour of an answer is required if you please. Very possible, Sir, it would be satisfactory for you to speak to me in person. If so my lodging is at 43 West Clift, and to enquire for Miss ——— ; at any hour I may be found until the evening—at which time I shall be at the theatre with a party of friends.—I must again beg pardon for this liberty, Sir, I can asure you I never had a more severe combat with my feelings than on the present occasion.

With profound respect,
I am your very humbel servant,
A. C———.

The next is remarkable chiefly for the state of mental cultivation which it exhibits, in connexion with the desire to be "a Tragic Performer." The writer is evidently in the very lowest state of mingled ignorance and fatuity; but he sees no reason on earth why this should prevent him from embodying the characters of Cæsar, of Hamlet, or of Coriolanus. It is singular that, while the ambition of the half-cultivated mind, when it does run riot, never bounds itself by less than the idea of *being* a king or a hero,—that of the mere vulgar never flies at higher game than that of *acting* these parts.

Mr. Smith, Surray Theatre.

Sir,—It is my inclanation to be a tragic Performer could i sir be so happy as to meet with your approbacion. Sir I hope, and trust, i shall not be wantin In a Gratefull Heart. Sir, Salary is not so much a object at present. Sir it is all my inclanations And nothing can i settle my mind upon. Sir i have att last obtained free concent of my parants to pursue my Hearts desire. Sir

I am aware of my tender age and shallow Facculties. If i am approved O it shall be my constant endeavours to cultivate that Blessing that God hath bestowed upon me? I remain your most obedient
Most Humble Servant &c. &c.
W. J. E.

The next is short and summary enough to speak for itself.

T. Dibdin Esq. T. R. D. L.

Sir,—I take the liberty as I have apartickler desier to git on the stage if you wod grant me the faver of speakin a word or too you will oblige
Your humble Sirvent
M. M.

There is no profession the members of which excite so intimate a sense of personal interest in the breasts of strangers as public performers do—not even popular preachers. We long to do them little acts of kindness; and can scarcely help stopping to enquire after their health when we meet them in the street; which is more than we are always disposed to do in regard to our most intimate acquaintance. Perhaps the following short letter exhibits a stronger proof of this than any thing else that could be adduced. How long might any of *us* walk up and down Bond-street with a dish-clout pinned to our skirts, before any of the passers-by would shew good-nature enough to point out to us the cause of the ridicule we were exciting! And yet here is a stranger—and he a *police-officer* too—who takes the trouble to write a note on wire-wove and gilt edged paper, to make Mr. Mathews acquainted with a little mishap, which probably none but his eye discovered the effects of, and which none would have cared a pin about if they had!—The reader may smile when we say so, but really we never remember to have met with a more delicate and unequivocal instance of good-nature.

To Charles Mathews, Esq.

Sir,—I take leave to mention that I observed, in the midst of my delight with your exhibition last night, that some of the stitches about the left arm-pit of your blue body-coat had sprung, and your shirt appeared through the opening, and which may escape your eye before Saturday evening.

Hoping you will excuse this liberty, I remain respectfully,
Sir, your most obedient and faithful servant,
J. H. Superintendant of Police.

The following exhibits a scarcely less gratuitous act of good-natured simplicity, by which the writer evidently thinks that he may be the humble means of serving *two* very deserving persons at once, viz. Mr. Mathews, and George the Fourth!

Sir,—Permit me to say I heartily joined in the universal pleasure you afforded the audience on Tuesday evening in your description of what passes at a race-course. The effect so operated on my imagination and the conception so naturally conveyed, that poetry or painting could not have given a more decisive idea to those who have not been present at the real life. There is one thing which forcibly struck upon my mind, which I hope you will excuse me in suggesting to you, which I humbly think would be of advantage to yourself and tend to give great interest to the description, as well as the loyal part of the audience! viz. to introduce the advancement of his majesty's equipage in the distance, and his arrival at the royal stand full of healthy looks and the pleasure he enjoys in such sports. This with your abilities would draw down thunders of applause! Your obedient servant,
J. F——.

If we were not able to assure the reader that these letters bear the real names and addresses of the writers, he might reasonably doubt of their being written in serious simplicity of heart, and good faith. We may perhaps be excused for repeating that he cannot too constantly bear this in mind in perusing what we present to him; since it is on *this* chiefly that we found our hope of affording him mingled instruction and amusement.

The reader has, no doubt, heard of plays being performed "by particular desire;" but probably he never had an opportunity of perusing any of the documents in which "desires" of this nature are expressed. We shall therefore present him with one, which, we will venture to say, is *not* unique in its kind; though undoubtedly the preservation and printing of such an epistle *is* a unique proceeding hitherto. The truth is, many such a letter as this has been written and sent; but they have happened to fall into the hands of readers who were ignorant and vulgar enough to see nothing in them but ignorance and vulgarity, and who therefore flung them into the fire after perusing the first line. *Our* readers are not of this cast; *they* know that nothing is vulgar but pretence and affectation; and that as for ignorance—it is at least as interesting a study in the eyes of the wise as wisdom and learning themselves. For ourselves, as caterers on this occasion, we must be allowed to say, that there is something inexpressibly delightful in perusing the following epistle. It half restores those days "of glory in the grass, of splendour in the flower"—those days of delight we hardly dare to think how long gone by—when *we* too, like the writer of this letter, could look forward for a whole fortnight beforehand to the hour that was to bring the great curtain of a theatre before our sight—and could, when that hour came, sit with a kind of watchful patience, waiting for the "*something* very noble, grand, merry, or serious," (no matter what) which was presently to be disclosed to us from behind that green mystery; and could, when the pageant came, laugh, or wonder, or weep, by the week together, if that might have been, without once feeling that there was "a world elsewhere," or wishing to be any thing but quiet spectators of *that* which was before us! Alas! we have learned better now—and think it no small sacrifice to put up with a chop for an early dinner, in order that we may get to the theatre towards the end of the first act because we would not lose our places, and occupy them listlessly till towards the end of the last act, because we *must* see "the new piece!" What, in a word, would not most of our London play-goers give for the feelings which dictated the following letter!

To Mr. Hindes, Manager of the Theatre, Norwich.

Monday, January 20, 1817.

Mr. Hindes is very respectfully asked to perform something very noble, grand, merry, or serious, on Saturday week, February 1st, and the writers of this letter will esteem it an unspeakable favour—who will send in due time for places in the boxes, and have for many years attended Mr. Hindes's theatre—and those plays which we last saw are the following—the Iron Chest, Catherine and Petricho, Gymannering, Brother and Sister, a Chip of the Old Block, and the petite comedy of Is he Jealous—and in consequence of the same we trust Mr. Hindes will favour us with different pieces on the evening in question—and such as Mr. Hindes fix upon he may express it in the newspaper that it is *by particular desire.* We doubt Mr. Mathews from

Covent-garden Theatre will leave Norwich before Saturday week. As I pass thro' long Stratton I shall pay the post of this letter there—begging (at the present) to be excused for not mentioning my name, being Sir,

Your frequent visitors, M— P—. H— P—.

P. S. If Mr. H. fix upon some delightful pieces he may see it expedient to have them asserted in next friday's paper, and then very likely the public will come forward to your witnessing a crouded house. It certainly is in the power of Mr. H. to perform something of a superior nature. The Opera of Penelope is very fine, and there is Murry's comedy of Know your own Mind.

I am not perfect in directing this scrall, but hope it will reach you safe. I was at your benefit at the last Bury fair, Oct. 30, 1816.

May the giver of all pleasure grant health, liberty, and the like on the above evening, and to all us at other periods also. The play of Cato and —— are said to be very fine; but I never see them nor the other two neither.

The following we shall permit to speak for itself, lest, in endeavouring to point out its merits, we should be inadvertently led to aid and abet the objects of the writer. Not that we have any thing to say against puffing, provided it be performed in a spirited and straitforward manner. Accordingly, we have a kind of respect for a certain impudent expender of *whiting* upon *blacking*, and should be willing to make his fortune at once by letting his name grace our pages gratis, on certain conditions, which shall at present be nameless! for if Lord Byron was not angry at being accused of assisting in such an object, why should we? But the writer of the following (every vestige of whose name and address we shall carefully expunge) goes to work in a pettyfogging manner that we cannot patronize.

To Mr. Mathews.

Dear Sir,—Actuated by the same 'strange propensity' as yourself, namely, 'rising in the world,' but not I confess aspiring to the reputation in my business that you have arrived at as an actor, and by which you are rendered inimitable if not immortal; and being a great admirer of your extraordinary abilities, I intend doing myself the pleasure of paying you a visit when you are 'At Home' on Thursday next; and if you will do me the honour to introduce in the course of your highly interesting performance a pinch of a new snuff that I have just made, and which has never yet been sold to any one, I shall feel much obliged.

Perhaps, Sir, you recollect an anecdote of your predecessor the immortal Garrick. That gentleman was the means of introducing the *now* renowned snuff called 'Hardham's 37,' in a farce of his own, and in the following way, viz. 'I shall take a pinch of Hardham's 37, it certainly is the best snuff I ever tasted, and the man that makes it lives at ——.'

Should I be so fortunate as to gain your approval by what I have made, and you will introduce it in a similar, or any way you please, I have no doubt my fortune's made. I can assure you that it is *something new.*

I have the honour to be, Sir,

Your obedient humble servant,

—— ——.

We shall now close our "Elegant Extracts" for this month, by offering two letters that richly deserve, if ever any thing did, the epithet of "*characteristic*:" for if there be such a thing as drawing one's own portrait without knowing it, that has been done with a most masterly (or perhaps we should rather say *mistressly*) hand, in the following pen and ink sketches. As the artist is happily very far from being "no more," we shall not affix her name to the fac-similes we are about to

strike off for the gratification of public curiosity. So that, *unless* she has been strikingly correct in her likeness, she cannot complain of us for exposing her effigy to view; and *if* she has been correct, she can still less complain of us for multiplying copies from the original which she herself so willingly furnished. *Au reste*, we know nothing whatever of this lady but what she herself has thought proper to expose to the world; and (not being critics) should never have discovered that she was incomparably the worst actress of her day, if she had not insisted on passing for incomparably the best. Be it expressly remembered, too, that if she keeps her own counsel in regard to these letters, she may continue to preserve that strict incognito under which we shall leave her; for we may defy the uninformed reader to guess *who* it is among those he is acquainted with that would express themselves as follows:—

My dear Sir,—I dare say you have offered what you can afford, but I cannot afford to take it. I have had better terms than you offer me even as a provincial actress only. Intrinsically I am worth as much as Mr. Kean or Miss O'Neil; but at the same time I am aware that coming out in Drury-lane so late in the season, and the untoward circumstances of the theatre altogether, have prevented me from being of that value which (please God) next summer in all probability I shall be. Yet I have done enough for you to make a good account of me if you manage well. If you will guarantee the two benefits shall produce me 120*l.* well, I will be with you. If you cannot afford the risk of entering into this bond, I cannot expect that you should agree to it. But I cannot afford to hazard my time upon total uncertainty, as I do not play from love of *acting*, but miser-like, for cash. I can make out a good benefit bill. A play of my own, called ——, and a farce in which I personate five or six characters with several songs. That there may not be any 'rubs or blotches in the way,' and that I may not deal unfairly by you—if I am not attractive—if I do not draw you money—(and if they are not stupid as dormice I will rouse them if it is possible—and when I have started the game, if you do not pursue the chase why you are a bad sportsman) why then the two benefits may be rated at 80 or 100 *my share.* If the two nights produce *more* than the sums I mention, of course it appertains to my advantage. As it now stands in your proposal I think it would be better to play four nights a week—as you will wish for comedy. I can bear the fatigue of four nights, and it of course will lighten my domestic expences. Do you wish to play Bellamira? I do not like the part. She seems to me on perusal a raving Bedlamite—where the modesty of nature is completely violated.

I have the honour to be,
Dear Sir,
Your obedient,
——.

To T—— T——, Esq.
June 18.

"June 19.

My dear Sir,—I am a tragedy actress, but I really in my heart love fun. There is a whimsicality in your letter that pleases me, and (*win* or *lose*) please God I will be with you on your present proposition, viz. five nights at Brighton—the last my own night—a clear half of the house—and four at Worthing—the fourth my own. I will give you the whole strength and force of my talent and spirit. You give me all the consequence that in these cases are given, where a London constellation comes down to glitter (sometimes with *a false glare*) over those who may be less fortunate but not always less worthy than themselves. Miss O'Neil came to a prosperous house, and therefore all went well with her. I came in support of a falling ruin; and as I am not an *Atlas*, why I have been obliged to be—*a woman.* I play Lady Macbeth on Monday—my last appearance this season; so I may now make

my own arrangements. Let me know when you wish me to be with you, and I will arrange accordingly. Let me know soon as you can whether you want me by the fifteenth of July. I had rather not *open* the theatre if you can avoid it. Let Imogine be my first character. Will there be time for the MS. play I mentioned to be got up for my night if I play the four nights in one week? I send this off immediately on the receipt of your's—uncertain if you will get it to-night, as I have not a messenger. But I suppose these letters will be forwarded to you at Gravesend. I shall feel obliged by hearing from you as to the time, as I have some *literary* arrangements to make that I am pledged for the finishing of in a stated time.

I have the honour to be,
Sir, your obedient,
————.

TROUBADOUR SONG.

The Captive Knight.

'Twas a trumpet's pealing sound!
And the Knight look'd down from the Paynim's tower,
And a Christian host, in its pride and power,
Through the pass beneath him wound.
Cease awhile, clarion! clarion wild and shrill,
Cease! let them hear the captive's voice,—be still!

"I knew 'twas a trumpet's note!
And I see my brethren's lances gleam,
And their pennons wave, by the mountain-stream,
And their plumes to the glad wind float!
Cease awhile, clarion! clarion wild and shrill,
Cease! let them hear the captive's voice,—be still!

"I am here, with my heavy chain!
And I look on a torrent, sweeping by,
And an eagle, rushing to the sky,
And a host, to its battle-plain!
Cease awhile, clarion! clarion wild and shrill,
Cease! let them hear the captive's voice,—be still!

"Must I pine in my fetters here?
With the wild wave's foam, and the free bird's flight,
And the tall spears glancing on my sight,
And the trumpet in mine ear?
Cease awhile, clarion! clarion wild and shrill,
Cease! let them hear the captive's voice,—be still!

"They are gone! they have all pass'd by!
They in whose wars I had borne my part,
They that I loved with a brother's heart,
They have left me here to die!
Sound again, clarion! clarion, pour thy blast!
Sound! for the captive's dream of hope is past!"

F. H.

AUTHORESSES AND AUTOGRAPHS.—NO. I.

The Nineteenth Century has almost completed its first cycle, and is already marked by a character and physiognomy which distinguish it from its predecessors. Within the last fifty years various circumstances have conspired to the expansion of intellect. Wealth, luxury, and cultivation have excited the mental powers to intense and unremitted activity. A magnificent domain is added to science—the splendid discoveries of chemistry, the electric wand, the pneumatic tube have in a manner conferred on man supplemental faculties, nor has the march of political events been less favourable to the developement of the public mind. Revolutions have broken the barriers of prescriptive systems, important truths are now familiar to the ordinary understanding which were once perceived only by the philosophic eye (even the course of time seems to have been accelerated), and such is the rapid circulation of ideas among us at present, that in some respects we might imagine centuries to have elapsed from the era of Bishop Burnet, and his polite contemporaries, few of whom would probably feel disposed to relish, or sanction our modern improvements. Amongst men of science, indeed, there must always exist a common tie of sympathy and fellowship; and it is easy to conceive that the venerable Evelyn would cordially harmonize with our Linnean Smith—Sir William Petty enter into amicable controversy with Mr. Malthus—and Locke and Berkeley heartily agree in honouring Mrs. Fry; but alas for the wits of Queen Anne! where should Addison shelter himself from the obtrusive attentions of a fashionable party? Imagine the struggles of Pope to escape from a coterie of admiring blues, or the splenetic contortions of Swift in comparing the autographs of British authoresses who have died since the commencement of the present Century! It has been often asked, in what degree the cultivation of the female mind is desirable or useful, and how far it might be prudent to allow the sex to share in the pursuits, or divide the honours of literature? In proposing this question philosophers seem to have overlooked the obvious truth that the progress of civilization is not to be regulated by arbitrary prescription, and that the admission of the ladies to the field of authorship is but one among other indications of increasing knowledge and refinement. Rude and turbulent periods have witnessed the conflicts, and commemorated the triumphs, of poets and philosophers, whose genius delighted in the whirlwind, and whose glory is not unaptly represented by the image of the sun dispersing the darkness of the storm; but the germs of female talent expand to softer gales, and ripen under the genial influences of security and prosperity; and as in that pretty barometrical toy which Cowper calls the "weather-house," the female figure appears to denote a general rise of temperature, so the presence of woman on the summit of Parnassus bespeaks the suspension of civil strife, and is something better than a May-day festival by the Muses. To illustrate this observation, we have but to glance at the literary chronicles of our fair compatriots. At the era of the Reformation a powerful mental impulse was given to both sexes; but whilst the men plunged into the labyrinths of polemical controversy, the ladies were contented to be accomplished linguists and humble translators. Under the Tudor princes, noble

damozels, in common with royal dames, were deeply imbued with Roman and Grecian learning. After the accession of the Stuarts, the passion for classical studies declined. The queens of James and Charles were notoriously illiterate; and for such as aspired to their favour it was advisable rather to affect an amiable ignorance, than to make an ungracious display of superior wisdom. To whatever cause attributed, the fact is indisputable, that the ladies had retrograded in accomplishments. In the younger days of Henry the Eighth, the beauteous dames of England, as we learn from Cavendish, had enchanted the ambassadors of France by the elegance with which they saluted them in their native language; but when Mary de Medicis took refuge in the court of her son-in-law Charles the First, the divine beauties of Windsor and Hampton-court (according to the testimony of the gallant Secretary Serre) were *dumb to those who understood not their mother-tongue.* During the Commonwealth our British matrons exemplified not merely domestic but heroic virtues, of which an exquisite portraiture has been transmitted in Lucy Hutchinson's touching narrative. The Restoration introduced the fopperies, rather than the graces, of French society: the ladies descended to frivolity, or aspired only to a sort of fantastic elegance, despised the Muses, yet succeeded not in propitiating the Graces. The Duchess of Marlborough, who was herself one of the wits of the day, in describing the Princess Anne's Court, observes sarcastically of a lady of the bed-chamber, that she looked like a mad-woman and talked like a scholar. Such was the prejudice against female literature, that even Nestor Ironside, the professed advocate of the sex, could not allude to a couplet which had been innocently repeated by Cordelia Sigard without protesting that he dreaded nothing so much as to see a *poetess* in the family. It would be an error to suppose that women when proscribed from the circle of intellectual pursuits, are characterized by peculiar gentleness, simplicity, or modesty. On the contrary, as they sympathized in the passions, they mingled in the controversies that engrossed their masculine contemporaries, disputed keenly on articles of faith, declaimed with vehemence *pro* and *con*, respecting the Protestant succession, signalized by patches on the cheeks their attachment to Whig or Tory principles, canvassed for votes, and plunged into various political intrigues, utterly repugnant to our present ideas of womanly propriety. In domestic life they were either rigid housewives or insolent spendthrifts, passionately fond of dress and pomp, and addicted to every luxury, save that of books and refined conversation. The moralists of the day, as unsparing in their censures as their counsels, have probably transmitted a caricature of female follies: but allowing for exaggeration, it is impossible not to suspect that with some rare exceptions, they were illiterate, boisterous, and even uninformed, in a degree of which few examples at present exist in the British empire. During this period, the reign and triumph of unsophisticated beauty, the pretensions of the blue-stocking were unassailed because unknown, and poets and divines, wits and philosophers, expatiated on the *beau ideal* of female cultivation, and implored the fair sex not to neglect the intellectual faculties which nature had liberally bestowed. It must be confessed their exactions were sufficiently moderate: Addison merely required docility, gentleness, and good housewifery; Swift stipulated for neatness, distinct enunciation, and correct orthography;

Locke recommended the study of grammar; Lord Halifax insisted on a competent acquaintance with arithmetic; the sentimental Hervey tenderly advised his lovely disciples to take a few lessons in geography, and even intimated that it might not be improper to acquire an insight into the wonders of nature. Even at this period there were, however, some rare examples of fathers who hesitated not to bestow on their daughters elaborate culture, at the same time admonishing them carefully to conceal from the world the extent of their attainments. Under such a system of minute restrictions, of self-imposed *mental censorship*, it is not surprising that few women should have ventured to write, and that fewer still should have produced what was worthy to be read. During two thirds of the last century the British fair were completely eclipsed by the literary dames of France; and the Deshoulières, the Lamberts, the Daciers, and the Sevignés, were still allowed to reign unrivalled, or alone opposed by the witty Lady Mary and the gentle Elizabeth Rowe. At length genius revealed itself in a female form, and Letitia Aikin, (whose maiden appellation was soon superseded by the now venerable name of Barbauld,)—Letitia, the sister of the late Dr. Aikin, published essays in prose and verse, which established her own fame and redeemed the honour of her countrywomen. Since that epoch rival schools of literature have risen and declined. Masters and their disciples have successively flourished and decayed, and not a few of those who once wore the garland of triumph are consigned to ungrateful oblivion; but it is the property of genius to retain the freshness of immortal youth. After many revolving seasons we find Mrs. Barbauld's leaf still unwithered; nor has she relinquished the high station she was originally permitted to assume among our national essayists.

But, as demonstration is better than argument, instead of quoting further examples, or discussing the subject of female cultivation with those timid alarmists who discover perils to virtue in the elements of grammar and orthography, I shall simply invite them to a lounge in Miranda's Boudoir. Who is Miranda? Of that hereafter. For the present let it suffice to observe, that the most scrupulous fair has no cause to decline the invitation. It is to no pavilion of the Champs Elysées that I entice her steps, to no voluptuous dressing-room of a Duchess of Portsmouth, or even the secret chamber in which a Duchess of Marlborough or a Countess of Sunderland gave audience to Whig or Tory visitors, at once adjusting their tresses and embroiling the affairs of Government. It is neither to coquets nor to stateswomen that I would introduce my amiable companions, but to a cultivated English lady of the Nineteenth Century, in whose mansion every object bespeaks the happy union of wealth and intellect, of luxury and taste. I pass over the ordinary suite of apartments and their appropriate decorations, and proceed with impatience to the octagon chamber, which, though at stated seasons opened to the world, I am accustomed to consider as the sanctuary of its accomplished mistress. I will not indeed deny but that on some occasions the arched door, which now bars communication with the other apartments, has been thrown open, and this shrine of the Muses has become, for a few hours, the temple of the Graces.

On this ottoman, where I now recline, I have alternately caught inspiration from the matchless glance of Siddons or De Staël's im-

passioned eloquence, or gazed on a Lady D * * * and listened to * * * * * till I became insensible to the fascination of the waltz that swam before my eyes, or even to the melody that floated on the perfumed air, like the song of spirits in Elysium. But now all is still and silent within this luxurious and ornamented solitude, from whence the disembodied spirit of literature seems to have banished the vulgar cares and turbulent passions that corrode existence. Miranda is absent; but here are her mute companions, and they are suited to persons of every age and temperament. Enthroned on their symmetrical shelves appear the historians and poets of classic Greece, of ancient and modern Italy, the Romances of Spain, the Teutonic bards, the wits and orators of France; above all, the brightest gems of English literature. For the lover of the arts, behold folios of choice prints and British landscapes; for the lovers of Nature, rare plants and masterly botanical delineations; for the citizen of the world, various plans of usefulness, the beautiful visions of enlightened benevolence: for idlers, like myself, lie scattered on the round table in rich profusion, poems and reviews, plays and romances, songs and sonatas. Among novelties of the literary class, I find myself attracted by two small folios, deliciously perfumed, entitled "The Living and the Dead." The first contains manuscript fragments in prose or verse by several distinguished living ladies of Britain; the second is appropriated to a collection of posthumous autographs, designating almost every authoress who has died since the commencement of the present Century. In this collection I recognize nearly fifty names, some of which, it must be acknowledged, were in a manner resuscitated from oblivion; but it is gratifying to add, that if few of these fair candidates had secured a passport to the Temple of Fame, not one of them had forfeited her claim to the respect of her contemporaries. From a cursory glance of the Album I remarked, that within the last fifteen years there had been a considerable increase in the number of female writers, whose productions now form no unimportant supplement to our national literature. In examining the contents of the autograph obituary, I was at first disposed to look for certain interesting physiognomical indications from these records of literary calligraphy; but in vain did I try to reconcile to the rules of system the delicate feeble strokes of Elizabeth Hamilton's pen, with the vigorous tone of her mind. In vain I seek to discover a type of delicacy and reserve in the masculine lines of Mrs. Brunton; and little was there of elegance or even vivacity in the long, meagre, but regular characters of Mrs. Piozzi. In many of these specimens I remarked a whimsical incongruity with literary pursuits, that seemed to intimate they had been surreptitiously obtained from the fair writers. The authoress of the Count de Poland, the Lady Bountiful of her neighbours, was recognized in a recipe to restore a lost voice. Of Mrs. Dobson, the translator of the Life of Petrarch, nothing better was produced than an illegible scrawl accompanying an annual donation of plum cake. But I was most struck with the posthumous equality established among those whom fortune should seem to have for ever divided: nor could I suppress a melancholy smile in observing the momentary gleam of splendour, that, like a flash of phosphoric light, flitted over each recent grave. The indigent authoress, who had so often traced her painful steps from Paternoster to Leadenhall, was now,

by representation, admitted to Miranda's boudoir, from which she had herself been excluded. The modest Austin is thus forced from the seclusion in which she had lived and died. The name of Hunter calls up tender, deep regrets, where her venerable presence so lately diffused delight, whilst the delicious notes of "I scorn to complain," were warbled by one who, like her, now lives but in remembrance.

In contemplating the characters, I naturally wished for an opportunity of comparing the lineaments of the respective autographists; but reflecting how rarely even in youth an accurate delineation is given of the human countenance, I suppressed my regrets and referred to the biographic notices appended to the signatures, each of which might have been comprised in the scanty limits of an epitaph. How, indeed, should it be otherwise; since, with few exceptions, literary women are found to have passed through the world with as much privacy, though less tranquillity than other females in corresponding stations: the single circumstance that appears to have broken the insipid monotony of their existence, and that which alone gave a peculiar colour to their destiny, was their first public introduction to the press—a decisive step, by which they were in a certain degree separated from the community of womanhood, and deprived of its best privileges,—the protection of the other sex. Neither the father nor the husband can shield an acknowledged writer from calumnious misrepresentation or malevolent reproach. Left to herself, the victim of prejudice or detraction, she has no alternative but to descend to entreaty or altercation, to renounce her rights or suffer injuries in silence. It may perhaps be doubted whether the career even of successful authorship affords a triumph sufficiently splendid to atone to a woman of delicacy for the outrage which an anonymous adversary may inflict on her character and feelings. In this country not even our bards, much less poetesses, are crowned; neither, perhaps, were the honour offered, would our English Corinnas be eager to accept the homage; since they often evince more solicitude than females of any other class, not to transgress the decorums of society, or overstep the barrier that custom and authority have established. It has been usual to identify the Blues with old maids; but judging from the autographic obituary before me, the majority of these lettered dames have been wives and mothers. It is natural to enquire whether they have often been permitted to realize that domestic felicity so touchingly pourtrayed, so exquisitely embellished by the female pen. On referring to my biographic notices, I find reason to believe that those matrons had for the most part ample experience of the evils incident to the lot of woman.

It is sometimes reserved for a fortunate necessity to elicit female talent which might otherwise remain dormant. Of this we have a pleasing example in Mrs. Griffiths, who, under the signature of Frances, became celebrated by the publication of those well-known letters, originating in the embarrassments of a clandestine marriage, which gave ample scope to the taste and fancy of two accomplished lovers. In a sentimental correspondence it was naturally to be expected that the lady should almost exclusively engross the reader's sympathy and admiration. Epistolary composition is the single province of literature, of which men have voluntarily yielded the superiority to their fair competitors: it is a sort of common land, of which the more delicate are

decidedly the most tasteful and fortunate cultivators: it is they only who have enough of patience and enthusiasm to clothe the barren heath with graceful and picturesque foliage, and to embellish it with a simple but imperishable memorial of love and friendship. Here and there, indeed, we may trace the hand of a poet, or the design of a kindred spirit to Cowper or Graham, whose sylvan bower embalms the air with delicious fragrance; but these intrusions are so rare that the right of property seems almost exclusively vested in that sex whose purest sources of pleasure are derived from imagination and feeling. It appears not that Mrs. Griffiths had originally aspired to celebrity, but she learnt to cherish it, when the Duke of Bedford, then Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, who was in the number of her readers and admirers, evinced his respect for her talents by conferring a lucrative appointment on her beloved correspondent. Of all the years that this wedded pair spent together, of all the vicissitudes that they were destined to experience, ere Frances had lost the distinction of a delicate form, or Henry's raven locks were changed to silver grey, it is not difficult to conceive that the happiest moment of the *wife's* existence was that in which she saw herself unintentionally the patroness of her delighted husband.

Contemporary with Mrs. Griffiths was Mrs. Lenox, the authoress of the Female Quixotte, who, with the aid of Johnson's powerful friendship, produced for representation plays which were not condemned, and published a critical and biographical illustration of Shakspeare, which was long unrivalled. It is not often that the pupil of a great critic wins the favour of the public. In avoiding petty faults he is apt to miss those negligent beauties which might have delighted the fastidious or disarmed the rigid judgment; in aspiring to peculiar merits of style, he becomes harsh or constrained, loses the freshness of his first impressions, and the inestimable faculty of breathing life into his compositions. It is not improbable but that Mrs. Lenox was at once overawed and overrated by the great Lexicographer. Her best work, the novel of Euphemia, was not produced till long after his death, when she was herself in the wane of life and reputation. Whilst this lady and Mrs. Griffiths enjoyed celebrity beyond their deserts, the authoress of Sidney Biddulph, the meritorious mother of Richard Brinsley Sheridan, seemed destined to languish in unhonoured obscurity; but by no difficulties, no discouragements, is the energy of real talent to be extinguished. In spite of cares and vexations, and amidst multiplied domestic impediments, Mrs. Sheridan produced in Sidney Biddulph one of the standard novels in the English language, and which long after furnished her son with two of the most felicitous scenes in his comedy of the School for Scandal.

Hitherto we have confined our attention exclusively to matrons: it is time to retrace our steps. Yet, ere we approach the venerable train of maiden writers, we must steal a glance at Mrs. Chapone, whose letters on the Improvement of the Female Mind have not been superseded by any modern publication. United to the object of her youthful affections, of whom she was bereaved by an untimely death, it was the fate of this lady to spend two thirds of life in desolate widowhood; oppressed with sorrows and disappointments, of which the burthen weighs hea-

vily on the delicate mind, and yet submitting with cheerfulness to every privation, save the loss of friends and the absence of congenial society: but, peace to her gentle spirit! the exquisite pen of Mrs. Barbauld has consecrated to remembrance her talents and virtues. Among the unmarried ladies of the last century, Miss Carter, by seniority and learning, is justly entitled to precedence; and were we to decide on the comparative happiness of married or single authoresses, from the individual examples of this lady, and her excellent friend Catharine Talbot, we should have no hesitation in pronouncing for the spinster's choice. Without rank or affluence, the translatress of Epictetus appears to have constantly revolved in the orbit of peace and equanimity; alternately the pupil of her father, and the preceptress of her brothers, she enjoyed the privileges of home without its restrictions, tasted all the sweets of friendship unembittered by jealousy, and, what is more extraordinary, attracted the homage of the great, without submitting to humiliation, or incurring reproach. Among the causes of this rare felicity, something may be ascribed to a philosophic temperament, and still more to strict moral discipline, eminently distinguished by directness and steadiness of purpose. Her feelings were uniformly submitted to her judgment, and those habits of application and correctness she had acquired in the pursuit of knowledge, she successfully applied to the current purposes of life. To the latest period of existence she retained her aptitudes to study, and even persevered in the laudable habit of yielding a portion of every day to classical literature.—Nor did she ever cease to cherish that spirit of independence that taught her to value the privileges of home. In her annual visits to the metropolis, she resisted every solicitation to domesticate in the mansions of the great, choosing rather to return to her lodging in Berkeley-street, where she enjoyed in its full extent the privileges of her own fireside. It would not be easy to find a female character exactly corresponding with that of Miss Carter; perhaps the portrait of the Princess Palatine, the friend of Penn and Descartes, offers the closest resemblance; and, like Madame Dacier, her prevailing quality was modesty. To her learning, Ancient Greece had, perhaps, raised a votive statue; in Rome her accomplishments would have been eulogized in a funeral oration; in Modern Italy her rare attainments might have secured her progress to academic honours. In England not even a funereal tribute was offered to her memory; no enthusiasm is here inspired for a female scholar. The purity of her character, her moral worth, her benevolence and dignity, are justly valued. But as the translatress of Epictetus, she is certainly less popularly admired, than as the correspondent of Miss Talbot and Mrs. Montague; and the charm of this epistolary collection consists in the living sketches which it offers of those who have gone before us, and who in many respects are essentially different from the present age. Curiosity is at once stimulated and gratified by the careless, yet faithful portraiture which these volumes present to us, of bishops and generals, and scholars; fine gentlemen and elegant ladies, strikingly different from those we are now accustomed to meet in parallel lines of society.—It is not, however, to be denied that this circumstance, which enhances the value, diminishes the interest of the correspondence. To Miss Carter we listen with respectful deference, whilst our sympathies

are yielded to the blooming Minerva of our own times; the meritorious Elizabeth Smith, whose epistolary fragments, if they add nothing to our stock of information, are refreshing to the sensibilities, and interest the best and purest affections of our nature. To these simple effusions there is, however, one drawback in the substitution of blanks and initials for proper names;—a barbarous affectation admitted also in the correspondence of the excellent Elizabeth Hamilton, and in every collection that has been published under the suspicious superintendence of relatives. In spite of this defect we are irresistibly attracted to this little volume and its biographical elucidations. Elizabeth Smith was not merely an accomplished linguist, she drew with the spirit of an artist, and was not unacquainted with mathematical science. Nor is it merely by this rare combination of accomplishments that she extorts admiration; her magnanimous resignation, her unaffected piety inspire reverential sentiments; there is even something in local associations to endear her to remembrance. Participating with her family in the misfortunes by which she saw her prospects blighted in the bud of life, she gladly retired from the world to live in a picturesque, a beautiful district of our island, where the peasantry possess habits of simplicity and retain feelings of independence, unknown to any other portion of the British people. Amid those smiling lakes and majestic mountains, Elizabeth Smith attached herself with youthful enthusiasm to the visions of perfectibility which floated on her mind. The low-roofed cottage at Coniston, in which during so many years she remained with her family in contented seclusion, is become a classic spot to rambling tourists; the little fairy boat, which with nymph-like grace she so often navigated under the romantic cliffs, is now a sacred relic. The thyme-covered mountain, poetically and familiarly denominated the *Old Man*, which had been her favourite haunt, is cherished for her sake. And it is pleasing so to recall the image of a lovely woman in the spring of youth, withdrawing without regret from the world she was formed to embellish, and the brilliant pleasures of which she deemed well exchanged for the smiles of home, the pursuits of study, and the contemplation of nature. Hitherto the humble habitation in which her family then lived has been permitted to remain unspoiled by fantastic improvement, and its plainness is well calculated to inspire in the young enthusiasm, and in the aged respect. And let her whose heart beats high with the consciousness that attends the possession of beauty, talent, and sensibility, in crossing the humble threshold, breathe devout aspiration for prudence to resist the allurements of pleasure, for firmness to repress the excitement of feeling, and for magnanimity to endure the stings of disappointment.

THE PLEASURES OF BRIGHTON.

A new Song by the Civic Visitants.

Here's fine Mrs. Hoggins from Aldgate,
  Miss Dobson and Deputy Dump,
Mr. Spriggins has left Norton-Falgate,
  And so has Sir Christopher Crump.
From Shoreditch, Whitechapel and Wapping,
  Miss Potts, Mr. Grub, Mrs. Keats,
In the waters of Brighton are popping,
  Or killing their time in its streets.
      And it's O! what will become of us?
        Dear! the Vapours and Blue-
      Devils will seize upon some of us
        If we have nothing to do.

This here, ma'am, is Sally, my daughter,
  Whose shoulder has taken a start,
And they tell me, a dip in salt water
  Will soon make it straight as a dart:—
Mr. Banter assured Mrs. Mumps,
  (But he's always a playing his fun,)
That the camel that bathes with two humps,
  Very often comes out with but one.
      And it's O! &c.

And here is my little boy Jacky,
  Whose godfather gave me a hint,
That by salt-water baths in a crack he
  Would cure his unfortunate squint.
Mr. Yellowly's looking but poorly,
  It isn't the jaundice, I hope;
Would you recommend bathing? O surely,
  And let him take——plenty of soap.
      And it's O! &c.

Your children torment you to jog 'em
  On donkeys that stand in a row,
But the more you belabour and flog 'em,
  The more the cross creatures won't go:
T'other day, ma'am, I thump'd and I cried,
  And my darling roar'd louder than me,
But the beast wouldn't budge till the tide
  Had bedraggled me up to the knee!
      And it's O! &c.

At Ireland's I just took a twirl in
  The swing, and walk'd into the Maze,
And, lauk! in that arm-chair of Merlin
  I tumbled all manner of ways.
T'other night Mr. Briggs and his nevy
  To Tupper's and Walker's would go,
But I never beheld such a levee,
  So monstrously vulgar and low!
      And it's O! &c.

On the Downs you are like an old jacket,
  Hung up in the sunshine to dry;
In the town you are all in a racket,
  With donkey-cart, whiskey, and fly.

We have seen the Chain Pier, Devil's Dyke,
The Chalybeate Spring, Rottingdean,
And the Royal Pagoda, how like
Those bedaub'd on a tea-board or screen!
And it's O! &c.

We have pored on the sea till we 're weary,
And lounged up and down on the shore
Till we find all its gaiety dreary,
And taking our pleasure a bore.
There 's nothing so charming as Brighton,
We cry as we 're scampering down,
But we look with still greater delight on
The day that we go back to town.
For it's O! what will become of us,
Dear! the Vapours and Blue-
Devils will seize upon some of us
If we have nothing to do.

H.

LIFE IN LONDON.

Non est vivere sed *valere* vita.
To be worth much is to live.

"There is no living in London," quoth I, buttoning up the pockets of my pantaloons, in which the smoothness of a "soldier's thigh" was disturbed by few folds save those of the tailor's manufacture. "There 's no living out of London," replied my wife as she placed the fourth card of invitation for the current evening on the chimney-piece.—As is very often the case in disputes (matrimonial or non-matrimonial) both parties were right in their own sense; for if London is the place to get money's worth for money, there is no place in the world where it is more impossible to enjoy life without a due intimacy with Plutus. London is, indeed, the paradise of the rich, in which respect it far exceeds Paris (with all its despotism): but then, as it is the purgatory of hackney coach-horses, so it is the hell of a poor man, with its eternal excitements to expense and its everlasting drains upon the purse. Entering the great city from Westminster bridge, and leaving it by the Regent's Park, you pass through a line of streets the opulence of which is disfigured by no note of abject and squalid misery: entering it through Tooley-street, you might imagine it a vast lazar house. How different are the aspects of "Life in London," presented under these various points of view! On the one hand, pleasure in all its endless varieties, ease, comfort, order, propriety; on the other, close, filthy, foggy tenements, excluding light and air, and a dense population of dirty and unhealthy wretches, bespeaking a state of existence many degrees below the most abject penury of a country cottage, from which the beauty and the healthfulness of nature cannot be excluded. Yet for all this there is scarcely a workman who has drawn his first breath within the sound of Bow-bell, who does not pride himself upon being "born a native of London," and look down with infinite pity and contempt upon the stray country put, who, as he passes along the street is not like Brigetina Bother'em,* above turning his eyes upon the shoe-

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* In "Modern Philosophers."

buckles and tea-urns, in the shop-windows. It is in vain that languor and disease prey on his being, that rheumatism gnaws, or palsy withers his limbs, or that coming age beckons him on to his destined hospital or workhouse: still he looks upon the hale countenance and sturdy sinews of the man of fields with indifference, and cries to the peasant as Pan to Jupiter—

He 's a fool if he thinks
He 's half as happy as I.

Not only the rich, but those who are tormented with the desire to be rich, flock up to London; and unquestionably there are modes of exercising industry and of practising economy unknown to the village, or the inhabitant of a country town. The truth however is, that all such advantages notwithstanding, the labour of existence in the metropolis is beyond comparison more severe than in smaller communities. The struggle to grapple with fortune, and to extort the wretched meal which is grasped at by hundreds of competitors, is so arduous among those who are placed in immediate dependence upon their labour for subsistence, as to render living in London any thing but life. The small London tradesman, in particular, feels this pressure more even than those immediately below him. The exterior of this class in society may in some instances be imposing; they may perhaps occupy handsome houses; but then all the better apartments are let to lodgers, whose weekly payments just serve to stop the mouths of the landlord and the tax-gatherer.

But if the poor tradesman's lot in the metropolis is hard to bear, that of the struggling professional man is scarcely less oppressive. The necessity for making an appearance in the hope of making money, and the obligation of dissipating those sums in equipage and show, which taste and good feeling would consecrate to the comfort of the domestic hearth, are bitter aggravations of the ordinary ills of poverty. Pride and vanity also find frequent sources of mortification in the contrast arising from the close juxtaposition of professional men to the really opulent, with whom their education and habits of life intimately connect them; and their self-love is perpetually wounded by the ostentation of upstart *nouveaux riches* their contemporaries, who in the more money-getting branches of industry have thriven, precisely because they have wanted the higher order of intellect on which professional men found their hopes of success. "Let him draw a bill in Greek or in Latin, and see if it will be honoured," says an old hunks in one of our farces; and the thought illustrates the habitual sentiments of the mere plodding money-makers for those talents, which, not possessing themselves, they are not able to appreciate in others. Even when success begins to repay his exertions, the life of the professional man and his family is no object of envy. If the practising barrister be traced from his early attendance at Westminster Hall till dinner, and again at his chambers from seven in the evening till bed-time, it is scarcely possible to conceive an existence of more uninterrupted and harassing toil. The practising physician in like manner knows no repose from his labour, and the hours which others devote to rest, are not with him exempt from the calls of duty. With the women also the matter is not mended; for hours employed in active occupations, are at least freed from the curse of *ennui;* and the business of making money is more invigorating and refreshing than the

unamiable soul-narrowing processes of saving it. To the professional man marriage, if not a necessity, is at least a convenience; and he too frequently lays the foundation of a large family long before he has laid the foundation of a large fortune. The wives of young practitioners are therefore of necessity condemned to practices of economy, and to a close attention to domestic duties, which are incompatible with much intellectual and imaginative indulgence. Shut up within four walls, with no better prospect than the opposite side of a gloomy street, the females in this walk of life pass their time in a solitude, occupied chiefly with the needle, and rarely broken save by the conversation of cooks and nursery maids. They read little, and often think less. In the very hours of social converse, the men avoid their society; and linger over the bottle to shorten the interval of insipidity, which occurs between dinner and bed-time. The females, thus left to themselves, are rarely conversational; their ideas roll in a small circle, and they are essentially bad company. Years roll on in the practice of duties eminently respectable, and of virtues truly praiseworthy, but in habits closely allied to torpor and totally divested of that excitement which is supposed to make the charm of a metropolitan existence—of a "Life in London." In the exact opposite scale, but equally removed from real enjoyment, is the life of a class of beings not quite so respectable or so useful; who, possessed of an easy fortune, are yet tormented with the itch of living in what they conceive to be good company; and who inflict upon themselves all the ills of poverty and dependence, in order to cultivate those who are above themselves in the hierarchy of fashion. The thorough-going representative of this class will enter into a deeper diplomacy to entrap a Baronet, or a nabob, into her visiting list, than would go to recognizing the independence of South America; and she will be more miserable, if, in balancing her account at the end of the season, she has not crept on a step in great life, than if her whole family were laid up with the scarlet fever. A rheumatic hypochondriac watches not with a more trembling anxiety the variations of the barometer than this sensitive being follows (at a respectful distance) the changes of the *bon ton*. All her efforts go to be at the proper place in the proper time, and to be seen in those *rendezvous* of resort, which though open to all, are sometimes frequented by people of fashion. The fashionable movements in the corners of the London papers, are to her the law and the gospel. Her dinner parties are so arranged, not as that agreeable persons, and such as mutually understand each other, shall meet, but so as that certain persons, seeing others of their own description at her table, may infer that she is indeed one of themselves, and fairly entitled to partake in all the privileges of the *coterie*. The fear of being left out in *any* party forces her to accept of every invitation; and the nightly drudgery of working her passage from assembly to assembly is harder work than that of a coal-porter. Like the hind wheel of a chariot, however rapid her movements, or great the dust she raises, she must always lag in the race; and though she ruin her fortunes, her health, and her peace of mind in the effort, she will never win her way into the exclusive assemblies of an aristocracy, all whose energies are exerted to keep themselves safe from the approaches of intruders, and to maintain the quiet order of the gods undisturbed by the "*fumum, opes, strepitusque*" of commercial prosperity.

Another class of metropolitan strugglers, who "let 'I cannot' wait

upon 'I would,' like the poor cat i' th' adage," is found in the numerous club-houses which of late years have so extensively multiplied in the vicinity of Pall Mall. The devotee to this species of existence is ordinarily a man addicted to sensual indulgence, and ambitious of figuring in the gay circles, but by some peculiar circumstance of birth, parentage, education, or fortune, is precluded from "carrying on the war" on the grand scale, or of pushing his way in good company. Not that there is wanting a sufficient number of club-going men of real *bon ton* to give an air of high fashion to such establishments: but these only use the club-house as a relief to their other pleasures, to dine there when not better engaged, or to drop in for an hour in the course of their other amusements. Such men are not the main props and stays of the institution. The true club-man is one who looks to the club rather as an ordinary where he can dine better and cheaper than at home. To this description of person (the balloting-box once passed) a club-house operates like a patent washing-machine. It saves coals, saves candles, saves (no, it does what is better, it loses) time, saves labour, to say nothing of pens, ink, and paper, coffee-house expenses, and gratuities to waiters, which last are happily in the club-house "strictly forbidden." Thus can a man rub his skirts against lords and members of parliament (in the language of a tailor's advertisement), "in the most fashionable style and at the lowest prices," and keep himself constantly in evidence without the charges of ostentation. To all this there is but one objection; namely, that to a man of any sensibility a club is in the long run —a dead bore. Life without affections, dissipation without amusement, isolation of heart without the tranquillity and independence of solitude, are not congenial to the English character. The fashion, therefore, of this mode of "Life in London" will most likely prove but of ephemeral duration.

The true possessors of "Life in London" are those who in their class and sphere can avail themselves of the superior civilization and concentrated advantages of the capital. In London, literature, science, and art have fixed their head-quarters; and from the Royal Society to the "free and easy songsters," associations subsist for the culture of every modification of taste, and the enjoyment of every variety of pleasure. The substantial and opulent inhabitants, *sua si bona norint*, have the command of luxuries, facilities, and comforts, of which the proudest emperors of antiquity had no notion; and the splendid harems of the East, the marble palaces of Rome, were poor and unprovided in all that respects actual enjoyment, when compared with the boudoir of a London lady of fashion. Not even in Paris, the metropolis of all Europe, is to be found such a constellation of genius and talent as illumines the horizon of the polished circles of the British capital; and the freedom of the political atmosphere in England, more than compensates for the better tact of the Parisians in the arrangements and forms of society. But to enjoy "Life in London" in all its intensity, riches alone will not suffice. How few of those who can command whatever is best in London are capable of relishing its real pleasures. How few are there to whom its intellectual resources are not a matter even of terror, and who do not exclaim "blue stocking" at the bare mention of an eminent name. Even that spiritual converse which would naturally arise out of the high average of attainment in the upper classes, is suppressed beneath an affected languor and indifference. No strong expression of feeling

or of opinion is tolerated; and as an established creed is laid down for implicit reception on all points, from a religious dogma to a top-knot, discussion of any kind cannot easily arise: for where no one dares avow his dissent from fashionable orthodoxy, the "right-thinkers," (as they are called) have it all their own way; and social intercourse is confined to plain matters of fact, which are delivered in a tone rarely elevated above a whisper. Nay, the very physical enjoyments of the metropolis are but ill understood; and the sensual pleasures of a London life are often defeated by the bungling attempts of those who strive to realize them. The upper classes of society, when their secret is penetrated, are for the most part found to exist in a state of appalling distaste for all around them. An apathy, bordering on despair, accompanies them in their most splendid indulgences. Of all the forms of human woe, this is the most sickening. Poverty, disease, and heart-breaking labour, are calamities evidently arising out of the scheme of human nature; and they form so necessary and inevitable a part of the great whole, that though they excite commiseration for the sufferers, they do not revolt the imagination. But misery seated upon the throne of pleasure, and sufferings arising immediately out of the plenitude of indulgence, seem so perverse and so unnatural a dispensation, as to exasperate the spectator against his species, and against the general condition of things, which can admit of such a combination. The wild frolics of the "Tom and Jerry" school have excited ridicule and disgust to such a degree, that no animal possessed of a grain of sense will dare to appear in this character before the public; but it may reasonably be doubted whether the error of the Corinthians is more gross than that of their betters, respecting all that contributes, really and substantially, to the full enjoyment of a "Life in London." Philosophers have said that prosperity is more difficult to bear than adversity; and most true it is, that to steer one's way through the intricate navigation of a London season, and to determine (as the mathematicians would say) the maximum of pleasure derivable from the given quantity of London excitements, with the least possible expenditure of fortune, health, and reputation, require as much sense, spirit, and power of bearing and forbearing, as to struggle with misfortune, and from abject poverty to arrive at opulence.

If the number of those who, without the concurrent operation of mere luck, have been the architects of their own fortune, could be compared with those who, possessing a fortune, have known how to spend it like gentlemen, with advantage to their own pleasures and respectability, and for the general benefit of the community—the result would prove that the art of enjoying life is among the last and best refinements of civilized existence.

M.

THE FALSE ALARM.

Cloe proclaims full oft, she fears
The near approach of forty years.
Content thee, maiden; for in sooth,
If parish registers tell truth,
That fatal age, their pages say,
Becomes more distant every day.

BARTOLINI THE SCULPTOR.

Bartolini may, in one respect, be compared to Sir Thomas Lawrence. He has reached the highest fame which a painter or a sculptor of portraits can reach—a fame necessarily limited, and which will shrink into a narrower compass hereafter. Mr. Croker attempted the other day, in the debate on Mr. Haydon's petition, to prove that a portrait-painter has more right to the title of an historical painter than any other description of artist. But this is merely playing upon words. It is undeniably true that the portraits of men who belong to history are historical, in its usual sense; but the term, as applied to painting, has a widely different signification. It has always been received to convey originality—invention—creation,—qualities which are not needful to a portrait-painter. In the present state of the patronage of the arts, especially in England, it is very conceivable that men of genius must stoop—for in forty-nine cases out of fifty, it is stooping—to paint portraits. Sir Thomas Lawrence has gained great distinction, while Mr. Haydon has his pictures seized by his creditors. But it is infinitely to be lamented that such men should, for any consideration of greater gain, confine themselves to portraits *wholly*. If Sir Thomas Lawrence have the regard for his permanent fame, which one can scarcely believe him to be without, he will execute at least one work of a higher order than those which his line has yet permitted him, to prove to the world what he might have done had he lived in days more favourable to art. If he do not, it is to be feared that a suspicion will be entertained that he wants the power as well as the will. His portraits are the perfection—the impassable *Thule*—of what can be done in that line; but a portrait-painter, though superior to a copyist, inasmuch as copying nature is superior to copying art, can never rank in relation to an original artist, higher than a translator does in comparison with an original writer.

Bartolini feels this—for, having, by the lavishness which is common to the indulgence of personal vanity, put himself above the necessity of constantly working for profit, he is now beginning to work for fame; and, if I can presage from two or three things in an imperfect state, fame he will acquire. He has, at present, nearly finished what, though still in some measure a portrait, soars indisputably into a higher branch of art—a colossal statue of Napoleon. The figure itself is seven and a half braccia high, and the attitude is very striking and imposing. The body is perfectly upright, being rested on the left leg, while the right knee is slightly and easily bent. The right arm is a little extended from the side, and the hand holds a scroll representing the Code Napoléon. The left is extended and raised, being in a horizontal position from the shoulder to the elbow, and thence elevated in about an angle of forty-five degrees. In the hand is part of the handle of a spear. The head (for which Napoleon sat soon after he became Emperor) is wreathed with laurel after the manner of that in David's picture of the Coronation, and of the busts which are taken from it. The whole of the upper part of the body is bare, to display that beauty of chest and shoulder for which Napoleon was so remarkable. Bartolini told me that he had taken peculiar pains in the modelling this part, which, likewise, he did from nature. The drapery, which

is flung over the raised arm across from the right hip, is peculiarly beautiful both in disposition and detail. It has that lightness which it is so difficult to give to marble, and which is so great a beauty when given. At the side is an eagle, resting on the bolts of Jove, which, again, rest upon a globe—typical, I conclude, of the extent of Napoleon's dominion. A live eagle was there, chained to a perch, sitting, I suppose, for the last finish to his marble portrait. The poor bird, which had been brought from the Apennines near Carrara, sat motionless and melancholy: it required very little stretch of fancy to conceive it to be mourning over the fate of him who made his effigy the emblem of his glory over nearly all the civilized world. That fate, Bartolini told us, was figured on the pedestal (which, I think, he said was at Leghorn) in four reliefs representing Toulon—the Coronation—Waterloo—and the tomb;—the commencement and the completion of his power, his downfall, and his death. If I had any fault to find with this vigorous and masterly work, I should say that the features, especially the nose and forehead, had a hardness and squareness of outline, which, though perhaps inseparable from colossal sculpture, is certainly a drawback from the delicacy of execution, and the ultimate likeness and effect of the whole.

This immense figure was originally cut from one block of marble; but when the left arm was nearly finished, its weight of unsupported position caused it to break, and another has been since supplied with proper precautions against a similar accident. But, with this exception, it is one piece.

Bartolini spoke with a good deal of interest concerning the disposal of this statue, in which, naturally enough, he seemed to take considerable pride. In the first place, he assured me that it had actually cost him 4000*l.*; but it was more with reference to fame than profit that his anxiety seemed to consist. It was the largest statue, he said, ever executed of Napoleon, and was modelled from nature at, perhaps, the time of life when his person was the finest—namely, about sixteen years ago. Whatever might be its present worth, he added, fifty years hence such a piece could not fail to be of great interest and value—as we now attach them to a Vespasian or an Adrian which we dig out of the earth. It was to England, he said, he must look for its purchaser; on the Continent he could not hope for one. His desire, he told us was, that it should be placed in some park, for which its size and subject well fitted it. The Duke of Devonshire, Mr. Hope, or some one equally rich and equally fond of art and favouring to its professors, might buy it. We hinted to him, that our climate, where the month Pluviose lasts all the year round, would never permit its exposure to the atmosphere; but we said that there were large halls in the country-houses of our *grands seigneurs* capable of receiving it. He consulted us on sending it in the first place to London for exhibition, of which he had heard favourably. We strongly recommended this; for though we could not but say that all such things were attended with *some* risk, yet we felt and expressed ourselves confident that such an exhibition must succeed.

It was but this year that all the world flocked to see David's picture —an object as a work of art, which is universally thought lightly of—but the subject rendered it one of unfailing interest and attraction. Of late years, the English have attached strong interest to every thing

regarding the late Emperor of France. The heat of actual opposition has had time to cool; and we look back on Napoleon and his deeds as a person and events of history. Men of all parties, except the most narrow-minded and bigoted, have turned with deep curiosity to the records of his opinions and his feelings which have of late been abundantly given to the world; and I am confident that all would equally desire to look on a work so honourable to modern art.

In the studio where Bartolini was at work, was a copy in marble from the Titian Venus, which is bespoken by the present Lord Londonderry. It is an admirable piece of sculpture, retaining more of that voluptuousness for which the picture is so remarkable than I should have thought it possible for marble to receive. The Titian Venus has far more of what, after all, the real expression of the mythological Venus should be—voluptuousness—than any other I ever saw. It hangs in the tribune close to the Venus de Medicis, and is much more in contrast than comparison with the image of ideal beauty. It is, indeed, rather as such than as the heathen goddess, that I think the statue should be regarded. In the calm loveliness of that face are sweetness and placidity amounting almost to purity, if not to coldness. And who ever heard of the mistress of Mars and of Adonis being either cold or pure? The very fact, indeed, of her being one of the ancient goddesses would be sufficient, even if all the minutiæ of her laudable loves were not so carefully schooled into us from our earliest years by the guardians of our minds and morals; for the ancients always embodied and worshiped every thing profligate and impure. Many of the Magdalens and even of the Madonnas are much more like Venus than either the Medicean or the Canova statue.* The celebrated *Madonna del Seggiala* itself is excessively like what it is, and not the least like what it is meant to be; namely, it is the portrait of the mistress and the child of Raffaelle

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* I am by no means fully convinced of the great superiority of the ancient over the modern work. It is certain the general attitude and aspect are copied in the latter, which deprives the artist of a great share of the merit of originality; but if we were to regard the works alone, without any reference to their formation, I am not sure that the palm would not be given to Canova. As a friend of mine, no mean judge, said to me, "If they were both dug out of the earth now, and nobody knew any thing about either, the Canova statue would be preferred." In the first place, I cannot understand how it is that the connoisseurs do not say that the head of the Venus de Medicis is out of all proportion with the body. It is so palpable and glaring to me, that I cannot comprehend how any difference of sight can hide it from others. The head, to my view, is so small that it always reminds me of the beginning of the poetical perfection of a greyhound,

"Head like a snake."

This fault does not exist in Canova's statue. Again, the arms of the modern figure are, to my taste, far more beautiful. The arms of the Venus de Medicis are said to be modern restorations. But I speak of the statue as it is. The whole of the left arm, especially, appears to me faulty: and the position of the wrist is stiff, if not to distortion, certainly to painfulness. But there is one fault common to both, which, however, is more apparent in the Medicis. I mean, the statue is not, as it purports to be, the *fac-simile* of a short woman, but the miniature of a tall one. The Venus de Medicis is four feet eleven inches four lines, in height, of English measure. Now, no woman under five feet is made in the least degree like the Venus de Medicis. She has a long gracefulness of limb, and a general length of contour and of figure, which it is impossible a woman, actually of her height, to possess. As a diminution of a taller woman it has admirable beauty, but as a positive figure it is a contradiction.

—voluptuousness is beaming on the cheek—love, mortal, animal love, is flashing from the eyes;—all this it is very like—but it is meant to represent the Virgin, the maiden mother, and *this* it is pre-eminently *un*like.

But the Titian Venus is the perfect representation of the ancient idea of what is heavenly and spiritual—that is, it is the most unequivocal and appetizing flesh and blood. Bartolini's statue, of course, loses the fine flush of colour which is so delicious in the original; but the form is proportionately more real and exquisite. The pressure of the arm upon the pillow is given with admirable grace and truth. It reminded me of the same beauty in the celebrated Two Children of Chantrey, in Lichfield Cathedral. The face, as must be the case in all statues, is the part most inferior to the painting. The want of eye is what no *prestige*, no authority, no time or habit, can reconcile to my feelings of beauty. Want of colour in a statue is, to my ideas, a very great drawback, but the want of eye is insuperable. Critics and connoisseurs (to which brood, I thank Heaven, I in no degree belong,) ask you if you then think Mrs. Salmon's waxwork inferior to the Medicean Venus, and endeavour to prove that desiring colour in a statue runs you into that conclusion. But this argument appears to me to be neither sound nor fair. You might equally be asked if you considered the Saracen's head on Snow-hill superior to Bartolozzi's engravings. What I think is, that if Michael Angelo and Canova had worked in a substance capable of producing coloured form, their statues would have been equally admirable as they now are, in respect to shape, and have possessed a reality in other respects which can never be given to white and eyeless marble. If one mentions such a thing as a coloured statue, a cry is instantly raised of bad taste and barbarism; yet I cannot but think this to arise from prescriptive and conventional ideas, not from any thing founded in natural principles of beauty. It has been said, "you cannot give a statue motion—it therefore cannot be exactly similar to life—and thence, to give it colour would make it startling and shocking." Now, this conclusion appears to me to be most peremptorily liable to be called that name to which the Serjeant in Tom Jones would not submit—it is a *non sequitur*. True, a statue cannot be made to move, but it *can* be made accurately to resemble life when not in motion. There is nothing horrible, or even disagreeable, in a coloured figure on canvass. I cannot in the least see why it should be so, when the form is of reality instead of perspective. Few people will deny that colour is one of the chief causes and condiments of beauty. In describing it, it is one of the first points mentioned: in gazing on it, it is one of the chief objects of delight. Why it should be so arbitrarily (and as I think wantonly) excluded from the only art capable of producing perfect form, is to me matter of surprise, as well as of strong regret.

But the want of eye is, perhaps, still more strongly felt. The debate between mouth and eyes has been mooted by many besides La Fontaine, and in sculpture and painting the bribe which swayed his judge is unavailable. I am myself somewhat an *eye-ite*, but by no means bigotedly or exclusively. The muscles round the mouth convey a world of expression both of sense and temper; but I must lay claim to at least an equal share for the eyes. The sterner passions—at least, in their sudden ebullitions—surely are chiefly conveyed by them;—and who that has gazed *into* eyes which looked fondness upon him, would be con-

tented to confine to the mouth (sweetly as it conveys them) the expression of the softer passions also? Every one who reads this, can, I am very sure, call to mind, as he who writes it does, some *picture* even, whose eyes have looked into his soul, on which he has riveted *his* in entranced pleasure; but who ever felt this in looking on the eyes of a statue or a bust? Our friend, chiselled in marble, never lives to us, at least to me; for he is sightless, he does not return our gaze, he does not look on any thing.—Oh! that some one would have courage enough to dare, and skill enough to execute a statue *with eyes.* He would be a greater benefactor to the arts than he who added the seventh note to music.

In these respects the Venus of Titian loses by her translation into marble—but in that ineffable listlessness of limb, that languor of expression which is so beautifully apparent in every member, in every muscle, it perhaps gains; but then it wants *the eye* to give the redeeming, yet crowning fire.

But Bartolini has, at present, in hand another Venus, which I think will be yet finer than this; for as it is original, the freedom from the confinement of copying, has given it a spirit and (if I may so speak) a natural idealism of beauty that make it perhaps still more fascinating. As a friend of mine once happily said to me of his account of a tour he had been making, "it is what I really saw, or really invented;" so when I expressed my surprise at Bartolini's telling me that a young girl sat for this, he added, that it was her beauty improved upon. The statue is somewhat similar in design to Canova's nymph; that is, it is lying on the face with the head rested on the arm. The figure is totally naked,—and we gathered that the artist had had no impediment to making his copy. The model, he told us, was *una ragazza,* who came under the chaperonage of her mother, and received a *scudo* per sitting! We asked if she were not ashamed? "*Ma, non—non ci sono molto vergognose a Firenze.* While we spoke, the young lady arrived; she was a very pretty, plump girl, of about twenty, but neither so lovely nor so youthful as her marble copy.

In the *gabinetto,* where are the works for sale, are also the original models of an infinite number of the busts which Bartolini has taken. What a multitude of plain unpoetical heads were here!—heads which Nature never meant for Art, and which Art had had great difficulty in moulding into passable nature. I was exceedingly amused by the evident endeavours of the sitters to throw sculpturelike expression into their unsculpturelike faces. The hair of one was *artistement arrangé;* the neck of another was imposingly turned;—one had affected an expression of calmness and philosophy, a second of dignity, a third of energy, a fourth of fire; nearly all by being affected had become unnatural—nearly all had striven to "look delightfully with all their might," and nearly all had failed egregiously. I was amused also with the evident traces of the skilful and admissible flattery of the artist. In heads which I recognised, this of course was apparent, but it was so also in those which I did not. In particular, you could see his good taste in tempering and redeeming the unnatural and theatrical air which so many had assumed, and his skill in blending what they were with what they wished to be. *Some,* however, were beyond him. Heads which were fitted only to rise from a Bond-street coat, and a starched neckcloth, could be brought into no unison with the bare throat and the Roman toga. Yet such is per-

sonal vanity! Such it certainly is, for I thought my own head would make a very laudable addition to the collection, and I dare say there are very few people who would be of the same opinion.

But there were some unreproachable with these faults, possessed, indeed, of great interest and beauty. There were young and lovely heads, to which youth and loveliness were evidently natural—heads of manliness and expression, where it was clear they were not assumed. But what interested me most was, meeting the portraits of features which had become familiar through their possessors' celebrity. Of these there were many, some favourite busts, some recopied for sale. Of Napoleon, of course, the image met you at every turn, that fine head so fitted for sculpture by the beauty and strong expression both of its general contour and its minuter forms. There were several models of this head of various sizes, and different characteristics; some with the wreathed crown, some with the small three-cornered hat which he commonly wore, some without any covering. I thought most of them were extremely successful, both in likeness and expression. Of Fox, too, the busts were in great number; and Bartolini told me that there was more demand for it than almost for any head that he had ever modelled. Even the *attachés* to our Embassy had them! Tell this not in Gath, that is, in Downing-street—what would they say there? or rather what would they have said there two years ago?

These, of course, were familiar to me; but there was one head which, manifold as its copies are, and well known as it is in England, I did not at first recognize. This was a bust of Lord Byron, taken about eighteen months ago. He must be greatly changed since he left England, for Bartolini said the bust was a very happy likeness. The face is quite altered in contour, and thence partly in expression, from what it formerly was. It is greatly fallen away in the lower part, which tends also to throw the nose more prominently forward. There are lines also of mingled sadness and *aigreur*, formed about the mouth, which one might so well expect to be there! I was instantly reminded of those mournful and most beautiful stanzas beginning

> "No more, no more, oh! never more on me
> The freshness of the heart shall fall like dew!"

The face spoke that consciousness of the vanity, the *unavailingness* of great gifts, and mental acquirements and fame, which constitute, perhaps, the bitterest of all reflections. There were other changes also. The hair which used to be curled close to the head, now flowed in long and graceful curls after the old Italian fashion, which, in my esteem at least, is the addition of a beauty. But I am told that he afterwards had again cut it short. It had grown grey,

> "But now, at thirty years, my hair is grey—
> I wonder what it will be like at forty:"

and he therefore did not like it to be long. In speaking of his grey hairs, he said *Je les ai coupé pour ne plus les conter.*

Near his bust stood that of the Contessa Y———. In this I was much disappointed, for I had thought always highly of Lord Byron's ideas of female beauty, not only from his poems, but also from some hints dropped here and there in his notes. But in this head there was little either of beauty or expression. The face is large and round in the upper part and the cheek-bones, and then slopes off sud-

denly till it becomes very narrow below. Still, I can understand many people, considering it as belonging to that style of beauty which the Italians of the middle ages admired—that is, which one or two of them painted;—I mean an inanimate oval face, with hair parted carefully, and flatly at the top, and hanging down in long ringlets on the shoulders. The Marchesa's hair was arranged in exactly this manner:—it is evident that is the line of beauty which she adopts. The eyes are not large—of their expression, of course, I cannot speak; but the mouth has little, if any, and the whole appearance of the bust was as if it resembled a head which was like a bust.

One of the finest pieces of sculpture, in my estimation, was a bust of Machiavelli. Here mouth had the superiority, for the expression of cunning and caducity in the mouth of the bust was as powerful and speaking as any thing I can conceive. "Cunning," perhaps, is not exactly the word to convey my meaning, at least I would wish it taken in a higher sense than that in which it is commonly used—acuteness and subtlety of thought combined; but probably not exalted by much grandeur or generosity of intellect.

I was much pleased with Bartolini himself; like most foreigners, he speaks rapidly, but his ideas flow as fast as his words;—every moment you are struck by some sound, acute, or original remark, clinched by apposite and strong language. I hate to see a man of reputation in his profession confined, like a mill-horse, to his own beaten round, and proving to you, in despite of what might be concluded and certainly must be wished, that talent may co-exist with extreme narrowness of intellect. This is a truth which I have long wished to deny to my conviction; but what can one do against the repeated instances that one sees, and some of them very distinguished? The assertion, which had become almost a proverb, that "Nelson was nothing ashore," may be applied *mutatis mutandis* to men eminent in many different ways. Still the natural desire, as well as expectation, is, when you see a man of whom you have heard much, that his appearance and conversation should prove that he is not a mere mechanic in his calling. With Bartolini this is peculiarly the case. In speaking of his own art, he has a clearness, an absence of all affectation, and, what is still more extraordinary in one so nearly allied to the Sir Fretful brotherhood of painters, an equal absence of all envy.

Bartolini was one of the artists, culled from the most eminent of nearly all Europe, who were sent for to Paris to erect the pillar in the Place Vendôme. A considerable part of the relief of this most beautiful and admirable work is from his models. There can scarcely, in my idea, be a more beautiful monument than this. In more senses than one, the inscription beneath the prints of the pillar is a just one.—"Qu'on est fier d'être Français quand on regarde la colonne!"

One thing Bartolini told me, which surprised me exceedingly—he had never been at Rome! Living within 170 miles of it, being an artist, nay a sculptor, he has never visited the metropolis of all art. To be sure, when he was at Paris, the Apollo and the Laocoon were there; but you cannot move St. Peter's—fresco paintings are not transferable at pleasure;—above all, the associations attached to ROME cannot be shifted by the mandate of a conqueror; and yet Bartolini never drove, for it is only a drive, to Rome! I cannot understand, or account for it.

λ.

"AND I TOO IN ARCADIA."

Are ye come forth, amidst the leaves and flowers
With all bright things that wake to sunny hours,
O youths and virgins of the sylvan vales!
And doth the soft wind of the summer air,
Sport with the ringlets of your shining hair?
—*I* too have breath'd Arcadia's joyous gales!

Bear ye fresh wreaths some turf-built shrine to dress,
Some wood-nymph's altar of the wilderness,
Deep midst the hoary pines and olives dim?
Go! on your way all flowery perfumes flinging,
And your full chaunt along the forest singing!
—*My* voice once mingled in Arcadia's hymn!

Haply the woods in golden light are glowing,
And the vine-branches with their clusters bowing,
And the hills ringing unto flute and song!
Press the red grape! the ivy garland wear,
Dance in your vineyards!—I too have been there,
I, midst Arcadia's fair and festive throng!

If this were all!—but there are other hours
Than those which pour out sunshine on the bowers,
And weigh the rich trees down with summer's pride!
Dance, dance ye on!—but I have seen decay,
Steal, as a shadow, o'er the laughing day—
—Even in Arcadia's lap a rose hath died!

F. H.

TWELVE O'CLOCK AT NIGHT.

"Well, if any thing be damn'd,
It will be twelve o'clock at night; that twelve
Will ne'er escape.
It is the Judas of the hours, wherein
Honest salvation is betrayed to sin."

Revenger's Tragedy.

The opinion above delivered concerning that "celebrated hour*" to which the literary world is so deeply indebted, is most harsh and unchristian. It is now many years since first I had the honour of forming an acquaintance with Twelve o'clock at Night, and in the interim I have known it in almost every department of life; yet I cannot charge my memory with any misconduct of which it has been guilty, that at all warrants so severe a denunciation; but, on the contrary, must own that of all the four-and-twenty hours it is the one from which I have derived the most intense and most varied pleasure, and is indeed "the sweetest morsel of the night." Whoever will take the pains of looking a little deeper than the surface of things, and of giving that attention to the subject which common charity requires of all men when a reputation is at stake, will discover that there is much more of antique prejudice than of sound reason in the damnatory clauses of the poet; and will find that if certain of the imputations levelled against the "witching hour" may formerly have had some slight semblance of

* "It was at the celebrated hour of twelve, &c." See "The Heroine."

foundation, twelve o'clock at night, like a good Christian hour as it is, has repented of the past, and, in the language of Shakspeare, has "reformed it altogether;" leading at the present *day* (if that be not a bull) as exemplary a life, as if it had been brought up in the tabernacle, or had been appointed deputy licenser of plays to my Lord Chamberlain.

One of the standing accusations against twelve o'clock at night is, that it is a dark and gloomy hour, of a louring and suspicious countenance, and an avowed protector of rogues and vagabonds.

"Oh! grim-look'd night! oh! night with hue so black."

Now though this might fairly be met with a reflection that the matter in charge is more a misfortune than a fault; and that if the sun chose to keep better hours, or the moon were not so capricious in her movements, midnight might be as flaunting as the "garish eye of day;" yet there is no necessity for availing ourselves of the plea. Let any one who has a curiosity to gratify, but take the trouble of walking into Regent-street, or any other of the great thoroughfares of the metropolis, and he will find twelve o'clock at night fairly outshining its *soi-disant* radiant brother, twelve at noon, (who by the by is much too frequently under a cloud,) and, without being dependant upon "the seasons or their changes," is all the year round alike brilliant and gay; which is much more than can be said of the greatest and happiest wits upon town, from Jekyll to ——— ——— inclusive. Then as to the keeping bad company, twelve o'clock may be seen every *evening* at the best houses in London ushering into the ball-room whatever is most choice and select in the supreme *bon ton* of the supreme *bon genre*.

Another most absurd imputation, from which it is scarcely necessary to defend this "injured innocent," is that of murder. A night-prowling bandit figures well in a melodrame; such innuendoes as

"Wither'd murder
Alarum'd by his sentinel the wolf,
Whose howl's his watch,"

may cut a very good splash in poetry; and "The midnight murd'rer bursts the faithless bar," is very soon said; but who ever heard of twelve o'clock at night being present at a duel, that most fashionable and approved mode of manslaughter? If such a charge had been brought against six o'clock in the morning, or against the hour between riding-time and dressing for dinner, it might not be wholly divested of colour; but twelve at night would be very clever to catch a man to kill, at Chalk Farm, or the "Fifteen Acres" either.* Then as to assassination, that might have been all very well when men passed the midnight hour asleep and alone; but now, when this hour has become the time of general assembly, the thing is impossible. In this respect, indeed, twelve at night is much more sinned against than sinning: for there is not a tavern in London in which, on every night

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* The Fifteen Acres is the accustomed seat of duelling *rendezvous* for his Majesty's lieges of the city of Dublin. An Attorney lately, in penning a challenge, which perhaps he mistook for a lease, directed his opponent to meet him "at the Fifteen Acres, *be the same more or less*."

in the year, there will not be found a set of jolly dogs drowning the calumniated hour, like the unfortunate Clarence, in a wine cask; and while the masters are thus killing this eldest born of time, the apprentices, with a like murderous intention, engage in fights with the Charleys, and strive to get rid of midnight by the most violent and disreputable means. Even the gravest dowagers do not flinch from this species of slaughter; not only forming an unholy alliance with the four kings, but enlisting the very knaves in their warfare against poor twelve at night. There is not, indeed, an hour on the dial-plate that has so much to fear from clubs, or has more cause to dread finding every man with his card in his hand, as it were, prepared for a challenge. Amongst its other imputed sins, twelve o'clock at night likewise labours under an ill reputation for gallantry, which, but for the plea of "*numerus defendit*," might perhaps give us some trouble, so inveterate is the notion. No one has a worse name for dealing in rope-ladders and assignations, for hiding blushes and encouraging all sorts of peccadilloes. All this, however, is prejudice, pure prejudice; for, as I hope to be saved, I do not think there is a single cuckold, even east of Temple-bar, that can fairly lay his misfortune to the door of this hour. The worst that can justly be charged against twelve at night is the helping a lady to put on her rouge; or, perhaps, a little innocent flirtation in window-seats, doorways, or the staircases of crowded assemblies. Most commonly, indeed, twelve at night is otherwise employed; being either engaged at the dinner-table, or, perhaps, listening to the snoring of country gentlemen in the House of Commons, while the Chancellor of the Exchequer explains his budget, or Messrs. B—— or B—— favour the speaker with a methodist sermon. There are some malicious persons, I own, who pretend that this good behaviour of twelve at night is all owing to gas lights and vagrant acts, which make him more careful of exposing his infirmities. But every body knows that the chief pleasure of gallantry lies in the vice; and Milton has told us that

"It's only daylight that makes sin;"

from which premises the logical conclusion is, that twelve at night is a stranger to the greatest charm [illegible]e, and may be regarded as less disposed to indulgence than certain other sly and prudish hours, which hope to pass unobserved and unsuspected. In confirmation of all which, appeal may safely be made to the prevalence of ottomans and muslin curtains, and to the published annals of Doctors Commons.

Another unfounded accusation against midnight is keeping late hours. Formerly, not to be in bed before midnight was, I admit, esteemed a rakehellish practice. But Shakspeare, who knew every thing, (*omne cognoscibile*, at least,) and, as the Frenchman has it, "*first destroyed this worl' and den made anoser for himself*,*"—Shakspeare has fully refuted this calumny. "To be up after midnight," he says, "and to go to bed then, is early; so that to go to bed after midnight is to go to bed betimes." Midnight lucubrations were formerly, perhaps, a frequent cause of those pale and emaciated faces which were then to

* In probable quotation of "Exhausted worlds and then imagined new."—*Dr. Johnson's Prologue.*

be found in the quadrangles of Trinity and Christchurch; but now-a-days, if such faces are to be seen there, I should much rather be disposed to accuse Aurora, brandy-punch, and Havannah cigars.

While some persons have busied themselves in traducing twelve at night, and accusing it of all sorts of wantonness and debauchery, others have been no less industrious in embroiling this hour with legitimacy, and in sending it to the *carcere duro* for treason and conspiracy. If these gentlemen, however, would tell the truth, they would own that the only treason now in vogue, the treason against common sense and common right, is carried on openly and in the face of day.

To defend midnight from the charge of sorcery will, with many, be thought a rejection of all authority, and a contempt for established order,—that unforgiveable sin of the modern code. There are, it must be owned, so many *useful* practices and prejudices which are alone "upheld by old repute, consent, and custom," without any other foundation, that it is no wonder if certain folks are a little shy of meddling with ghosts, witches, and divining rods, for fear of pulling an old house about their heads. The hole of a water-rat may let in water enough to burst a dyke. At first sight, therefore, I was, like a loyal right-thinking man as I am, about to let judgment go by default, to admit the "secret, black, and *midnight* hags" of Macbeth, and abide by the consequences, when luckily I recollected a recent declaration against the reality of witchcraft from the Bench, which seems to prove with tolerable satisfaction that sorcery is no longer "part and parcel of the law of the land," and consequently not under the protection of the libel code. I shall, therefore, take the liberty—under correction of the Constitutional Society—of asserting that if, in the language of the poet, "*there's no such thing*" as witchcraft, we may logically conclude that midnight cannot have been guilty of the offence. All this, however, I advance with great modesty and hesitation, seeing that contradictory precedents are equally binding; and that the *dictum* of King James's judges is quite as valid in law as Mr. Justice Abbot's can be, for the life of him.

Twelve o'clock at night, like other great personages, leads a very different life in town and in the country. In London the only stars it ever sees are those in the chalky firmament of ball-rooms or on the breasts of gallant knights; its only lights are wax candles and ladies' eyes; and if it were even inclined to dose, the thunder of rolling carriages, and the roar of the footmen's artillery, would "murder sleep." In the country, midnight is as tranquil as the grave, and melancholy as the churchyard. When its approach is announced by the iron tongue of time, the owl hoots in concert with the bell, and the tender virgin hides her moistened forehead deep between the sheets, while her snowy bosom palpitates with "thick-coming fancies" and "horrible imaginings." Why this particular hour should be so disagreeable to village maidens, while it is in such general estimation with metropolitan belles, I leave for others to elucidate; nor shall I further extend the present lucubration, than to do justice by twelve at night upon the score of religion; a point the more important, because in the present day it is so much the fashion to think that no man is right in his own faith, unless he is troublesomely inquisitive concerning that of his neighbour; and *because it is so customary* to be more anxious to know what church an indi-

vidual frequents, than what are his actions, or what his moral respectability. For the satisfaction of the curious, then, be it known that twelve o'clock at night, before the Reformation, bore a most exemplary character for piety; and "midnight lauds" were in universal request. I presume, therefore, that no one in these Protestant realms will suppose for one moment that twelve at night is the worse for having embraced the Lutheran religion; or will believe that its piety is a bit the less fervent because it seeks the privacy of a chamber, and is no longer exhibited in churches and monasteries. With this fact in the rear of my defence, I think I may save myself the trouble of peroration, and without further ceremony commit my client, with a certainty of acquittal, to the verdict of an enlightened and intelligent country.

M.

TO IANTHE SLEEPING

Lady! dream, but not of Love;
Be thy visions far above
Feverish hopes, and pining fears,
Fleeting joys, and lingering tears.

Love is an inconstant thing,
Ever, ever on the wing,
Flying most, when most pursued,
Lightly lost, and dearly wooed.

Let not words, and looks of art,
Win thy young and happy heart;
Let not beauty charm thine eye,
The fairest flowers are first to die;
Wit and learning cannot save,
Valour finds an early grave.

Let thy virgin beauties glow,
Like the buds that bloom in snow,
Like the gems that shine unseen,
Where man, the spoiler, ne'er hath been.

Like the flowers that wreathe their leaves
Underneath the clear cold waves,
Weaving many a garland fair,
Such as sea-nymphs love to wear,
Far from mortal ear or eye,
In their maiden revelry.

Be thy glancing foot the fleetest,
Be thy tuneful voice the sweetest,
Where the gay and happy throng,
To weave the dance, and breathe the song,
Pleasure, wit, and friendship, prove;—
But Lady! listen not to Love.

LETTERS FROM THE EAST.—NO. VII.

Girgé.

The next day we crossed to the opposite shore to visit the ruins of Kurnu. The hieroglyphics there are all of a warlike character; the columns are plain and without any ornament; the capitals perfectly simple, and bear a greater resemblance to the Doric than to any other order, and are the same as those of Karnac and Luxor. Close to Kurnu lie the fragments of an enormous statue. The bust is thirty-five feet in length, the width of the shoulders twenty-five feet, and the whole must have been nearly eighty feet high. It consisted of one solid piece of granite. It has fallen on its face, and the features are quite obliterated; its thickness is prodigious.

About a mile and half distant are the ruins of Medinet Abou, apparently those of a temple and palace, which are entered by a small and very handsome gateway. The portico of the former conducts to a large square, round the sides of which run lofty corridors; the capitals of the pillars are highly ornamented, and the ceilings they support richly painted. The various bas-reliefs cut on it still preserve their vivid colours, which are most frequently of a light blue and red. The aspect of this ruined palace is peculiarly fresh and gay, just that of a court, as if time had in pity spared it for its elegance. Seated on the shores of the Nile, Medinet Abou must once have possessed its cool retreats, its fountains, and woods of perpetual green; but the face of Nature is perfectly desolate now, and though, after the lapse of so many centuries, it is still beautiful within, every sign of vegetation has perished without, and it is completely enveloped in a frightful waste. We proceeded along the loose sand, and wound up between the hills; the weather was very sultry. The burial-place of ancient Thebes is situated here, and innumerable graves and vaults are seen scattered over this part of the desert, even to the foot of the precipices. The mummies have been drawn from their tombs with a rapacious and unsparing hand. In this vast cemetery there were no objects such as we expect to see around the remains of the dead, but a waste of bright and scorching sand, amidst black and naked rocks. The corpses of the poor Egyptians had most of them been torn from their deep graves and strong vaults; many of the latter, to which flights of steps led, after being rifled, had their doors secured, till another visit might produce fresh discoveries; others were entirely empty and spoiled. The chief part of this havoc was committed by the Arabs, who tore the bodies open to get at the resin used in the embalming, which they sold at Cairo at a high price; but travellers and *savans*, and their agents, have also had their share in this sacrilege, if so it may be called. It is a sad and disgusting sight; the sands and the edges of the graves in some parts being strewed with the bones and pieces of the flesh of the mummies, thrown wantonly about. The poor Egyptians, who had slept in peace for some thousands of years, have been mercilessly dealt with here, and the remains of warriors, citizens, and sages, may now lie mingled together in the burning sun; for no retreat or sanctuary of the dead has been suffered to remain inviolate. I picked up a foot with part of the leg, that from its smallness and delicacy seemed to have belonged to an Egyptian lady. It had suffered little from time, except

being shrunk in size, for the flesh, though quite dried, still adhered to it, but it strongly retained the mummy smell. Not far from hence, in the plain below, are the two colossal statues of Memnon: each of them is cut out of a solid block of granite; they are in a sitting posture, are near sixty feet in height, and can be seen from a great distance round. The architecture is coarse; the posture easy and tranquil, with their gigantic hands placed on their knees. At this time the inundation had gathered round these enormous statues for some extent, and invaded a part of their stone chair or seat: their appearance, thus isolated, was most strange, they seemed to sit like the stern and ancient genii of the plain, over whom time and decay had no power.

The Nile for the last few days had grown narrower, and its banks more wild and rugged; the climate seemed to become more pure as we advanced; the heat at Esnéh, where we arrived on the second day, was very intense,—indeed it would have been difficult to have borne it, but for the luxury of bathing twice a day in the Nile, at sunrise and sunset. The ruin of the temple is situated in the middle of the town, and its portico, the most beautiful and best preserved in Egypt, is obscured by a mass of rubbish; it is situated near the market-place; the capitals of the pillars are mostly different from each other, and this variety, as in the portico of Etfu, has a delightful effect: they are taken from the leaves, flowers, and stems of plants and trees, as the vine, the lotus, and the palm-tree.

In the progress towards the cataracts, we observed the colour of the inhabitants of the villages become gradually darker, till at last it became quite black.

At length we reached Etfu, or Apollinopolis Magna. Its temple is a noble ruin, of vast extent, and commands a most extensive view of the river and the plains above and below; the piers of the gateway are eighty-five feet in height, and the length of the outer wall of the temple is near four hundred and twenty feet. You enter into an immense area, round which runs a lofty corridor, supported by a single row of pillars, and at the end is the portico, with three rows of columns: the capitals of the pillars, like those of the temple of Esnéh. This great and magnificent temple is in an excellent state of preservation. The villagers have built a number of wretched cottages in the courts and on the roof of the edifice; a multitude of people were at work beneath the corridors, and the noise of their operations resounded through every part of the building. The miserable huts and their squalid inhabitants haunting your sight at every avenue of this splendid ruin, sadly injured its effect. One could not help earnestly wishing that like Thebes and Tentyra, it stood in some deep and desert solitude, where the foot of man seldom approached. The next village we came to was sweetly situated in a grove of palms, and its small gardens looked very neat and inviting. Here we met with a Greek, who had wandered to a great distance, and seemed to live by his wits. He had with him a young Abyssinian girl, who had not long left her own country, purchased, no doubt, by this man for himself first probably, and afterwards for sale. She was of a dark complexion, and was seated beneath one of the trees; but was not pretty, as her countrywomen are so often said to be.

Landing early one morning, we strolled to a Coptic village, and found the people remarkably civil. The old sheik was very importunate with

us to enter his dwelling, and partake of a repast; and the chief part of the population crowded round, among whom were a few of the prettiest women we had seen in Egypt. The very early marriages sadly impair their attractions; and, joined with exposure to the burning sun, make them look haggard at thirty. At one place there was a young girl of twelve years of age, married however, and carrying her child in her arms. Such is the force of custom, that even in the most remote situations, where no looks but those of their neighbours are likely to meet them, you see the peasant women come to the Nile for water, with their features rigidly concealed, being all, except the eyes, covered with a thick veil.

The next town we reached was Essouan, around which are scattered the ruins, uninteresting however, of the ancient town of Syené; they stand on the steep banks of the river, in some parts in the form of the ruined turrets of a castle. In the afternoon we crossed to the island of Elephantine. The vivid descriptions given by Denon of this island are a little overcharged. It is a very enchanting spot, about a mile in length, and near a quarter of a mile broad: the northern part of it is a desert in miniature, all rocks and barrenness, with the fine ruin of a small temple on its most conspicuous point: the rest is covered with gardens, cottages, and groves of palm and fruit trees even to the water's edge. One can never behold a scene of more strange and exceeding beauty than the one presented at sunset from the highest point of Elephantine. The river above was studded with a number of islets on the high shore; on the left, were the ruins of Syené; the right shore was composed of lofty hills of light yellow sand, which spread inland to a boundless extent; the black and naked ranges of mountains below Essouan were purpled with the setting sun; all seemed dreary and desolate save the one lovely spot on which we stood. A man who has never toiled through long and burning deserts can have little idea of the rapture with which a group of trees or a bright spot of verdure is hailed; or the deep luxury of feeling excited by again moving among cottages, and fountains, and cool retreats. The land of Palestine was, no doubt, beautiful and rich; but the ecstasy the Israelites felt on beholding and entering it, and the glowing language used in describing it, had their origin as much perhaps in the passage through the dreary and howling wilderness, as in the attractions of the scenes themselves.

The next morning we rode to the Isle of Philœ. The way was through a perfect desert of sand and rocks; the latter piled in huge and lofty masses. About half-way was a fountain of water, covered by a lofty arch of brick from the rays of the sun. Beneath this two poor women were sitting, who offered us water in hope of a trifling reward. A few miles farther we came to the shore, opposite the Isle of Philœ, and, having procured a boat, crossed over. It is a branch of the Nile, which here makes a circuit, as if on purpose to encompass this singular spot. Not half as large as Elephantine, it has no verdure except a few scattered palm-trees at the water's edge, but its rocky and romantic surface is completely covered with superb ruins. They consist of the remains of several temples: one only of which is in a good state of preservation. There are two lofty gateways, and the pillars of one of the corridors have the same capitals as those of Tentyra, the head of Isis. The family of an Arab inhabited some of the chambers of the

temple. He was very savage when he perceived our intention of penetrating into his harem, and drew his long knife, protesting he would revenge the attempt. At every step you tread on some fragment of antiquity; for this celebrated isle must once have been holy ground, and peculiarly devoted to religious retirement. No situation could be better adapted to such a purpose, encircled by a branch of the Nile, and imprisoned on every side by utter desolation. The desert spreads its wastes and mountains in front; the dark and fantastic cliffs of the adjacent isles and shores look as if rent by some convulsion, and, viewed through the long colonnades which crown the rocks even to the water's edge, the effect is quite panoramic. Then the loneliness and stillness of every thing around, only interrupted by the distant rush of the cataracts: and a climate perpetually pure, that gives even to the nights a bewitching softness and splendour. Whoever is sick of the world, and would hold communion only with Nature and past ages, let him go and take up his abode at Philœ.

The boat we had hired was rowed by two boys to the adjacent isle, when one of the Berebers, who turned out to be a complete character, demanded, with an appearance of great anger, to be taken on board. His object was to share in the present usually given, and he afforded us infinite diversion. His features, like those of the rest of his countrymen, were singularly expressive and animated. An aquiline nose; eyes full of lustre; the every look of which expressed his meaning better than words; his hair was divided into thick tresses, and his frame, full of activity and muscle, had scarcely any flesh; he was quite black. His looks and gestures were a complete pantomime, and he sung a livelier boat-song than we had been used to; for the Arabs have all a monotonous chant, with which they keep time to their oars. On setting off on our return, we were surrounded by a small host, importuning for a bakshish, or present. The acting of our Bereber friend was admirable. He endeavoured to intimidate some from applying, exerted his voice the loudest, and kept his keen comic face in the foremost rank, though he had received more than any of the others.

The ride to Essouan through the desert was very pleasant, it being near sunset; and to bathe in the Nile afterwards, how exquisite a pleasure! the intense heat being past, the evening air was as balm to the feeling, cool and soft, without being chill. The next day we directed the Cangia to remain at Elephantine, the isle afforded a delightful retirement, which was indeed as a home and a shadow in a weary land. After wandering through wastes of sand and rocks, fatigued and languid, you gaze on the rich groves and unfading verdure of this isle as you would on the shore from a stormy sea. How often I have wandered amidst its shades during the burning heat of day. There was a favourite spot where a group of trees stood near the water's edge, apart from the cottages; on the opposite shore rose a lofty range of sand-hills, and the channel between was broken by some fine rocks, and one little isle covered with verdure, on which stood one or two habitations; on the left were the ruins of the two island temples:—it was delightful to sit for hours here, and see the sun go down on the romantic and beautiful scenery.

The Cataracts, a few miles above Essouan, are very insignificant, the fall over a ledge of rocks, extending nearly the whole breadth of the

channel, being but a few inches in height, though the noise may be heard at some distance. This being the termination of our voyage, the next morning we went down with the current at a good rate, and soon reached Esnéh and then Luxor. At the former town there are some hundreds of Mamelukes in the service of the Pacha, to whom they are slaves, being Circassians and others purchased by him when very young. They are still for the most part men in their youth, handsomely dressed, and are commanded by Suleiman Aga, the *quondam* French colonel, by whom they are disciplined in the European manner. One day, being becalmed near the opposite shore on our return, we landed at the entrance of a little valley, confined by lofty precipices. Advancing up this romantic spot, we came to a small monastery, with its cemetery in the wild. The gate was closed, and, no answer being given to the repeated calls, we entered through one of the windows, and found all its apartments silent and deserted. It must have been so for some time. In the burial-ground were many tomb-stones with inscriptions, in memory of the fathers who had lived and died in this solitude, which seemed not to be intruded on by human footsteps, save some chance traveller should direct his wayward steps there. A self-denying place it was altogether for this little community of fathers, who might truly say they had nothing to do with the pleasures of the world, with more reason than most who so profess in the present day.

Returning to Thebes, we set out early in the morning on a visit to the Tombs of the Kings, and passing again near the ruins of Kurnu, sought the house of Osmin, an Arab, who keeps the keys. Having waited two hours till he arrived, he soon set before us a couple of fowls, and some cakes of bread, spread on a mat in the open air, as we had a fatiguing walk before us. The path was first across the sand, and then a continual and tedious ascent up the mountains, till it approached the place of the sepulchres. They are situated in a kind of amphitheatre formed by naked and pointed summits of the mountains: in the middle of this is a steep descent or chasm, and at its bottom are the entrances of these abodes of the dead. Descending a flight of steps, the door of the largest tomb was opened, and the passage, by a slight descent, conducted into the various chambers. The surprise and delight felt at viewing these wonderful cemeteries can hardly be expressed; there is no spectacle in the world, perhaps, like that which they afford. The chambers are fourteen in number, hewn out of the solid rock; and the walls and ceilings are covered with bas-reliefs, in the highest state of perfection, which is owing partly to their having been carefully preserved from injury and from the external air. The painting looks as fresh as if laid on but a few years ago. The figures, finely and deeply cut in the rock, are of various colours, some of a light and deep blue, yellow, or red, with a mixture of white; they are in some parts diminutive; in others, three or four feet in height. These groups of figures represent sometimes the progress of the arts or the productions of agriculture; in one part you see a long religious procession, in another a monarch sitting on his throne, dressed in his splendid attire, and giving audience to his subjects; or a spectacle of death, where a corpse is laid out on the bier attended by mourners: various animals also, as large as life, and a number of serpents, the different hues and folds of the body of which are

beautifully executed, in particular one of a large size of the Boa Constrictor. The features of the women in these representations bear a close resemblance to those of Modern Egypt; the face oval, the complexion rather dark, the lips full, the expression soft and gentle, and altogether African. In some of the chambers the sculptures on the walls and ceilings are only partially executed, the work being evidently left in an unfinished state. The ambition of a monarch to eternize his memory or preserve his remains untouched, never could have chosen a more suitable or wildly impressive situation.

Leaving Thebes the same night, the next place of any consequence we stopped at was Kenéh, passing by in the way a long encampment of Turkish troops, who were on their march to join Ibrahim Pacha, Ali's eldest son, at Sennaar. There were several renegades attached to the Pacha's army; among others, a young American of some talents and good family, who came to Egypt, turned Mahometan, and got an appointment in the Pacha's army, but was soon disgusted with a campaign in the desert of Sennaar. He quitted the camp in company with a Scotchman, a soldier in the same army, and after a painful journey arrived at Cairo. At the time I knew him there, he had an appointment as a writer in some way under the Pacha with a small salary. He should have made a pilgrimage to Mecca, the only object almost worth turning Mahometan for, if to indulge in Turkish voluptuousness was his aim; but he was not rich enough, for it requires means in Egypt as well as in Europe to live a life of pleasure. However, at Cairo he was often in company with a missionary for the conversion of the Jews, and an excellent man, whose discourses made him perceive the folly of Mahometanism, though he had written a treatise in defence of it. He accordingly became extremely penitent, was conveyed down the Nile secretly to Alexandria, and on reaching Europe was received once more into the bosom of Christianity.

His companion, the Scotchman, was more unfortunate: he went about the streets of Cairo with little on him except a blanket, and sometimes came to me for relief. "I can make it badly out, Sir," said he to me one day, "among the Turks; I shall turn Christian again." In the way to Girgé the wind became violent for one or two days, and obliged the vessel to stop. One afternoon, in order to pass the time, I took a walk to a village at some distance, and seating myself beneath a palm, took out a volume of the Arabian Nights to read. After some time two Arabs came up, and sat down beside me. The book was beyond their comprehension, save that a figure of a beautiful Eastern princess in the frontispiece interested them wonderfully. One of them, an old fellow with a beard, made the most expressive signs of admiration, while his eyes sparkled with pleasure. They invited me to enter the village; where, being seated on the floor of a cottage, they set dates and milk before me, and a number of women gathered before the door out of curiosity. The custom they have of concealing a good part of their faces is a very laudable one: considering the number of fine-looking men among the Arabs, it is strange there should be such almost universal plainness among the other sex in Egypt.

A little naked boy came into the hut; he seemed to be a great favourite, being a Marabey; that is, dedicated from his infancy to be a

fakir, or Arab priest. The little dog looked very round and fat, and was, I believe, covered over with oil. All at once the sounds of music were heard without, and a strange group made its appearance. A boy carried a flag of red and white, a tall respectable-looking Arab played a tambourine, a young man a long drum, and another a pair of castanets. They all sung in a low voice; and in the midst was a fakir, for whom all the display was made. He was a very good-looking man, with a full florid face, a black bushy beard, and his thick hair in wild disorder. He moved his head up and down strangely in time to the music, and joined in the chant with the others. He came into the hut where I was, and behaved with great ease and civility; and seemed more a man of the world than a self-denying saint.

The figure of the beautiful woman in the book, which the two Arabs had kissed with earnestness, the fakir seemed to view with dislike, as the Koran forbids a fondness for pictures. The Prophet was right, perhaps, in prohibiting the use of pictures or images to his people; the wretched paintings of the Virgin and the saints, male and female, in the Greek church may have quite as much effect on the imagination, if it can at all be excited by such things, as the vile statues of the Catholics. The only human figure I saw in Greece that was better worth worshipping, if I may be allowed the expression, than half their marvellous calendar, was a young Greek girl at Tripolitza. She was dying—but her figure was symmetry itself. Her father was a priest, and her mother was, as she was well termed, a magnificent woman, of large size, stout, and her features had a noble and imperial character, quite unlike her daughter, who was of the smallest size in which loveliness could well inhabit. The girl was laid in the corridor to breathe the fresh air. She did not speak; but her elegant yet emaciated limbs, but ill concealed by the loose drapery, were moved at times, in agony, while a hurried ejaculation escaped her, and her face was buried in the long tresses of her beautiful hair. Never does a woman arrest every feeling so irresistibly as in hopeless sorrow and anguish; if experience among both the unhappy Greeks and Turks could confirm this, it were easy to appeal to it. I have heard the lament of a mother over all her murdered family; of a widow for her husband torn from her arms, and slain; the parting of a lady from her son, whose father lay covered with wounds; but in the touching and impassioned expression of sorrow the Christian must yield to the Ottoman:—the men take it calmly and passively; but the Turkish women—there is the very soul of sorrow there, and of tenderness.

MISFORTUNE.

From Lucian.

VAIN fears! vain hopes! vain supplications!
Weak and unworthy lamentations!
Endure the ill; for every grief
Time brings to all a sure relief.
Misfortune passes,—we pass too,—
Or *it* soon finds an end,—or you.

M.

THE PHYSICIAN.—NO. XIV.

Of the Diseases of the Dog-days.

The everlasting infancy of the vulgar must plead their excuse, if in their ignorance they adopt errors and prejudices, and if the strength of their faith is in an inverse ratio to the extent of their knowledge. Their superstition explains to them without difficulty all the secrets of Nature, about which the philosophers of all ages have to no purpose puzzled their brains. The term sympathy enables them to comprehend the reason why the magnet attracts iron; and spirits explain to them the nature of the ignis fatuus. The most obstinate diseases they attribute to the agency of the devil; any unusual circumstance to the power of witchcraft; the unequal effects of medicines to the arbitrary influences of the moon, and the causes of death to the position of the stars in the heavens, and the howling of dogs upon the earth.

The origin of the propensity of mankind to blame Heaven and the stars for the effects of their own actions, I cannot ascribe to any thing but their self-love: for this alone can produce in them a wish to be considered wiser and more innocent than they really are. It is related concerning Democritus the philosopher, that having one day some figs which tasted of honey brought to his table, he immediately repaired to the spot where the fruit had been gathered, to exercise his ingenuity in discovering whether this flavour was derived from the soil, the juices of the trees, or some other hidden circumstance. His housekeeper, perceiving his intention and wishing to spare him needless trouble, confessed with a smile that she had accidentally put the figs into a jar which had previously contained honey. The philosopher was extremely angry, not on account of the mistake, but because she had acquainted him with it; as he had fully determined to discover a much more profound cause of the phenomenon. Such was his disposition, and such too is that of many scholars and men of science at the present day, who seek truth not in knowledge but in the invention of ingenious errors, to adopt far-fetched causes for natural events, merely that they may flatter themselves with the false reputation of being great philosophers. To this silly propensity we have to attribute so many erudite theories, so many specious systems, so many elaborately devised errors, and so many romances concerning the natures of the world and of man, by which the learned have rendered themselves eminent among their contemporaries and ridiculous to the next generation. They will not have the truth for nothing; and thus truth fares exactly like certain commodities which are thought of no account unless they cost the purchaser a high price. At the same time, nothing is more certain than that those truths which are most essential to our well-being, seldom lie so deep as we seek them, and that we should find them much more easily if we did not give ourselves a great deal more trouble than we need do in the search. The following observations will confirm the accuracy of this position. They will show that men have at all times laboured to seek at a very great distance for the causes of natural infirmities, the grounds of which they have so near them, in order to appear wiser than they need be, or indeed than it is possible for them to be. The reader will at the same time perceive, that it is not the pride of wisdom alone which torments us with such bootless

ingenuity; but that we likewise strive thereby to excuse the depravity of our hearts, and to set ourselves up in our sufferings for martyrs of virtue. We never like to acknowledge that our afflictions are the effects of our own misconduct or imprudence; and therefore we seek the cause of them any where else, even at the extreme limits of the universe, rather than in the little corner of our own heart, where the turbid source of them is constantly flowing. We should be obliged to look upon ourselves as suicides, as self-tormentors, if we were to admit that we drew disease and death upon ourselves, merely because we would not attempt to control our appetites; and we fancy that we clear ourselves from this reproach by assigning some external cause to which we firmly believe we owe our misery.

The principal and most brilliant of the stars composing the constellation of the *Little-Dog,* is called by the name of the whole constellation, and this is the reddish *Dog-star,* or Sirius, from which the *Dog-days* have received their appellation.

Observers have remarked that the celestial hemisphere undergoes an almost imperceptible change from day to day, and that the sun, besides his daily motion from east to west, which produces day and night, has another apparent motion from west to east, by means of which, at the expiration of 365 days, he is again at the same star from which he receded six months, and to which he has been again approaching in the six succeeding months. The period of this last movement is termed the *solar year.* The different seasons were therefore distinguished according to the constellations which the sun passed through in his annual course, that is, according to the periods at which these different constellations gradually lose themselves in his rays. It was remarked, for instance, that at the beginning of spring the constellation of Aries, or the Ram, set with the sun; that summer commenced when he was seen in the constellation of Cancer; autumn, when he entered the constellation of Libra; and winter when he came to that of Capricorn. His annual course was divided into twelve constellations, which were denominated the twelve *Signs of the Zodiac,* or the twelve *Houses of the Sun,* from his abiding in each for the space of one month.

Our summer therefore begins when the sun enters the sign of Cancer, which occurs about the 21st or 22d of June. The sun is then at the highest above our horizon, and his rays approach the nearest to vertical. This period is succeeded by the heat of summer, which gradually increases in the following months, the more the earth becomes heated by his rays: for the longer the heat continues in any place, the more intense it seems to those by whom it is felt. This is the true reason why the heat in Italy seems to be more oppresive than in France, though the thermometer demonstrates that the degree in both countries is for a period alike.—Hence, it is that July and part of August are in general the hottest season of the year, and experience proves, that the greatest heat usually occurs between the 20th of July and the 30th of August. About this period the sun must of course be near some constellation, and it so happens that the Dog-star is the most brilliant of those with which at this time it appears to be in contact. For the space of a month it is withdrawn from our view, and lost in the sun's rays, as is successively the case with all the constellations at which the sun arrives in his annual career. The month when the Dog-star is invisible is the interval which we call the Dog-days.

Because the heat is most intense during the Dog-days, the effects of the heat have been ascribed to the influence of the Dog-star on the earth, on brute animals, and on man! There was no necessity whatever to go so far to produce so lame a conclusion. If it were even true that of two things which are constantly connected together, one must be the active cause of the other, a notion which no reflecting mind could ever adopt—still this would not authorize us to regard the Dog-star as the cause of the circumstances that befal us in the Dog-days. For, on a closer investigation of the matter, we find that the disappearance of the Dog-star in the sun's rays does not always happen at the season of the year when the heat is most intense, and that the month which we call the Dog-days may belong to winter as well as summer, as the following explanation will demonstrate.

It is well known that the stars have an apparent motion round the pole of the ecliptic, by means of which they advance about one degree in seventy-two years. The sun which, at the time of the expedition of the Argonauts, rose with the constellation Aries, when spring began about the 20th of March, does not now reach that constellation till towards the end of April. Since that period the Dog-days have been thrown just so much later; and in point of fact they do not now commence till towards the end of August, and terminate about the 20th of September. Our almanac-makers, therefore, can no longer with a good conscience place against the 20th of July in red or black letter, the words *Dog-days begin*, and against the 20th of August *Dog-days end*. They would err at least a whole month, and deceive themselves and those who relied on their calculations. Meanwhile the Dog-star steadily pursues its course, and will, in process of time, reach October and November, nay even Christmas itself, and then what will become of the Dog-days?

If we consider all this, we shall clearly perceive that the Dog-star cannot possibly be to blame for all the accidents that befal us during the period of the most intense heat. It is quite unnecessary to extend our enquiries farther, as the heat is of itself sufficient to afford a satisfactory explanation of all these phenomena. If wine or beer turn in bad cellars, if fermenting matters become sour, if standing waters and wells are dried up, there is no occasion to seek the cause of these effects in any thing else than the heated air, as they may all be produced at every season of the year by artificial heat. If dogs go mad about this time, it cannot possibly be because the Dog-star is then concealed by the sun; for I have just observed that this no longer takes place in the Dog-days. But supposing that it did, other animals and even men are as liable to be seized with madness in excessive heat as dogs; and neither brutes nor men are affected by it when the Dog-days are cold, and other incidental causes are wanting. But I must not dwell any longer on these follies, which, strictly speaking, are not within my sphere.

The universal propensity of mankind to insist on their innocence when they suffer has hitherto cherished the error, so flattering to their self-love, of charging the diseases which they induce by their misconduct during the heat of summer to the account of the Dog-star. Ridiculous as all the trash of the astrologers is become at the present day, the notion of the influence of the Dog-star still in some measure keeps its

ground. During these days various dangerous diseases occur, especially putrid fevers with cutaneous eruptions, gall-fevers and dysentery. No person would have it supposed that he has contracted such severe and dangerous disorders through his own negligence and indiscretion; and the Dog-star has the kindness to take all the blame upon itself. But I have undertaken to clear it from all these false imputations, and I shall take the liberty of putting our own folly in its place.

Putrid fevers have received their name from the putridity with which our juices are affected in these diseases. In my next paper I intend to show how liable the heat of the atmosphere is to produce putrefaction in the animal juices; and to give directions for obviating the ill consequences of that heat; and how to avoid taking cold, in particular during perspiration. For the present, therefore, I shall confine myself to some hints relative to cold water, which some are in the habit of drinking copiously in hot weather.

I cannot approve the practice of plunging liquids into ice in hot weather to render them cold. In all that we eat and drink, a certain proportion should be observed in the temperature, that they may not occasion too rapid and violent a change in the body. But let us only compare the degree of heat of the blood and stomach in the hottest of the Dog-days, with the icy coldness communicated to the liquids which we swallow, and is not this correcting one extreme by another? How liable are the overheated juices to become congealed by the great degree of cold! How easily may the minutest vessels in which they circulate be thereby contracted! And how soon may not these combined causes produce obstructions of the juices in these minute vessels! Hence arise the fatal inflammatory fevers which are so common in hot weather, and which we denominate inflammations of the stomach, and pleurisy. Seven days, and even a shorter period, are frequently sufficient to terminate in this manner the life of a person who was previously in robust health; and it is not the Dog-star, but the luxurious gratification which we seek in cooling ourselves by refrigerants, that occasions this catastrophe. Hence I should wish that all those who during these days send to the ice-cellars for ice to cool their liquors, might fare like a certain labouring man, who, being ordered to fetch some ice for his master, put it into a sack, which he threw across his shoulder, and had to carry a couple of miles one very hot sunny day. The sack became gradually lighter and lighter the farther he proceeded; so that, when he reached his journey's end, his load was completely dissolved, and he brought his master nothing but a wet sack to cool his liquor.

Water from deep wells, when fresh drawn, is quite cold enough to lower the temperature of liquids sufficiently for drinking, and even to produce fatal effects, if taken by one who is overheated. The ancient Indian practice of fastening wet cloths round drinking vessels, setting them in a draught of air, and keeping them moist, is also adequate to this purpose. But the more thirsty and the hotter a person is, the more cautious he should be in drinking it; and in order to abate the keenness of his thirst before he drinks, it is advisable for him to chew a morsel of bread for the purpose of increasing the flow of the saliva. The bread, if swallowed, lays a foundation in the stomach, which prevents the liquid from coming into immediate contact with the latter and cooling it too suddenly.

Pleurisies and other inflammatory fevers are most dangerous at this season, because they are liable to unite with a turn to putrid fevers. An inflammatory complaint of a week's standing or longer, is capable in more than one way of turning to a putrid disorder, though originally not connected with the latter. The blood becomes violently heated in inflammations, which dispose it, in the same manner as external heat, to putrefaction. Add to this the foul air in sick rooms, which of itself is sufficient to induce putridity of the juices. When this is combined with inflammatory fever, the life of the patient is in the most imminent danger, and this danger almost always arises from our carelessness, which is itself a consequence of our excessive luxury.

Sydenham, next to Hippocrates the most accurate observer perhaps among physicians, ascertained from experience that the gall-fever is liable to be occasioned solely by great heat without the intervention of other causes. It disposes our juices to putrefaction, and of all these juices the gall is most liable to be affected by it. The effect of heat on the gall is twofold; or perhaps both are but different degrees of one and the same influence. In the one the heat merely renders the gall more sharp, penetrating, and subtle, without so far deranging its natural composition as to cause putrefaction. This is the inferior degree of the effect of heat, which precedes putrefaction; or possibly it takes place only in a gall that is naturally less disposed to putrefaction than another, under the powerful operation of heat. Indeed it may be generally observed in regard to all our juices, that in some persons they resist contagion much more strongly than in others, though both may be exposed to the same causes of putrefaction. There are persons whom pestilence itself never attacks. There are corpses which continue fresh and undecayed for a century in vaults where all the others are mouldered into dust. I am not able to explain how this happens; but I am not on that account accustomed to doubt of things which I cannot comprehend. Let it happen, however, as it will, so much is certain, that the gall may be violently heated without passing into putrefaction. We observe this in irascible persons, whose gall is changed by passion, in the same manner as I conceive it to be affected by heat, when the latter does not immediately produce putrefaction. When heat attacks the gall in this manner, the same changes ensue in the body as take place in an irritable person, whose gall is heated by rage. If we now consider that anger has of old been termed a short madness, and that this short madness poisons the saliva of all animals; we shall easily comprehend how it is that both men and brutes are in danger of going mad in the heat of the dog-days.

The putrid gall-fever is a dreadful disease, being a compound of a putrid and an inflammatory fever. On account of its fatal effects it was denominated by the ancients the murderous fever. It arises from the putrefaction of the gall occasioned by heat; and he must be obstinately intent on sophistries, like Democritus with his figs, who should pretend to seek its origin beyond the heated atmosphere, in the distant Dog-star.

The same observation applies to the dysentery. The ordinary dysentery is invariably a putrid fever. Were the Dog-days the cause of this disorder, it would not manifest itself so often at other seasons of the year, when people are so liable to take cold after great heat, by checking

the transpiration. It occurs very frequently among the labouring class in harvest-time when they have overheated themselves at work in the day, and neglect the necessary precautions against taking cold in the cool nights which succeed. As various kinds of fruit are just then eaten, it has been conjectured that the eating of fruit which is not ripe, or which is impregnated with pernicious effluvia, is the sole cause of dysentery. But though that circumstance may indeed contribute something towards the breaking out of the disease, and determine and occasion this species of putrid fever rather than any other; still we know from many attentive observations, that fruit is not the universal or main cause of this disorder. The first symptom of dysentery, which is so different from a common flux, shews that it arises from a general putrefaction of the juices, and that it is nothing but a putrid fever, which opens itself a way to its crisis through the bowels.

The art of guarding against all these dangerous diseases in the Dog-days consists in avoiding whatever tends to dispose our juices to putrefaction. A man's whole previous mode of life must lay the foundation for this. Two principal points are the constant enjoyment of fresh and pure air at all times of the year, and attention to keep up the insensible transpiration. I cannot too strongly exhort every one, on the first appearance of symptoms of these dangerous diseases, to consult without loss of time some experienced physician; and in cases where such a one is not to be had immediately, it is better to take nothing till his arrival, than by a bad beginning of the cure to lay the foundation for a melancholy termination.

The wish to render a service to my readers and to correct the pernicious prejudices of men in such important matters, has induced me to fill the latter half of this paper with considerations which to many may appear rather dry. I shall now make the application of all these considerations to the Dog-days. We have seen that all the danger we have to fear from them arises solely from the great heat to which we are usually exposed in those days. On account of this heat the taking of physic, bleeding, meditation, &c. are held to be prejudicial in the Dog-days, and not without reason, with this proviso, that the Dog-days are hot. As, however, all medicines are not hurtful in hot weather, and some diseases originating in the heat necessarily require the use of physic and bleeding, the rule is liable in this respect to a sweeping exception—unless indeed we are to believe that we ought to die rather than take physic in the Dog-days. On the other hand this prejudice is totally unfounded when the Dog-days are cool. Our makers of almanacks, therefore, would do well to change their antiquated mode of expression, and instead of exhorting their readers to *Take no physic in the Dog-days*—let them substitute the following: *It is hurtful to take heating medicines in hot weather*. To heating medicines should, it is true, be added heating food and drink, heating passions, and too laborious work. I can scarcely expect that your regular topers will abstain from their bottle in the Dog-days: they will not degrade themselves so low as to believe the influence of the Dog-star, and I apprehend that they will not be more likely to believe me. In this case, since I have done for them all that lies in my power, I must act towards them as, according to Holberg, some Jutlanders did towards a Swedish ship

which they fell in with. This vessel was in such a wretched plight that her crew hourly expected her to founder, and solicited the assistance of the Danes. Though Sweden was then at war with Denmark, the Jutlanders took compassion on their state; but when they found that the Swedes were twice as numerous as themselves, they devoutly folded their hands, saying:—"Sink in the name of the Lord!"

PROCLAMATION BY AN EMPEROR.

Being his first attempt in Poetry.

Whereas we took an opportu-
nity of stating to an U-
niversity, our royal view,
And giving our opinions,
That we much rather felt the need
Of quiet slaves who couldn't read,
Than learned men, an idle breed,
In these our dark dominions;—

And as we question the alle-
giance of all those meddling fe-
males who form a coterie,
To hatch all sorts of crimin-
al designs with those illu-
minatæ designated Blue-
Stockings, and the scribbling crew
Of literary women;—
We do command that Lady Ox-
ford be set within the Stocks,
If caught in this our orthodox,
And holy Roman empire;
And furthermore if Mrs. Hutch-
inson should fall within their clutch,
Let her, when recognised as such,
Be hoisted up with hemp higher.

And as we have a most espec-
ial objection to the Press,
That democratic, valueless,
And diabolic organ,
If caught in Austria, we desire
That all her books may form a pyre,
And in her own rebellious fire,
Demolish Lady Morgan.

Moreover, as our subjects know
Lord Holland to be anti-mo-
narchical, and a Carbo-
naro in his fancies,
If he should fall into their net,
We order them to tell Count Met-
ternich.—Whereto our hand we set,
Given at Frankfort.—"Francis!"

H.

DINNER IN THE STEAM-BOAT.

"They fool me to the top of my bent."—SHAKSPEARE.

"COME, Mrs. Suet, Mrs. Hoggins, Mrs. Sweetbread, Mrs. Cleaver! dinner's ready; shall I show you the way down to the cabin? we mustn't spoil good victuals though we are sure of good company. Lauk! what a monstrous deal of smoke comes out of the chimney. I suppose they are dressing the second course; every thing's roasted by steam, they say,—how excessively clever! As to Mrs. Dip, since she's so high and mighty, she may find her own way down. What! she's afraid of spoiling her fine shawl, I reckon, though you and I remember, Mrs. Hoggins, when her five-shilling Welsh-whittle was kept for Sunday's church, and good enough too, for we all know what her mother was. Good Heavens! here comes Undertaker Croak, looking as down in the mouth as the root of my tongue: do let me get out of his way; I wouldn't sit next to him for a rump and dozen, he does tell such dismal stories that it quite gives one the blue devils. He is like a nightmare, isn't he, Mr. Smart?"—"He may be like a mare by night," replied Mr. Smart, with a smirking chuckle, "but I consider him more like an ass by day.—He! he! he!" Looking round for applause at this sally, he held out his elbows, and taking a lady, or rather a female, under each arm, he danced towards the hatchway, exclaiming, "Now I am ready trussed for table, liver under one wing and gizzard under the other."—"Keep a civil tongue in your head, Mr. Smart; I don't quite understand being called a liver—look at the sparks coming out of the chimney, I declare I'm frightened to death."—"Well, then you are of course no longer a liver," resumed the facetious Mr. Smart; "so we may as well apply to Mr. Croak to bury you."—"O Gemini! don't talk so shocking; I had rather never die at all than have such a fellow as that to bury me."—"Dickey, my dear!" cried Mrs. Cleaver to her son, who was leaning over the ship's side with a most woe-begone and emetical expression of countenance, "hadn't you better come down to dinner? There's a nice silver side of a round o' beef, and the chump end of a *line* o' mutton, besides a rare hock of bacon, which I dare say will settle your stomach."—"O mother," replied the young Cockney, "that 'ere cold beef-steak and inguns vat you put up in the pocket-handkerchief, vasn't good I do believe, for all my hinsides are of a work." —"Tell 'em it's a holiday," cried Smart.—"O dear, O dear!" continued Dick, whose usual brazen tone was subdued into a lackadaisical whine, "I vant to reach and I can't—vat shall I do, mother?"—"Stand on tiptoe, my darling," replied Smart, imitating the voice of Mrs. Cleaver, who began to take in high dudgeon this horse-play of her neighbour, and was proceeding to manifest her displeasure in no very measured terms, when she was fortunately separated from her antagonist, and borne down the hatchway by the dinner-desiring crowd, though sundry echoes of the words "Jackanapes!" and "imperent feller!" continued audible above the confused gabble of the gangway.

"Well, but Mr. Smart," cried Mrs. Suet, as soon as she had satisfied the first cravings of her appetite, "you promised to tell me all about the steam, and explain what it is that makes them wheels go round and round as fast as those of our one-horse chay, when Jem Ball drives the trotting mare."—"Why, ma'am, you must understand—" "Who

called for sandwiches and a tumbler of negus?" bawled the steward—"Who called for the savages and tumbling negres?" repeated Mr. Smart.—"Yes, ma'am. you saw the machinery, I believe—(capital boiled beef)—there's a thing goes up and a thing goes down, all made of iron; well, that's the hydrostatic principle; then you put into the boiler—(a nice leg of mutton, Mrs. Sweetbread)—let me see, where was I?—In the boiler, I believe. Ah! it's an old trick of mine to be getting into hot water. So, ma'am, you see they turn all the smoke that comes from the fire on to the wheels, and that makes them spin round, just as the smoke-jack in our chimnies turns the spit; and then there's the safety-valve in case of danger, which lets all the water into the fire, and so puts out the steam at once. You see, ma'am, it's very simple, when once you understand the trigonometry of it."—"O perfectly, but I never had it properly explained to me before. It's vastly clever, isn't it. How *could* they think of it? Shall I give you a little of the sallad? La, it isn't dressed; what a shame!"

"Not at all," cried Smart, "none of us dressed for dinner, so that we can hardly expect it to be dressed for us. He! he! he!"—"Did you hear that, Mrs. H.?" exclaimed Mrs. Suet, turning to Mrs. Hoggins, "that was a good one, warn't it? Drat it, Smart, you *are* a droll one."

Here the company were alarmed by a terrified groan from Mr. Croak, who ejaculated, "Heaven have mercy upon us! did you hear that whizzing noise?—there it is again! there's something wrong in the boiler—if it bursts, we shall all be in heaven in five minutes."—"The Lord forbid!" ejaculated two or three voices, while others began to scream, and were preparing to quit their places, when the steward informed them it was nothing in the world but the spare steam which they were letting off.—"Ay, so they always say," resumed Croak with an incredulous tone and woe-begone look; "but it was just the same on board the American steam-boat that I was telling you of—fifty-two souls sitting at dinner, laughing and chatting for all the world as we are now, when there comes a whiz, such as we heard a while ago—God help us! there it is once more—and bang! up blew the boiler—fourteen people scalded to death—large pieces of their flesh found upon the banks of the river, and a little finger picked up next day in an oyster-shell, which by the ring upon it was known to be the captain's. But don't be alarmed, ladies and gentlemen, I dare say we shall escape any scalding as we're all in the cabin, and so we shall only go to the bottom smack! Indeed we *may* arrive safe—they do sometimes, and I wish we may now, for nobody loves a party of pleasure more than I do. I hate to look upon the gloomy side of things when we are all happy together (here another groan), and I hope I haven't said any thing to lower the spirits of the company."

"There's no occasion," cried Smart, "for I saw the steward putting water into every bottle of brandy." The laugh excited by this *bon-mot* tended in some degree to dissipate the alarm and gloom which the boding Mr. Croak had been infusing into the party; and Smart, by way of fortifying their courage, bade them remark that the sailors were obviously under no sort of apprehension. "Ay," resumed the persevering Mr. Croak, "they are used to it—it is their business—they are bred to the sea."—"But they don't want to be bread to the fishes, any more

than you or I," retorted Smart, chuckling at his having the best of the nonsense.

"Well," exclaimed Mrs. Sweetbread, "I never tasted such beer as this—flat as ditch-water; they should have put it upon the cullender to let the water run out; and yet you have been drinking it, Smart, and never said any thing about it."—"Madam," replied the party thus addressed, laying his hand upon his heart, and looking very serious, "I make it a rule never to speak ill of the dead.—I am eating the ham, you see, and yet it would be much better if I were to let it exemplify one of Shakspeare's soliloquies—Ham-let alone."——"La! you're such a wag," cried Mrs. Hoggins, "there's no being up to you; but if you don't like the ham, take a slice of this edge-bone—nothing's better than cold beef."—"I beg your pardon, Madam," replied the indefatigable joker—"cold beef's better than nothing—Ha! ha! ha!"

"How do you find yourself now, my darling?" said Mrs. Cleaver to her son, who had been driven below by a shower, and kept his hat on because, as he said, his "'air was quite vet."—"Vy, mother, I have been as sick as a cat, but I'm bang up now, and so peckish that I feel as if I could heat any thing."—"Then just warm these potatoes," said Smart, handing him the dish, "for they are almost cold."—"I'll thank you not to run your rigs upon me," quoth the young Cockney, looking glumpish, "or I shall fetch you a vipe with this here hash-stick. If one gives you a hinch, you take a hell."—"Never mind him, my dear," cried his mother, "eat this mutton-chop, it will do you good; there's no gravy, for Mr. Smart has all the sauce to himself. Haw! haw! haw!"—"Very good!" exclaimed the latter, clapping his hands, "egad! Ma'am, you are as good a wag as your own double chin." This was only ventured in a low tone of voice, and, as the fat dame was at that moment handing the plate to her son, it was fortunately unheard. Dick being still rather giddy, contrived to let the chop fall upon the floor, an occurrence at which Mr. Smart declared he was not in the least surprised, as the young man, when first he came into the cabin, looked uncommonly chop-fallen. Dick, however, had presently taken a place at the table, and began attacking the buttock of beef with great vigour and vivacity, protesting he had got a famous "happetite," and felt "as ungry as an ound."—"I never say any thing to discourage any body," said Mr. Croak, "particularly young people; it's a thing I hate, but t'other day a fine lad sate down to his dinner in this very packet, after being sea-sick, just as you may be doing now, when it turned out he had broke a blood-vessel, and in twelve hours he was a corpse, and a very pretty one he made."

"I'm not going to be choused out of my dinner for all that," replied the youth, munching away with great industry, and at the same time calling out—"Steward! take away this porter-pot, it runs."—"I doubt that," cried Smart.—"I say it does," resumed Dick, angrily, "the table-cloth is all of a sop."—"I'll bet you half-a-crown it doesn't." Done! and done! were hastily exchanged, when Mr. Smart, looking round with a smirk, exclaimed—"Ladies and gentlemen, I appeal to every one of you whether the pot has not been perfectly still, and nothing has been running but the beer." This elicited a shout at poor Dick's expense, who sullenly muttered, "I'm not going to be bamboozled out of an 'alf-crown in that there vay, and vat's more I vont be made a standing joke by no

man."—"I don't see how you can," replied his antagonist, "so long as you are sitting."—"Vy are you like a case of ketchup?" cried Dick, venturing for once to become the assailant, and immediately replying to his own inquiry, "because you are a saucebox."—"Haw! haw!" roared his mother, "bravo, Dick; well done, Dick! there's a proper rap for you, Mr. Smart."—Somewhat nettled at this joke, poor as it was, the latter returned to the charge by inquiring of Dick why his hat was like a giblet-pie? and after suffering him to guess two or three times in vain, cried "because there's a goose's head in it," and instantly set the example of the horse-laugh, in which the company joined. Finding he was getting the worst of it, Dick thought it prudent to change the conversation, by observing that it would luckily be "'igh-water in the arbour when they arrived."—"Then I recommend you by all means to use some of it," said the pertinacious Mr. Smart, "perhaps it may cure your squint."

Both mother and son rose up in wrath at this personality, and there would infallibly have been a *bourrasque* (as the French say) in the hold, but that there was just then a tremendous concussion upon the deck, occasioned by the fall of the main-boom, and followed by squeaks and screams, of all calibres, from the panic-stricken company at the dinner-table. "Lord have mercy upon us!" ejaculated Croak with a deep groan, "it's all over with us—we are going to the bottom—I like to make the best of every thing—it's my way, and therefore hope no lady or gentleman will be in the least alarmed, for I believe drowning is a much less painful death than is generally supposed."

Having run upon deck at this juncture for the purpose of ascertaining the nature of the accident, which he found to be unattended with the smallest danger, the writer cannot detail any more of the conversation that ensued until their arrival at Calais, which will form the subject of another paper.

ALL I WISH.

A heart full of bliss,
  And a head full of dreams,
Where rapture that *is*,
  More enrapturing seems;—

Joys waiting my need,—
  In their turns, night and day,—
So well that I heed
  Not when either's away;—

Soft arms for my sleep,
  Fresh lips for its breaking,
Kind eyes that will keep
  Watch o'er me till waking;—

Sweet breezes at morn,
  Cool shadows at noon,
Purple eyes that are gone
  I may care not how soon,

For the transports ensuing:—
  Fate, give me but these,
And let others be wooing
  What *honours* they please.

AUSTRIA *v.* LORD HOLLAND AND THE LADIES.

Nothing is too strange for the enterprise of the present day to effect, or attempt to effect, which is the same as far as intention goes. The lovers of ancient things, and the sticklers for feudal customs, resist all innovation, except it be on the side of arbitrary power, while there are others who would begin every thing *de novo*, and push matters to the opposite extreme. The press is now worked by steam, because no other means can convey knowledge with sufficient rapidity to gratify the public craving; and opposed to it are princes, loan-mongers, and bayonets, striving to render its labours inert. We are shortly to travel to India through the agency of three barrels of oil-gas, and the columns of the public journals teem with discoveries and inventions which our ancestors would have deemed so many seductions of the father of sin. Notwithstanding we are in the piping time of peace, there is ever something new to draw attention from parish meetings to those for Catholic and slave emancipation; from Dr. Eady to the Emperor of Austria. Thus the machine that feeds public curiosity is kept in motion. At present public attention is occupied with the Austrian decree of recent notoriety, by which the Emperor has shewn anew his eagerness to take a leading figure in the *ballet* performing by the Holy Alliance. He aspires to be the Vestris of the company, supposing himself the god of the political dance, and like his great prototype of the opera, wishing to have it believed there are only three great personages in Europe, Alexander of Russia, Frederic of Prussia, and himself. It remained for this head of the insolvent house of Hapsburgh, to avail himself of the present extraordinary times, and to innovate in a novel manner on the rights of individuals in free countries, daring, as Englishmen would have once said, to interfere, as far as interference is possible, in intimidating speakers in the English houses of parliament. Doubtless his next step will be a remonstrance, through his Hungarian ambassador at our court, and an application to enforce the standing orders of both houses when any thing displeasing to his high mightiness shall emanate from the members of them. If this be ineffectual, perhaps—but we shall hardly subsidize him to make war upon ourselves, and what nation besides can afford to hire his mercenaries for the purpose? We may, therefore, rest secure from any other war than a discharge of proclamations on his side, and from the press on ours; and if we may judge from the effect which has already been produced by a few random shots against this august personage, we can have very little fear but that a weighty fire, well kept up on our part, will ultimately produce all the impression we can desire.

The abuse of the allied monarchs in parliament, for which Lord Holland has been debarred the unasked favour of visiting the Hapsburgh dominions, that paradise of travellers, and of enjoying the refinements of Austrian and Hungarian civilization and social order, was certainly a weighty reason for his exclusion. The *amour propre* of Francis, the enlightened views of his allies, their exemplary regard for their dutiful subjects, the solemn pledges which they gave the nations that they govern in a moment of distress, for the violation of which they had excuses ready prepared, have been attacked and arraigned by the presumptuous nobleman in question. He may rest assured, that a dungeon, like that in which the good Confalioneri is destined to consume life, awaits

him if he now attempt to set foot in the land of this commander of the faithful. In the exclusion of Lord Holland from the paradise of Austria, his lordship has the consolation of not standing alone, and that his fellow-sufferers in his heart-breaking privation are of the fairer sex. The gallantry of the Emperor of Austria is worn rusty, or perhaps, like Solomon, whose wisdom he seems to emulate, he is surfeited with past pleasures, or mayhap he is arrived at the age when "man delights not *him*, nor woman neither," and he is little scrupulous about preserving intact his character in this respect. Four ladies are prohibited, as well as Lord Holland, from entering the Austrian states, the Danish Countess Bourke, Mrs. Hutchinson, Lady Oxford, and Lady Morgan. The three first from being suspicious political characters, though it may fairly be demanded upon what other ground than a few laughable remarks on their travels, or some sentence of constructive censure on the ridiculous precautions of Austria, and on despotism, or similar subjects which this august monarch holds sacred—perhaps a quiz on the embroidery of Ferdinand "the beloved," now in the plenitude of *paternal* authority, or a laugh at the expense of the virtues and acquirements of Don Miguel "the hopeful" of Portugal; or it may be a hard hit at a favourite courtier or courtesan in a billet of lady scandal,—for these are all equally seditious subjects in the dominions of Francis. The prohibition of Lady Morgan, it is well known, is in consequence of certain statements contained in her writings.

It is well for Englishmen who feel the strength and resources of their country, to observe the spirit displayed by the rulers of the Continent towards them. That such rulers should not feel under any obligation to the nation by whose means they were once more enabled to become their own masters, and trample upon the promises and resolutions which they solemnly made in the hour of adversity, was to be expected; it is agreeable to all former precedent. But it was reserved for the present day to witness the steady and sullen hatred, which, smothered in state matters, every now and then bursts forth in petty animosities against individuals. When a cabinet minister informs us that the allied powers are in perfect friendship and cordiality with our government, or, in other words, that there is no danger of a war, we may believe him. Nations without pecuniary resources will not be so eager to seize their arms as formerly, and war, of which they have lately had plenty even to satiety, they will be wary of engaging in with any power that may be a match for them. They may march a few thousand troops into an Italian State to rivet the chains of oppression closer, but they will be cautious of quarrelling with States that are their equals. Jealousy of England is the leading passion of the Continental courts; we may learn the temper of mankind with as much certainty from actions apparently insignificant as from those of more importance, and it will be well if we make a proper use of such observations. We may see from conduct similar to the present in Francis of Austria, the feverish feeling which prevails among the Continental powers towards England. Finding themselves reinstated in plenitude of power; successful for the present by means of standing armies in stifling any remonstrance from their subjects respecting their violated promises; having put down the press in their dominions, and held in *surveillance* every individual suspected of possessing a manly independence of character; having depo-

pulated the universities and ruined many of the students, when these very young men were the foremost in repelling the enemies of their country and supporting their Governments in a time of emergency, jealous lest the society of the Landsmannshaften* should take a political character, and impatient of the spread of knowledge—the eternal foe of arbitrary governments,—they did not hesitate at any measures to complete their objects. Having succeeded so well at home, they naturally turned their attention to what was obnoxious to them abroad. They lent themselves unremittingly, as far as a jealousy of each other would allow, to oppose the glorious cause of the Greeks, the independence of South America, and the emancipation of Spain. On these points they have expressed themselves unequivocally, and in Spain have achieved the double object of establishing despotism, and arresting for a time, by means of the priests and the dagger of his partisans, the cultivation of the human mind. What a picture of the "paternal" care of the Holy Alliance for the happiness of mankind will not Spain afford in future history! what a proof that this pretended regard for the good of their people is only a cover for the establishment of the atrocious doctrine that nations exist only for one man, for a divine Ferdinand, a mirror of princeliness like Don Miguel of Portugal, or a betrayer of his country like him of Naples! Can it be supposed, therefore, that Great Britain, which believes not (except in the case of a few *ultra* Tories) in these doctrines, the people of which, as well as the government, act directly in opposition to them, is nevertheless regarded by the Holy Allies with affection, with gratitude for recent benefits, and sincere wishes for national prosperity? An idiot would not credit the existence of such a marvellous affinity in principles so notoriously repulsive to each other. It is then from little incidents of a character similar to the decree of the king of the Romans, for excluding a British peer and British ladies from his territories, that the *animus* of that court and sovereign may be gathered. The difficulty of travelling in the Austrian dominions, the *espionage*, the rigid passport system, and the insults to which travellers are subject, particularly in the Northern States of Italy, which indeed are the only parts of the dominions of Francis that will repay the trouble of a visit, were always restrictions enough upon an Englishman to make him weigh well before he passed the Austrian frontier. He will now have more weighty considerations to overcome. It is not enough that, surrounded by spies, his every action and speech are noted while in the country, but he must be very sure that at home he has never written or spoken sentiments obnoxious to the Holy Alliance, that he has never blessed the memory of the founders of his country's liberty, supported the cause of freedom in the senate of his nation, or addressed a body of his fellow-countrymen as the friend of that virtue, the love of which every true Englishman can only wish should cease

* The Landsmannshaft is a foolish association of students, for preserving an *esprit de corps* in public seminaries; it leads to frequent quarrels, but has nothing to do with politics. Still, it is a secret society and might *become* political. Sandt was a student! The body is, therefore, an object of fear; and as with freemasonry, which may also *become* political, every effort has been made to suppress it. Persecutions of the students without end have taken place, the hopes of hundreds of deserving young men have been ruined, and still nothing really dangerous has ever come to light, though the Government is perpetually boasting of its discoveries.

with the pulses of life. This decree is therefore remarkable as an interference with the internal affairs of a free nation, and may be regarded as the unfolding of another leaf of that system of combination among crowned heads so detrimental to the happiness of mankind. The sullen dislike of any member of the Holy Alliance to England can only speak out by acts like the present; secure in her own might, stronger specimens of enmity towards her freedom cannot be exhibited. Were her physical power deteriorated, and were she vulnerable to their attacks, they would overwhelm her green fields like locusts; neither their tender mercies nor her past services in their support would delay her destruction an instant. She is the obstacle to their leagued ambition, the foe to their designs against liberty in the earth, and the only barrier in Europe against the return of a second night of the Vandals and Huns. Austria has not spared dungeons and chains; and jesuit teachers, inquisitions and excommunications, have been called in to aid the pernicious designs of these contenders with knowledge and civilization, who are too blind to perceive that commerce and riches, and consequently national power, follow only the march of constitutional freedom. But it can scarcely be questioned that if unbounded national power were to be purchased by this means, it would remain unbought by princes, who will make no sacrifice for the benefit of the realms they so preposterously govern of one iota of their absolute prerogative. It is not wonderful that Austria should take the lead in every display against the spirit of the time, because hers is the most oppressive of the allied States at home, and no ray of intellect penetrates the darkness of her appalling tyranny. The sovereign of Russia is more enlightened and subtle, and sees his own interest too clearly to commit himself on unimportant points; and the king of Prussia found wholsomer laws established and a more enlightened people on his accession to the throne, over whom, though absolute enough, he rules with more respect for the national character. In Austria all is unbroken gloom, and every effort is exerted to keep it impenetrable. The Court of Vienna and its myrmidons are reckless of every thing but the preservation of an iron yoke, and the removal of whatever may by possibility interfere now or hereafter to break it. Hence while political discussion is proscribed, the press rendered useless, and the cultivation of the public mind checked as much as possible (for this Government has discernment enough to perceive that the spread of knowledge among its people would be fatal to its existence in its present amplitude of oppression), good morals are utterly disregarded. Vienna is the brothel of Europe, the capital where vice is most abhorrent, because it is most unblushingly sordid; where natural passion forms no venial excuse for excesses, but the execrable love of gain is the temptation which is allowed to sanctify all, where manly and independent feeling is unknown. Thus the government that punishes with remorseless severity the least tendency to the propagation of the sentiments of freedom, and those ennobling principles which have ever been the admiration of the wise and good, says tacitly to its people "Leave us absolute authority, and we shall not trouble our heads about the state of public morals; be not troublesome to us in our government, and you may live as ignorant and destitute of what in other countries is called virtue and manly feeling as you please."

This frantic conduct must in the end find its own level; it cannot endure for ever. Even the stupid Hungarian slave, and the half-savage

Croat, will see things at some future time in a different aspect from what they do now. The descendants of the betrayer of his daughter's husband to his enemies, will be the sufferers for the more than royal obstinacy of their predecessor. A salutary change of measures in Austria must unfortunately be a work of time. Come when it may, it will be hailed with pleasure by every friend to the interests of humanity. To that time we should have been inclined to leave this enviable Government, and Francis might have reposed for us in the bliss of his own folly, had he kept within the limits of his authority, until we could hail its arrival; but he has gone out of his limits, and, feeble as our censure of such a potent autocrat must be deemed (would that like the mouse in the fable we could gnaw the net that entraps his people), we shall perform our duty, however insignificant it may be. He honoured the New Monthly* some time ago by his special hatred in a splenetic exclusion of it from his dominions, wherein few can read their own language and very few indeed a foreign tongue; from which it may be gathered that the *il est defendu* did not arise from a fear of injury from its perusal, so much as from that imbecility which prompts inferior understandings to do things oftentimes from spite or caprice, which a mind of elevated character, equally hostile, would scorn to attempt if it could not effect more. But the act in question might not have been the Emperor's, but the result of the deliberations of that council, with Metternich at its head, which keeps him surrounded by political wisdom and foresight like a halo, that interferes with, insults, and bullies the weaker States of Germany into measures at which their rulers revolt, and is for ever projecting congresses for settling the affairs of nations with which it has no moral or political right to interfere. Be it master or man that advised the present powerless exhibition of spleen, it will lose him ground even among the advocates of arbitrary measures in this country, if we except perhaps his Grace of Buckingham. The injury attempted to be inflicted upon Lord Holland, who cannot fail to feel gratified at such a mark of animosity from the deadly foe of freedom and reason, is of so ridiculous a character in itself that were it not indicative that the spirit which dictated it wanted only the power to go much further, it might be passed over with a smile of utter contempt; but it developes the feeling with which this constitutional nation and the privileges which its subjects once conquered for themselves from their own oppressors, are regarded by the Holy Alliance, and, as such, it is too useful and important to be forgotten.

The three ladies, Bourke, Oxford, and Hutchinson, being travellers on the Continent, might, perhaps, approach the frontiers of the Hapsburgh empire. There might be some danger to the stagnant tranquillity of the Austrian dominions, in case they passed the frontier, which remains to be explained, and which it is probable would have been explained had there been the slightest ground to justify it, or had the only facts which could be stated, not been too ludicrous to meet the eyes of the world, thereby exposing the Austrian Government to ridicule. As it stands, we must believe that the ladies in question, either by some joke at the intrigues of Metternich and his hoary gallantries, or a sneer at his arbitrary schemes and eternal congresses, or it

* See New Monthly Magazine in the small print of the number for June 1824 under the head 'Foreign Varieties.'

may be at Francis himself, in the hearing of some of his spies, or a little scandal in their correspondence at the post-offices, (where it is the honourable custom to violate all correspondence for the benefit of the high allied powers,) have caused the gates of the happy empire to be closed upon them. Whatever the real cause may be, the prohibition will shew us the nature of the Austrian Government. It exhibits to us the apprehension and cowardice of an arbitrary ruler with an army of half a million of men, spies innumerable, and a police only one degree removed from the Inquisition itself in severity, when three helpless females can thus arouse its vigilance. Thus the fear that lurks within is made glaring and palpable. Is this mighty prince, this haughty monarch, this holder in Gothic chains of the finest part of Italy, this king of the Romans, surrounded by whiskered hussars, filthy Croats, and most humanized pandours, to be so easily disturbed by two or three of the weaker sex? This is hardly credible; yet if it be not thus, there remains but one alternative how to characterize the act—that it is the most mean, impotent, contemptible specimen of monarchical malice, that has appeared before society for a long time, even in these days of depreciated regality. That the chief of one of the first nations in Europe should issue such a decree is a proof of paltry spleen and narrow intellect unworthy a country Dogberry. In respect to Lady Morgan, it shews us how much the pen is dreaded by the most sanctified allies. Her writings had been before prohibited in Austria; and the right to prohibit books and their authors from entering his dominions by the sovereign of a Continental state, because they may record the truth respecting hm, we will not dispute. He is accountable only to God for his actions; and all beings and things in his dominions were made for him, and breathe only by his sufferance! But we, who have different sentiments and a different belief upon this subject, can only learn from similar acts that the contempt so often attempted to be shewn for the truisms that have been published in this country by others, as well as Lady Morgan, respecting the Austrian Government, was all pretended:—that in reality it was cut to the quick; it writhed under the wounds inflicted by the free press, and its magnanimity was all pretended:—that the clank of the grinding chain of the Italian, the exactions and oppressions of the Austrian authorities, from the highest to the lowest, have become heard out of the country which they enslave, and have excited the commiseration of mankind.

Finally, the prohibition of Francis can be of no disadvantage to the objects of his enmity, while it exposes his own infirmity of mind, unless he supposes his royal censure of sufficient importance to cast a shadow over them in society, in which case his imperial majesty is altogether mistaken. The censure of an Emperor of Austria, or that of any sovereign, can only be current in this country, in proportion to its justice, and therefore goes for no more than that of a private individual. As royal favour is often bestowed without regard to talent or virtue, it would be singular, on the other hand, if its enmities were unexceptionable. In the eyes of the English people the present marks of royal resentment are ludicrous, and will tend to raise rather than depress those who come within the sphere of their operation. The ladies who are its object will laugh at the Austrian's expense, and be joined by their fair countrywomen. Lady Morgan, finding how much more

deeply than she expected she has struck home, will not avoid an opportunity of striking again. The noble peer, whose intrepid perseverance in the cause of civil freedom has excited the animosity of the Austrian satrap—the enlightened statesman and personal friend of his own sovereign, and an object of respect with the British people—well knows how to repay with interest this impotent decree;—he will know again how to express sentiments friendly to liberty and inimical to despotism, whether Turkish or Austrian, in the senate of his country, however displeasing they may be to the House of Hapsburgh. Nor will the prohibition of entering the Austrian dominions, which offers sights most disgusting to any free man, turn him aside from his past course of conduct. Every individual with true English feeling will be of opinion he has received one of the highest compliments he can have offered him—the marked displeasure of a despot for the support of rational freedom in his native country.

BEAUTY'S VICTORY.

Who hath not bent at Beauty's shrine—
Who hath not bowed to the look divine,
That conquers in love's triumphant war
The hand that may wield the scimitar?—
The frame of steel, and the helmed crest,
The iron heart, and the mail-clad breast,
That are proof to virtue and pity's sigh,
When were they not vanquish'd by Beauty's eye?
This knew the monarch whose power and skill
Upheld the Caliph's dominion still,
Where Cordova 'mid its green Eden lay,
And bask'd in the light of the noontide ray.
The captive of Zehra's witching smile,
He was caught in the snare of her beauty's wile;
Enhived in the cup of the loveliest flower
That ever grew in a southern bower.
Her eye was dark as a moonless sky
When no star gleams forth from its beacon high,
  And it gave out piercing light,
More bright as blacker the canopy
  Whence its lightning struck the sight.
She was fair as the houris of Paradise,
And seem'd as she came from its cloudless skies!

The Caliph built for his favourite love
  A city of comely array;
A lofty mountain crown'd by a grove
  Rose over its towers grey—
And springs of the purest crystal there
  Are bubbling in the sunny air,
And fountains fresh as the breath of morn
  Sparkle and drop like dew;
The citron and orange its streets adorn,
  And trees of the freshest hue;
And to every gate of the town he gave
The statue of Zehra his beautiful slave.
Her pavilion is marble, its hall is gold,
  And its ceilings with gems are starr'd;
Near her purple couch of worth untold
  Is a basin of adamant hard,

In which a quicksilver fountain plays,
Reflecting all hues in the mid-day rays.
There is not a wish that her heart can crave,
That the Caliph yields not to his beautiful slave.

But beauty like cherub infancy,
  If pamper'd with too much care,
May yield to caprice, or may sullen be—
  Good fortune is hard to bear;
For beauty, like every mortal thing,
May be spoil'd by too much cherishing!
Ah, wherefore must all that is loveliest below
With a mixture of evil be tainted so!
Yet the morn that breaks with the purest air,
When the blue heaven smiles on the landscape fair,
And the scenery tells not of grief or pain,
And we think that the world is sinless again,
Will oftimes change into clouds and shade,
Like beauty too much of an idol made.
Oh if there is aught that should stable be
'Mid the endless round of earth's vanity,
'Tis the love, pure love that may two hearts bless
With a glimpse of the phantom happiness!

Nor less the Caliph loved the maid,
  Though her waywardness he might see;
It only proffer'd another aid
  To heighten his love's intensity;
For the sweetest things will the soonest cloy,
And a draught of pain may quicken joy.
So once when Zehra, with froward will,
Had convinced her lord she was woman still;
Had wept, and in anger withdrawn from his gaze,
And Mesnar the eunuch had struck with amaze,
As she vowed to the Caliph the harem door
Should be open'd to welcome his footsteps no more—
For she'd build it up with a massy wall,
  That he never might enter there;
That his cruelty kill'd her, that soon she should fall
  His victim, "she did not care,
For Caliphs were brutes to all womankind!"—
Then away she flew with her tears half blind,
While Mesnar expected the fearful command,
To follow her steps with the bow-string in hand.
The Caliph* but smiled, and commanded her door
To be fill'd close with sequins from ceiling to floor,
And that none should presume the rich barrier to move,
Save Zehra when such her own pleasure should prove.
Need the sequel be told? on the eve of the day
When the rich wall was built, it had vanish'd away;
The Caliph had pass'd to the harem again,
And once more was the best and happiest of men;
And beauty still victress had conquer'd the pride
That trampled in dust all things human beside!

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* Abdalzamin the Second of Cordova.

LETTERS FROM ROME.

Roman Puppet-shows.

My dear V.—You insist upon my telling you something of the "Eternal City," of which I have now been an inhabitant for some months; but what part of its motley garment, half modern, half antique, to choose for descanting upon, I know not, which has not already been worn threadbare by the countless tourists of all countries, sexes, and calibres, that have rolled hither in unceasing succession for the last ten years. Brooding over this important choice of an unsunned subject, as I strolled down the *Corso* (the Bond-street of Rome) my attention was caught by the vociferations of a man at the entrance to a kind of cellar under the *Fiano* palace, who was crying out *Entrate O Signori*, &c. "Walk in, gentlemen, it is going to begin." I entered, and found what I was in search of—an untouched subject to write to you about. On paying twenty-eight centimes (five sous and a half) I found myself at a Roman puppet-show; the smallness of the price of admission made me dread to meet with rather indifferent company, but I was agreeably surprised to perceive that twenty-eight centimes in this *un*-money-getting country were sufficiently important to keep out the *canaille*, and I accordingly took my place amongst a decent and respectable assemblage of Roman citizens. The inhabitants of Rome are perhaps the people in Europe who possess the keenest zest for fine and biting satire. Gifted with great clearness of perception, they seize with rapidity the most fine-drawn and remote allusions. Habituated for such a length of time to regard the evils that weigh upon them as inevitable as they are interminable, they are no longer actuated by feelings of hatred or vengeance towards the Pope or his ministers; they desire not their "taking off," well aware that their places would be filled by successors equally onerous. They therefore confine their malice to laughing heartily at the expense of the magnates of the land, whenever the opportunity is afforded them, by the *piquant* dialogues between Pasquin and Marforio, or the not less sly and satirical performances of their favourite *fantoccini*. It is unnecessary to say that it would be hopeless to seek for an indulgence in this way at the regular theatres, all the pieces of which have undergone the clipping criticisms of the censor's scissors. It is only then at the puppet-theatre, where the pieces are *improvised*, that there is any chance of an indulgence in this their favourite pastime. This grave prefatory explanation was necessary to prevent your laughing at me, when I tell you that I passed a most delicious evening at a representation of the wooden and pigmy comedians of the palace *Fiano*. These actors are not more than a foot high, and the stage upon which they fret their little hour, is about twelve feet in breadth and four or five in height. What adds wonderfully to the illusion of the scene is, that the same just proportion is observed in the scenery and decorations, which, be it said *en passant*, are excellent. The doors, windows, archways, &c. are calculated with mathematical nicety to suit the fairy proportions of these 12-inch performers. The favourite personage with the Roman people at present, and whose adventures they never tire in witnessing, is Cassandrino. Cassandrino is a foppish old gentleman of fifty-five or sixty years of age, spruce in his person, brisk in his movements, his grey hairs

carefully arranged, possessing the manners of the best society, perfectly acquainted with men and things, and knowing how to turn to advantage the ruling passion of the day: in a word, Cassandrino might be pronounced an almost perfect man, a kind of sexagenary Grandison, if he had not the slight blemish of tumbling over head and ears in love with every pretty face that chance throws in his way. In a country, the government of which is entirely composed of bachelors, it was a happy though a hazardous thought to create such a character as Cassandrino. He is of course represented as one of the laity, but the imagination of the spectators soon gifts him with holy orders, and puts on him the violet-coloured stockings of the *Monsignori*. The Monsignori are the aspirants after clerical honours at the papal court; it is from this class that most of the ecclesiastical dignities are filled up. Cardinal Gonzalvi, for instance, was a *Monsignore* for thirty years of his life. Rome is full of Monsignori of the same age as Cassandrino, who have still to make their fortune, but who endeavour to console themselves for the delay by paying assiduous court to the pretty women of Rome. The piece represented by the puppets of the palace *Fiano*, the evening I had the good fortune to stray in there, was entitled *Cassandrino Allievo di un Pittore* (Cassandrino the painter's pupil). A celebrated painter in Rome has a very beautiful sister, whose charms have made a profound impression upon Cassandrino, a youthful old gentleman of sixty, extremely particular in his dress and person. This amorous sexagenary calls to see his fair one, and gives himself, on entering on the stage, all the airs and graces of an embryo cardinal. These are as indicative of the character meant to be ridiculed, to the eye of a Roman, as is the careless lounge of a man of fashion in Bond-street, to the glance of an experienced Londoner. The appearance of Cassandrino upon the stage and three or four turns that he takes, while waiting for his *belle*, whom the *cameriera di casa* is gone to seek, after having had a *paoletto* slipped into her hand, excite the hilarity of the audience, so admirably do his movements imitate the affected gait of a young *Monsignore*. I could almost venture to affirm that at this moment no one in the theatre recollected that it was a piece of carved wood that was treading the boards before them. The painter's sister comes in, and Cassandrino, who has not as yet, on account of his age, ventured to make a positive declaration of his sentiments, begs her to allow him to sing a *cavatina* which he had just heard at a concert. This cavatina, one of Paesiello's most delightful airs, was sung in the most enchanting manner. It was applauded most enthusiastically, but the illusion was for a moment destroyed by the spectators crying out *Brava, la Ciabatina*. This was the name of the singer behind the scenes. She is the daughter of a cobler and has a most superb voice: she is paid a crown an evening for singing this air. In the words of the *cavatina* the tender Cassandrino conveys a declaration of his passion; the young lady replies to him by some compliments upon the elegance of his dress, with which the old gentleman is enchanted, and immediately commences an enumeration of the excellencies of the various articles of his costume. The cloth of his coat he had from France, that of his pantaloons from England. He then talks of his superb gold repeater made at Geneva, which he draws out and causes to strike; in a word, Cassandrino exhibits all the petty ostentation and vanity of a foppish old bachelor. Acquiring con-

fidence from the enumeration of the manifold perfections of his dress and trinkets, he insensibly moves his chair closer to that of the young lady, and a declaration in form is likely to be the result, when the tender *tête-à-tête* is unpropitiously interrupted by the entrance of the painter, who appears with an enormous pair of whiskers and long flowing locks; this being the favourite fashion at Rome with artists of genius, real or pretended, in imitation of Lord Byron, whose person and character are popular in Italy, particularly after he so nobly devoted his life and fortune in the glorious cause of the Greeks. The young painter returns to Cassandrino a miniature, which he had been retouching for him, and at the same time requests him not to honour his sister with any more visits. Cassandrino, instead of taking fire at this intimation, overwhelms the young painter with the most flattering encomiums upon his talent and skill.

On finding himself alone with his sister, the painter asks her "How could you be so imprudent as to grant a *tête-à-tête* to a man who cannot marry you?" This trait, which clearly indicates the clerical character of the suitor, was caught and applauded by the audience. We next had a monologue from Cassandrino in the street: he is inconsolable for having been precluded the sight of his fair one, with whom he is more enamoured than ever. The reasons which he makes use of to himself to disguise his sixty years are the more comical, inasmuch as Cassandrino is by no means a fool, but on the contrary a man of considerable experience and even cleverness, who only gives way to these ridiculous frailties, because he is in love. He at length resolves to disguise himself in the dress of a young man and become the pupil of the painter. Here the first act terminates. In the second act we have Cassandrino again at the painter's house. His face is almost entirely concealed by a pair of huge black whiskers and flowing wig, but from behind his ears peep forth the little grey and powdered locks of the sexagenary. His love-scene with the painter's sister is excellent. Like a true old bachelor, he endeavours to awaken her tenderness by talking of his riches, which he offers to share with her, and concludes by saying we shall be so happy together and no one shall know of our happiness. This other touch, which evidently points out the priest, is seized and applauded. Cassandrino at length ventures to fall at the feet of his mistress, and is surprised in this situation by her old aunt, who had known him forty years before in Ferrara. She brings to his recollection that he then made desperate love to her. Cassandrino quits the room in confusion, and flies to the painter's *studio* for refuge; but soon returns, followed by a crowd of young artists playing off a thousand pleasantries on the amorous old gentleman. The painter enters, and, after sending away his pupils, has a long dialogue with Cassandrino, who shews the most mortal alarm lest the affair should be made public. This other clerical indication is not lost upon the fine sagacity of a Roman audience. The painter, after amusing himself with the embarrassment of Cassandrino, at length says, "You are come here to take lessons in painting; well, I shall give you some, and I shall commence by one in colouring: my pupils shall strip off your clothes and paint your body of a fine scarlet (allusion to the colour of the cardinals), and, thus having attained the object of your wishes (the cardinalship), shall walk you up and down the *Corso!*" Cassandrino, frightened out

of his wits at the idea of such a promenade, consents to marry the old aunt, whom he had made love to forty years before at Ferrara. He then approaches the foot-lights, and says aside to the audience, "I renounce the scarlet (becoming Cardinal), but I shall become uncle to the object I adore, and then———" He here pretends that he is called away, makes a low bow to the audience, and disappears.—Such is an imperfect analysis of the delicious little piece, which constantly produced amongst the spectators bursts of merriment, or excited that smothered and concentrated laughter still more agreeable. On the close of the piece a child came forward to trim the lamps, when a cry of surprise arose from the whole audience, thinking that they saw a giant—so strong had the illusion been, and so totally had they forgotten the fairy proportions of the personages by whom they had been so well amused during three quarters of an hour. We had afterwards a ballet called "The Enchanted Well," taken from the Arabian Nights Entertainments, which was still more astonishing, if possible, than the comedy, from the graceful and natural movements of the wooden figurantes. On inquiring from one of my neighbours relative to the mechanism of these charming dancers, I was informed that the feet are ma[illegible]f lead, that the strings, by means of which they and the legs are r[illegible] pass through the interior of the body, and are inclosed, togeth[illegible]hose that direct the motion of the head, in a little tube, the aperture of which is at the crown of the head. It is therefore only the strings which move the arms that are a little visible, but even this inconvenience may be avoided by taking a seat five or six paces removed from the stage. The eyes are moveable, but only inasmuch as the head inclines to the left or right side. But I despair of conveying to you an adequate idea of the exquisite skill with which the natural movements and attitudes of the body are imitated by means which, thus described in words, appear to be so simple and even clumsy. It was not till after an interval of three days that I could again find a *free* evening to revisit my favourite *Fantoccini* of the *Fiano* palace. Upon this occasion, the complexion of the entertainment had changed from "gay to grave, from lively to severe:" in plain prose we were presented with a tragedy entitled *Temisto*, and I almost fear to excite your ridicule, by avowing that on this evening I wept almost as much as I had laughed upon the former. The tragedy of Temisto, which though represented by actors only twelve inches high, awakened so much emotion, was as follows:—The scene is in Greece, during the celebration of the rites of Bacchus. The king Cresfonte was formerly married to Temisto, by whom he had one son, named Philisthene. Erista, a beautiful but wicked woman, having entertained a violent passion for the king, persuaded him that Temisto had been unfaithful to his bed. Soon after the injured queen suddenly disappeared, and was, through the contrivance of Erista, sold as a slave to some Egyptians, who carried her with them to their native country. The king then married Erista. Ten years afterwards Temisto returned from Egypt under another name, and, being profoundly conversant with the mythological mysteries of that country, was made high priestess of Bacchus, and became the confidant of the wicked queen Erista. This exposition, though it may appear long thus set down in writing, was improvised clearly and rapidly at the *Fantoccini*: the language of the piece, which was in prose, was natural and animated. There was, to be sure,

now and then a little want of historical keeping by an involuntary allusion to some modern custom, which shewed it was an Italian of the Nineteenth Century and not a Greek of the heroic times, that was speaking. But this defect was more than compensated for by the extreme vivacity of the dialogue, which sometimes became so earnest, that the interlocutors interrupted each other, on which occasions a shout of applause arose from the audience. At the opening of the tragedy, the queen Erista is desirous of having Philisthene, the son of her husband by his first wife Temisto, assassinated, and for this purpose she applies to the high priestess of Bacchus, whom she charges with the execution of the foul deed, as she may easily accomplish it amidst the unbridled disorder of the Bacchanalian rites about to take place. Temisto, though filled with horror at the proposition of destroying her own son, affects to consent lest the queen may intrust the deed to other hands. Temisto then resolves to have an interview with her beloved son, and accordingly meets him in a wood consecrated to Bacchus. After some preliminary questions, she asks him in a tremulous voice " if he loved his mother?" "Love my mother!" replies the young prince, "I think only of her, I live only to avenge her." At this declaration Temisto can scarcely refrain from throwing herself on his neck. During the whole of this scene which is even a long one, the audience were in a flood of tears. In the second act, we find the young prince passionately enamoured of Ismenia, the daughter of Erista by a first husband. The grand priestess, without discovering to Philisthene that she is his mother, acquaints him that it was the queen Erista who contrived the ruin of Temisto, and had her sold into Egypt as a slave. This fatal disclosure plunges the young prince into a cruel dilemma, between his passion for Ismenia and the solemn vow he had made at the altar of Bacchus to avenge the wrongs of his mother, as soon as he should learn their author. In the midst of this struggle between love and duty Ismenia appears, and Philisthene, in his trouble and confusion, tells her that it is her mother the queen who has been the contriver of Temisto's ruin. Then ensued a scene of love and despair which drew forth abundant tears from the spectators. It would be too long to follow in detail the entire of the tragedy; I shall therefore come at once to the catastrophe. Philisthene to avenge his mother endeavours to poniard Erista, but through a fatal mistake pierces the heart of his mistress. On discovering his error, he plunges the weapon into his own breast, takes the hands of Ismenia, and after a few broken expressions of mutual tenderness, which could not be heard for the sobbing of the audience, the two ill-fated lovers die in each others arms. Not to dilate more upon a subject which may to you appear frivolous, I shall merely add, that at the last scene the emotion of the spectators was at its height, and that I have rarely, if ever, seen such plenteous and natural tears shed at a tragical representation by actors of flesh and blood. Having spoken to you of the tragic and comic *Fantoccini*, I shall terminate this rather too long letter by a few words upon the satirical *Fantoccini*. Having met here a charming family with whom I was intimately acquainted at Naples during the reign of Murat, I was invited to a private representation (they having had, and with some reason, an unbounded confidence in my discretion) of a satirical comedy, something in the style of the *Mandragora* of Machiavelli. In this piece

the actual manners of some of the leading characters in Rome are touched off with the most striking verity. From the very first scene it brought to mind the *Proverbes Français* of Carmontel, and the admirable truth with which that writer (too little known in England) has painted the manners of the French under Louis XVI. The piece I witnessed on this occasion was called *Si farà si o no un secretario di stato?* One of the characters in this piece is no less a personage than the reigning Pontiff, Leo XII, who abhors his *pro secretario di stato*, the Cardinal *della Somiglia*, an old man eighty-two years of age, formerly a man of much skill and address in the management of affairs, but now almost incapable from nearly a total loss of memory—a singular quality or rather absence of a quality in a minister of state. The scene in which this memoryless Cardinal is represented speaking to three persons, a curate, a cattle drover, and the brother of a *Carbonaro*, who have each presented different petitions to him, but which he continually confounds in replying to them, is delicious. The Cardinal, who perceives that he is confounding the petitions, still boldly makes head against his infirmity, and pretends to have a perfect recollection of them, which he proves by speaking to the drover of his brother, who has conspired against the state, and is suffering the just severity of the law, while he endeavours to convince the unfortunate brother of the *Carbonaro* of the inconvenience of admitting into the Roman territories two hundred head of black cattle from the kingdom of Naples. In listening to these pleasant absurdities, uttered by a little personage twelve inches high and clothed in the scarlet robes of a cardinal, tears were starting from every eye with excessive laughter. The company present consisted only of eighteen, some of whom directed the movements of the puppets and spoke for them. I remarked with pleasure, that the only want of respect towards Leo XII. on the occasion, was exhibiting him thus in miniature. The part assigned to him in the piece is not a ridiculous one—it may even be said to be a flattering one from its energy; for in truth this poor Pope, exhausted by long sickness, had lost all firmness of character. The way in which these comedies are got up is as follows. The outline of the plot or *Ossatura*, is agreed upon beforehand by the actors, or to speak more correctly, by those who speak for the puppets. The plot thus arranged is written out and a copy stuck up opposite each of those who speak behind the scenes, of whom there is one for each puppet. Those who speak for the female characters are young women. The last time I was at the *Fiano* palace, having gone late I could only find a place in the pit close to the stage, from which situation I could not avoid seeing the young girl who spoke for the heroine of the piece. This of course destroyed the feeble degree of illusion so necessary for the production of dramatic pleasure. I soon left the theatre, but before quitting my place, I could not help being struck by the gestures of the young girl who was speaking for the puppet, which were quite as animated and much more natural than if she had been upon the stage herself. In general the dialogue at the *Fantoccini* displays much more of natural intonation and richness and variety of inflexion, than the more measured and affected declamation of the regular theatres. The reason may be, that, besides the fervour of *improvisation*, the speakers have not to attend to the play of their countenances, or the management of their attitudes, not having the eyes of the audience upon them. This latter circumstance is parti-

cularly favourable to satirical comedy, such as that in which I saw figure, Cardinal Somiglia, Leo XII. and his Confessor, the famous banker, Tourlouso, Duke of Bracciano, and other well-known Roman characters. The young gentlemen who spoke for the puppets, imitated not only the accents of these personages, but even the *tournure* of their ideas, so that the mimicry was admirable. Three or four of the company present had passed the early part of the evening with those grave and potent persons, whom they had then the delicious pleasure of seeing exhibited in *little*. This species of comedy, when it is not a caricature, but gay and good-naturedly comic and natural, is, at least to my taste, one of the most delightful of intellectual pleasures to be met with in a despotic country. Apropos of despotism; I forgot to tell you, that the principal actor, or more properly, speaker at the *Fiano* palace, is regularly sent three or four times a-year to prison for some breach of either moral or political *bienséance*, which escapes him in the fervour of *improvisation*. These sojournings in prison would be still more frequent, were it not that the manager of the concern takes care to pay the two or three spies charged by the police to watch the representations of the *Fantoccini*, and report any *impromptu* indiscretions they may be guilty of. This manager, who is wise in his generation, instead of paying the bribe to these Arguses after the performance, gives it to them beforehand; so that being generally half-seas-over at the rising of the curtain, though they may see double with their corporeal eyes, yet their intellectual optics are somewhat obscured. Another circumstance characteristic of a despotic country is, that the manager of this theatre and his partner, who is a carpenter, make up their accounts every night and pay off all demands, as if the undertaking were at an end. I am told their net profit, one evening with another, is about forty francs each representation. Girolemo, the director of the *Fantoccini* theatre at Milan, died a short time back, after having amassed a fortune of 300,000 francs. For this he was in a great measure indebted to the excellence of his ballets. The degree of grace and *möelleux*, which he succeeded in communicating to the *ronds de jambes* and *entrechats* of the little wooden figurantes must have been seen to be credited. It was no unfrequent thing to hear said in Milan, that Girolemo's first puppet excelled the principal dancer at the *Scala*. The favourite comic personage of Girolemo's pieces was not, as at Rome, Cassandrino. In a country the government of which was not exclusively in the hands of *celibataires*, such a character would have been without zest. Gianduja, the comic personage employed by Girolemo, was a Piedmontese valet, who, astonished at the manners and habits of the good people of Milan, makes the most droll observations upon them in his Piedmontese *patois*. There is not a little humour in the idea of such a personage, who, surprised at every thing he sees, either asks a reason for it, or else explains it to himself by the most ludicrous and caustic suppositions. In their *impromptu* comedies, these invariable characters, whose habitudes are traditional and known beforehand, are great favourites with the Italians. They obviate the *ennui* of an exposition or explanation: hence the vogue of Harlequin, Pantaloon, Bughelli, &c. It would appear from some antiquarian discoveries lately made at Naples, that similar personages of a fixed and invariable character were employed in the *Pièces Attelans*, which were played before the time of the Romans and under

them at Capua and the neighbouring towns. I shall terminate this long letter by recommending the English dramatic authors to try their pieces with puppets before venturing them before the public. Such an essay would be infinitely more useful to them than the counsel of even their sincerest friends. I can assure you that on the second time of witnessing the *Fantoccini*, you are no longer affected by the exiguity of their stature, and that the illusion is very nearly as perfect as upon the larger boards trod by living actors. At all events for satirical comedy the *Fantoccini* present an unique resource. I have just heard of a comedy of this kind lately played at Naples, of so dangerous a nature, that the actors and audience amounted only to six persons—three being spectators. On the second night's representation, the spectators changed places with the actors, in order that the latter might share in the amusement in their turn. The entertainment, I understand, was piquant in the extreme. I can only at present tell you the names of the characters, which were, the King of Naples, the Prince Royal making a formal complaint of his wife, and the Duchess of Florida, the left-handed spouse of Ferdinand. I can well imagine what a rich harvest of the ludicrous the buffoon-like manner of speaking of the king, who discusses even the gravest matters of state in the language and with the gestures of a *lazzaroni*, must have offered. This monarch, in his truly royal *naïvetés*, has said a hundred things equally as amusing as the *Sansdot* of Moliere's *Avare*, or the *pauvre homme* of his *Tartuffe;* but tempting as the subject is, I must halt here, for it is too dangerous a one to trust to the ineffectual guardianship of wafers or wax. Besides, my letter is already of too unconscionable a length, particularly as I fear that your incredulity will revolt against much of what I have been saying (though said most truly) upon the comedies, tragedies, satires, and ballets of the Italian *Fantoccini*.

B.

INDIAN ANECDOTES.

Several attempts have been recently made to attract attention to the state of the North American Indians, both in our own possessions and those of the United States, with a view to ameliorate their condition and prevent their utter extinction. All that relates to the developement of the character of man in his savage as well as civilized state, is calculated to accelerate the progress of knowledge and must be generally beneficial to mankind. Mr. Hunter, it is well known, lately published a work of a very singular character upon this subject, calculated to throw light upon the habits and manners of the singular race, who scantily peopled the northern regions of America, prior to its discovery by Europeans, many tribes of which have altogether disappeared. Numberless peculiar customs and singularities of language distinguish this people from the Aborigines of every other known territory, and it is doubtful whether any offer a more interesting subject of research. The North American Indian stands in the highest rank of uncultivated man. His religious creed, at least that of many of the tribes west of the Mississipi, resembles that of the Jews, in being a pure theism. He is a lover of freedom, and nothing can bend him to slavery, being indissolubly attached to roaming the vast forests and beautiful savan-

nals of his native land. He exhibits great nobleness of character, singular magnanimity, strong parental and filial attachments, a love of truth and sincerity in his intercourse with his friends, and a degree of bravery and sagacity in war, almost incredible. He is a cruel and revengeful enemy, but he rarely becomes an enemy without adequate cause. Persecuted, belied, and cheated, by the whites, he has been represented as destitute of virtues, worthless, and ferocious; when in reality he frequently exhibits great generosity, elevation of spirit, and energy of address, which are not surpassed among the inhabitants of civilized communities. The Indian attacks upon the whites have rarely or ever been made without ample provocation; among themselves they have been encouraged by the colonists in their intestine wars, and have been paid by them *per* scalp, for the destruction of their brethren. The robberies and murders of Indians often perpetrated by backwoods-men, and the knavery of white traders, the continual encroachments of the colonists upon them, the sufferings they have undergone from the introduction of ardent spirits, and the feuds that have been carefully promoted between the different tribes, have rapidly diminished their population; and the time approaches very fast when in all the vast tract east of the Mississipi not a single aboriginal American will remain. The traditions of the Iroquois abound with touching relations of the injustice they have sustained from the whites, from their first settling in the country. "We and our tribes," say they, "lived in peace and harmony with each other before the white people came into this country; our council-house* extended far to the north and the south. In the middle of it we could meet from all parts to smoke the pipe of peace together; when the white men arrived in the south we received them as friends, we did the same when they arrived in the east. It was we, it was our forefathers, who made them welcome and let them sit down by our side. The land they settled on was ours. We knew not but the Great Spirit had sent them to us for some good purpose, and therefore we thought they must be a good people. We were mistaken; for no sooner had they obtained a footing in our lands, than they began to pull our council-house * down, first at one end and then at the other, and at last, meeting in the centre where the council-fire was yet burning bright, they put it out and extinguished it with our own blood!† with the blood of those ‡ who with us had received them!—who had welcomed them in our land! Their blood ran in streams into our fire, and extinguished it so entirely, that not one spark was left us whereby to kindle a new fire; we were compelled to withdraw ourselves beyond the great swamp, and to fly to our good uncle the Delamattenos,§ who kindly gave us a tract of land to live on. How long we shall be permitted to remain in this asylum the Great Spirit only knows. The whites will not rest contented until they shall have destroyed the last of us, and made us disappear entirely from the face of the earth."‖

The introduction of civilization into America and the establishment of a mighty empire there, has not been effected without the committal

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* Alliances.

† Murdering us when assembled for pacific purposes.

‡ Alluding to the massacres of the Conestago Indians by the whites.

§ The Thurons whom they so denominate.

‖ Buchanan.

of many wanton crimes. The murders, robberies, injustice, and oppression of the native Indians, the kidnapping and carrying them off for slaves, the assembling them under peaceful pretences and betraying them, men, women, and children, to destruction, together with the occupation of their hunting-grounds and native soil, form another singular example of the inscrutable government of mundane events; and how much national and individual injustice and crime are permitted to take place, to work out a remote and extensive good. The outrages committed upon the Indians never wanted an excuse, though nine times out of ten a provocation fully sufficient to justify them was given on the parts of the whites. Mr. J. Buchanan,* his Majesty's consul for New York, has published a volume, which though principally a compilation from the observations of others, to which are added those observations which he himself has been enabled to make upon the subject, contains many singular examples of injustice towards the Indians, of the state of suffering in which they at present exist, and of the claims they have upon civilized nations for the wrongs which they endure at their hands. As this volume throws into one view the various traits of the Indian character, it is both useful and entertaining. Mr. Hunter is gone again to the woods of the Missouri, with the advantage of much knowledge acquired both in England and America, to attempt some amelioration of their condition, and we trust our colonial Government will profit by the example thus set before it.

The Indian traditions have preserved with great accuracy the appearance of the whites among them, and the unprincipled conduct of the first settlers. The Dutch demanded from them as much land as a hide would cover, to raise greens for their soup; this being granted, they cut the hide into slips and encircled a large piece of ground with it on New York island, "upon which they built strong houses" and planted "great guns" against them.† The conduct of the English to their disgrace, was even less ceremonious than this. They asked no leave of the Indians, but took possession of what land they wanted, encroached upon their hunting and fishing-grounds, and very quickly got into disputes with them and spilled their blood. The tribe of Indians to whom the land belonged, which was thus occupied by the British, after having welcomed the destroyers to their shores and even hunted for them, fled into Pennsylvania and remained there until Miquon, the Englishman, (William Penn) whose name they even now regard with reverence, came and procured an interval of peace for them. At his death they were again persecuted and driven afar from their new home.

That the Indians possess capacity for civilized life, when they can be brought to feel a relish for it, may be judged of from the following account of a visit made by Mr. Buchanan to Miss Brandt, as late as 1819, at the residence of herself and brother, the Indian chief of the same name in our service. The house of Mr. Brandt is situated near the magnificent shores of the vast lake Ontario. It has a noble and commanding aspect, and stands on a spot of great natural beauty. The visitor entered the house unobserved, and passed into a parlour well

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* Sketches of the North American Indians, their History, Manners and Customs. By J. Buchanan. 8vo. 1 vol.

† Is not this story of the hide a fable borrowed from antiquity? Ed.

furnished with looking-glasses, carpet, mahogany tables, and fashionable chairs. A guitar hung against the wall, and also a book-case containing a number of elementary works, and a prayer-book in the Mohawk tongue.

"Soon," says Mr. B. "in walked a charming noble-looking Indian girl, dressed partly in the native, and partly in the English costume. Her hair was confined on the head in a silk net, but the lower tresses, escaping from thence, flowed down on her shoulders under a tunic or morning dress of black silk; she wore a petticoat of the same material and colour, which reached very little below the knees. Her silk stockings and kid shoes were, like the rest of her dress, black. The grace and dignity of her movement, the style of her dress and manner, so new, so unexpected, filled us all with astonishment. With great ease, yet by no means in that common-place mode so generally prevalent on such occasions, she enquired how we had found the roads, accommodation, &c. No flutter was at all apparent on account of the delay in getting breakfast; no fidgeting and fuss-making, no running in and out, no idle expressions of regret, such as Oh dear me! had I known of your coming, you would not have been kept in this way; but with perfect ease she mantained the conversation, until a Squaw, wearing a man's hat, brought in a tray with preparations for breakfast. A table cloth of fine white damask being laid, we were regaled with tea, coffee, hot rolls, butter in water, and ice-coolers, eggs, smoked-beef and ham, broiled chickens, &c.; all served in a truly neat and comfortable style. The delay, we afterwards discovered, arose from the desire of our hostess to supply us with hot rolls, which were actually baked while we waited. I have been thus minute in my description of these comforts, as they were so little to be expected in the house of an Indian. After breakfast, Miss Brandt, as we must still call her, took my daughters out to walk, and look at the picturesque scenery of the country. She and her brother had previously expressed a hope that we would stay all day, but though I wished of all things to do so, and had determined in the event of their pressing their invitation, to accept it, yet I declined the proposal at first, and thus forfeited a pleasure which we all of us longed in our hearts to enjoy, for, as I afterwards learned, it is not the custom of any uncorrupted Indian to repeat a request if once rejected. They believe that those to whom they offer any mark of friendship, and who give a reason for refusing it, do so in perfect sincerity, and that it would be rudeness to require them to alter their determination, or break their word. And as the Indian never makes a shew of civility, but when prompted by a genuine feeling, so he thinks others are actuated by similar candour. I really feel ashamed when I consider how severe a rebuke this carries with it to us, who boast of civilization, but who are so much carried away by the general insincerity of expression pervading all ranks, that few indeed are to be found, who speak just what they wish or know."

The mother of Miss Brandt and her other children resided on an Indian settlement, on the Grand River running into lake Erie; preferring their ancient manners and customs to those to which her son and daughter had conformed. It is pleasing to add that the land on which the house is built, and the surrounding estate, were a gift from the British Government to Captain Brandt, their father, a celebrated Indian chief and translator of a portion of the Scriptures into the Mohawk tongue. So much for the capacity of the Indians to acquire the habits of civilization. Of their natural eloquence nothing need be said here, as reference may easily be made to vol. II. p. 60. of the New Monthly Magazine. The speech of Tecumseh, endeavouring to rouse the Osages to join the British and make war with the Americans, as recorded by Mr. Hunter, is another most striking piece of eloquence.

The affection of the Indian for his children is not exceeded by that

of the parent in any civilized nation, and to his careful instruction of them in youth, may be ascribed the perfect harmony and undisturbed government of the tribes internally, destitute of laws or superior authority, save what the more powerful minds establish by their moral ascendency. Mr. Hechewelder, a missionary, says, that the first lesson given by Indian parents, is to impress them with gratitude to the Great Spirit for their existence, for their game, vegetables, and the blessings their ancestors enjoyed; and that they must do what is pleasing to him. That their ancestors were informed that the Great Spirit is good, and that they knew from experience what is agreeable to him, and how to obtain his favour; that the young must revere their elders for their wisdom, knowledge, and kindness, in imparting this and other instruction to them. Various incitements to emulation as hunters and warriors are then held out to them. Good and bad actions are explained, and the agency of an evil spirit, envying them what they have received from his superior the Great and Good One. Thus they are rationally led on from thing to thing, the whole of the plan of education being to elevate the mind, make them magnanimous, and despisers of pain, bold in combat and persevering in the chase. Their plan has succeeded in a most remarkable degree; no discord is ever known in their little communities. Without magistrates or laws, every thing is well regulated, age and knowledge confer rank, wisdom gives power, and the experience of the past guides the future. Generations pass away and the same system is pursued with the same success.

The Indian possesses sensibility and gratitude in a remarkable degree. The cruelties which have been charged to him have been almost always the result of previous ill usage. Revenge is the burning passion of uncultivated man; and through what other channel can he obtain justice? We trust that few of the injuries which have been inflicted upon him by the white colonist, could be repeated in the present enlightened day, either under our Government in Canada, or under that of the United States, if the truth could be heard. Yet it is no great time ago since some drunken militia-men, wishing to get the horse and goods of an Indian, who was travelling with two women and a child, most barbarously murdered them; and others of the same tribe were previously robbed and insulted at an inn on the road, and narrowly escaped with their lives. These unfortunate people knew they could obtain no redress—they therefore determined to seek revenge. They attacked the inn at night; and, by a singular display of retributive justice, killed or mortally wounded, among others, the murderers of their fellow Indians, who chanced to sojourn there after the committal of the crime. The fury of the whites was aroused; the Indians were charged with committing monstrous cruelties; but their tale was never heard. No reliance can, therefore, be placed upon the belief of the ferocious character of the Indians, without always examining into the truth of facts stated against them, and considering the provocation given. Another charge has been, the Indian treatment of prisoners of war; but this must be taken in a very limited sense. The majority of his prisoners are spared and adopted into the families of his tribe. On arriving with them, also, at the town of his nation, there is a place of refuge set up, consisting of a painted post, to which the prisoner is directed to run, and which he is to grasp as quickly as he can. Men, women,

and children, stand on each side of him ready to strike him as he runs. But if he start determinately, with his utmost speed, he will generally escape free from injury, and he has then no future fears. If he hesitate he is treated as a coward, and may be happy if he get off with life. Mr. Hechewelder, being at lower Sandusky, waiting for an opportunity to proceed with a trader to Detroit, says,

"I witnessed a scene of this description. Three American prisoners were one day brought in by fourteen warriors, from the garrison of Fort M'Intosh. As soon as they had crossed the Sandusky river, to which the village lay adjacent, they were told by the captain of the party to run as hard as they could to a painted post, which was shewn them. The youngest of the three, without a moment's hesitation, immediately started for it, and reached it fortunately without receiving a single blow. The second hesitated for a moment; but recollecting himself, he also ran as fast as he could, and likewise reached it unhurt. But the third, frightened at seeing so many men, women, and children, with weapons in their hands ready to strike him, kept begging the captain to spare his life, saying he was a mason, and would build him a fine large stone house, or do any work for him that he should please. 'Run for your life,' cried the chief to him, 'and don't talk now of building houses!' But the poor fellow still insisted, begging and praying to the captain, who at last finding his exhortations vain, and fearing the consequences, turned his back upon him, and would not hear him any longer. Our mason now began to run, but received many a hard blow, one of which nearly brought him to the ground, which, if he had fallen, would have at once decided his fate."

That the North American Indian can be humane, and even delicate, may be learned from the following anecdote:—

"A party of Delawares, in one of their excursions during the revolutionary war, took a white female prisoner. The Indian chief, after a march of several days, observed that she was ailing, and was soon convinced (for she was far advanced in her pregnancy) that the time of her delivery was near. He immediately made a halt on the bank of a stream, where, *at a proper distance from the encampment*, he built for her a close hut of peeled barks, gathered dry grass and fern to make her a bed, and placed a blanket at the opening of the dwelling as a substitute for a door. He then kindled a fire, placed a pile of wood near it to feed it occasionally, and also a kettle of water at hand where she might easily use it. He then took her into her little infirmary, gave her Indian medicines, with directions how to use them, and told her to rest easy, and she might be sure nothing should disturb her. Having done this, he returned to his men, forbade them from making any noise, or disturbing the sick woman in any manner, and told them that he himself should guard her during the night. He did so, and the whole night kept watch before her door, walking backward and forward, to be ready at her call in any moment, in case of extreme necessity. The night passed quietly; but in the morning, as he was walking by the bank of the stream, seeing him through the crevices, she called to him and presented her babe. The good chief, with tears in his eyes, rejoiced at her safe delivery. He told her not to be uneasy, that he should lay by for a few days and would soon bring her some nourishing food, and some medicines to take. Then going to his encampment, he ordered all his men to go out a-hunting, and remained himself to guard the camp."

A white man wishing to take away the poor woman's infant to destroy it, was told by this chief, "that the moment he should miss the child a tomahawk should be in his head." The Indian afterwards took great care of both mother and infant, and proceeded with them to his destination.

Some of the Indians are very vain in their dresses and decorations: these consist of blankets, plain or ruffled shirts, and leggings for the

men, and cloth petticoats for the women. Their blankets are sometimes made of feathers, generally of the turkey and goose, interwoven with twine made of the wild hemp or nettle. The better class wear ribbons and gartering of different colours, and broad rings on their arms, fingers, and round their hats; they often paint themselves fancifully with vermilion, commonly pulling up their beards by the roots, because painting a hairy face would, they say, give them a disgusting appearance. Mr. Buchanan once saw two Indians at a grinding-stone sharpening an axe. When the Indian, who turned the stone, discovered that he was looked at, he immediately changed hands at his work, and, with secret pride, but affected carelessness, extended the little finger of the hand now employed, on which was a large silver ring. "No sweet clergyman," says Mr. B. "in odour with the ladies, could have better displayed a jewel over the edge of his pulpit: no spruce physician, conscious of his brilliants, while feeling his patient's pulse, or dandy taking a pinch of snuff, with an eye to the exhibition of his trinkets, could have done the thing with a finer air than this Indian."

The attempts made to convert the Indians to Christianity have been generally unsuccessful, except among the Moravians. This is to be accounted for in two ways: first, because the whites have exhibited a bad moral character to the Indians, far inferior to that of the Indians themselves in many respects. They ask what treaty had Christians kept with them? "What promises had they not violated? Had they not been despoiled of their hunting-grounds, of their lakes, and of their mountains? Had they not slain their old men and warriors? Had they not taught them to act as beasts, yea, worse than the beasts of the forest, by the use of spirituous liquors? Did they not give rum to them to deceive and cheat them; to take from them their fields and skins? Had they not derived loathsome diseases and other evils from those professing Christianity? Can the God of the Christians approve such acts?" This simple reasoning being overcome by whites of exemplary character and conduct residing among them, there is a second objection in the mode of communicating instruction, which helps to account for the little progress hitherto made. To teach a savage to read and write, it is ignorantly supposed will be of the same efficacy as endowing an illiterate member of a civilized community with the same acquirements. This is a serious mistake. The Indian is first to be made to approximate to the white in the habits and comforts of life. To have a success worthy the attempt, a missionary should be a man of practical knowledge in the arts necessary to improve existence. He should begin by attending the sick and administering them medicines; he should teach his flock the arts of husbandry, direct them to innocent amusements, and instruct them how to make articles necessary to procure them additional comforts. He should remove their prejudices by degrees; and as their condition becomes better, instruct them, step by step, in their religious duties, and finally communicate to them the more essential branches of education. Very little good is done by teaching the Indian to read and write in the first instance. The Moravians, by pursuing this wiser plan to a certain extent, have succeeded better than others in imparting moral instruction to them.

The number of Indians in all parts of the continent of North Ame-

rica, is calculated at two millions; but this is a very rough estimate, and the truth can never be exactly known. A treaty was concluded by the United States in 1794, which comprehended fifty-seven thousand Indian warriors. This would give a population of about half a million comprehended in that treaty, including the aged, the women, and children.

The Indian, with great magnanimity, has a strong natural feeling of justice. An Indian, who had killed a fellow-countryman,

"Sensible that his life was justly forfeited, and anxious to be relieved from a state of suspense, took the resolution to go to the mother of the deceased, an aged widow, whom he addressed in these words: 'Woman, I know I have killed thy son: he had insulted me, it is true: but still he was thine, and his life was valuable to thee. I therefore, now surrender myself up to thy will. Direct as thou wilt have it, and relieve me speedily from misery.' To which the woman answered: 'Thou hast, indeed, killed my son who was dear to me, and the only supporter I had in my old age. One life is already lost, and to take thine on that account, cannot be of any service to me, nor better my situation. Thou hast, however, a son, whom if thou wilt give me in the place of my son whom thou hast slain, all shall be wiped away.' The murderer then replied: 'Mother, my son is yet but a child, ten years old, and can be of no service to thee, but rather a trouble and charge; but here am I truly capable of supporting and maintaining thee: if thou wilt receive me as thy son, nothing shall be wanting on my part to make thee comfortable while thou livest.' The woman approving of the proposal, forthwith adopted him as her son, and took the whole family to her house."

The Indian's swiftness of foot and sagacity in tracing the march of an enemy are well known, and need not be dwelt on here: their attachment to the memory of their deceased friends is a striking and amiable point in their characters. Skenandou, an Oneida chief, who was a Christian, and survived the minister, who had made a convert of him, lived to be a hundred and twenty years old. Just before he died, he said, "I am an aged hemlock. The winds of one hundred years have whistled through my branches. I am dead at top (referring to his blindness.) Why I yet live, the Good Spirit only knows. Pray to Jesus that I may wait my appointed time to die; and when I die lay me by the side of my minister and father, that I may go up with him to the great resurrection."

The Indians have afforded instances of strong sentiment. Schoolcraft relates that "a noble-minded girl, named Oolaita, being attached to a young chief of her own tribe, was commanded by her parents to marry an old warrior, renowned for his wisdom and influence in the nation. It being impossible to avoid the match, she left her father's house while the marriage-feast was preparing, and throwing herself from an awful precipice was dashed in pieces." The Indian does not consider suicide either as an act of cowardice or courage, either as deserving of praise or blame; he rather looks upon the act with pity. It is singular that their language has no genders or descriptions of masculine or feminine species. Every thing in nature they divide into *animate* and *inanimate*, and among animate things they include trees and plants. In this way every thing that lives they consider as part of themselves, and they do not exclude animals from the world of spirits. They even think that beasts understand the language of man, as the following anecdote will show.

"A Delaware hunter once shot a huge bear and broke its back bone. The animal fell and set up a most plaintive cry, something like that of a panther when he is hungry. The hunter, instead of giving him another shot, stood up close to him, and addressed him in these words: 'Hark ye! bear; you are a coward, and no warrior, as you pretend to be. Were you a warrior you would shew it by your firmness, and not cry and whimper like an old woman. You know, bear, that our tribes are at war with each other, and that yours was the aggressor. You have found the Indians too powerful for you, and you have gone sneaking about in the woods, stealing their hogs: perhaps at this time you have hog's flesh in your belly. Had you conquered me, I would have borne it with courage and died like a brave warrior; but you, bear, sit here and cry, and disgrace your tribe by your cowardly conduct.' I was present at the delivery of this curious invective. When the hunter had dispatched the bear, I asked him how he thought the poor animal could understand what he said to it. 'Oh!' said he in answer, 'the bear understood me very well; did you not observe how *ashamed* he looked while I was upbraiding him?'"

Some of the Indians believe that the evil spirit is the maker of spirituous liquors, from which, notwithstanding, too many of them cannot refrain. Yet there have been numerous instances to the contrary, when drunkenness has urged them to commit some crime which in their sober moments they held in detestation.

"An Indian, who had been born and brought up at Minisink, near the Delaware water-gap, and to whom the German inhabitants of that neighbourhood had given the name of Cornelius Rosenbaum, told Mr. Hechewelder, near fifty years ago, that he had once, when under the influence of strong liquor, killed the best Indian friend he had, fancying him to be his worst avowed enemy. He said that the deception was complete, and that while intoxicated, the face of his friend presented to his eyes all the features of the man with whom he was in a state of hostility. It is impossible to express the horror with which he was struck when he awoke from that delusion; he was so shocked, that he from that moment resolved never more to taste of the maddening poison, of which he was convinced the devil was the inventor; for it could only be the evil spirit who made him see his enemy when his friend was before him, and produced so strong a delusion on his bewildered senses that he actually killed him. From that time until his death, which happened thirty years afterwards, he never drank a drop of ardent spirits, which he always called 'the Devil's blood,' and was firmly persuaded that the devil, or some of his inferior spirits, had a hand in preparing it."

The following is a proof of their love of justice getting the better of private friendship, which latter takes a very strong hold of the Indian's bosom. A white ruffian, named Williamson, with a gang of banditti, had murdered a number of Moravian or Christian Indians, who, like the Quakers, will not fight even in their own defence. He set out a second time on a similar marauding and butchering expedition to the Sandusky river: he was accompanied by a person named Crawford: but a fighting tribe of Indians had hid their Moravian brethren in a place of security, and awaiting the advance of Williamson and his party, attacked and put them to the rout. This Crawford and another white person were made prisoners, and very justly condemned to death, having been in the attacking party. Crawford had been on terms of intimacy with a chief named Wingenund, and just as he was led to the stake he was induced to ask for him in order that by his interference he might preserve his life. Crawford apologised for accompanying Williamson, by stating that he did so to prevent further mischief, and that no Indians

were killed. Wingenund told him that was because the defenceless men had been removed—that Indian spies had watched all his movements and knew them all. That they were not Moravians but fighting men, and that when Williamson found they were not so he and his cowardly host ran away from the Indian bullets—he finally said:—

"Had Williamson been taken with you, I and some friends, by making use of what you have told me, might perhaps have succeeded to save you, but as the matter now stands, no man would dare to interfere in your behalf. The King of England himself, were he to come to this spot, with all his wealth and treasures, could not effect this purpose. The blood of the innocent Moravians, more than half of them women and children, cruelly and wantonly murdered, calls aloud for *revenge*. The relatives of the slain, who are among us, cry out and stand ready for *revenge*. The nation to which they belong will have *revenge*. The Shawanese, our grand-children, have asked for your fellow-prisoner; on him they will take *revenge!* All the nations connected with us, cry out, *revenge! revenge!* The Moravians whom you went to destroy have fled instead of avenging their brethren; the offence is become national, and the nation itself is bound to take revenge!

"*Crawf.*—'Then it seems my fate is decided and I must prepare to meet death in its worst form?'

"*Wingen.*—'Yes, Colonel! I am sorry for it; but I cannot do any thing for you. Had you attended to the Indian principle, that as good and evil cannot dwell together in the same heart, so a good man ought not to go into evil company, you would not be in this lamentable situation. You see it now when it is too late, after Williamson has deserted you; what a bad man he must be! Nothing now remains for you but to meet your fate like a brave man. Farewell, Colonel Crawford! they are coming; I will retire.'

"I have been assured by respectable Indians that at the close of this conversation, which was related to me by Wingenund himself as well as by others, both he and Crawford burst into a flood of tears; they then took an affectionate leave of each other, and the chief immediately *hid himself in the bushes*, as the Indians express it, or in his own language, retired to a solitary spot."

That a race which often exhibits traits of character worthy of being imitated in civilized countries, should be suffered to dwindle away, a prey to the vices and rapacity of the dregs of the white people, is deeply to be deplored. It is a good subject for that philanthropy to work upon, which is now extending itself upon nations much more rude and barbarous. We have also to repay these unfortunate Indians for the calamities we have been the means of inflicting upon them; and it is to be hoped that the laudable attempts of such men as Mr. Hunter and the missionary Hechewelder, and the less active but not less good-intentioned efforts of Mr. Buchanan, will kindle a feeling of disinterested benevolence towards the aboriginal inhabitants of America, and induce the Canadian and American Governments to punish any oppressions and insults they may receive from the colonists of these nations respectively. A diligent examination into the subject must convince the most prejudiced, that the Indian of North America has fewer vices and more noble points of character, than can be found elsewhere on the globe among an unenlightened people, though none have been more wronged, belied, and persecuted.

EXTRACTS FROM MY AUNT MARTHA'S DIARY.

"—— I some lady trifles have reserved,
Immoment toys, things of such dignity
As we great modern friends withal."—SHAKSPEARE.

DINED at Colonel Hackett's—an elegant party, and a very genteel dinner of eleven, and wine with a remove, and an excellent dessert. Miss Lockhart, (*some* people call her Miss Lack-heart,) thought it was badly dressed and rather shabby, but I can't say it struck me so. To be sure the lemon-pudding was shockingly smoked, the pheasant was roasted to rags, and the anchovy toast as salt as brine; but as to their filling the table with an epergne, serving rabbit-currie instead of chickens, and substituting clouted-cream for a nice trifle in the glass-dish, I think nothing of it, for I never knew it otherwise at Okeover-Hall. At all events, it wasn't for Miss L—— to make the observation, considering the kindness she has experienced from the Colonel, who is certainly a very worthy man; and indeed it is a mark of a little mind in any body, to notice such insignificant matters. Considering he has been so long in India, it is very extraordinary that one never gets a good currie at his house. I wonder when Mrs. H— means to leave off her striped-gown: she wore it at the race-ball last year; besides, stripes are out. Sir Hildebrand Harbottle asked me to drink champagne with him. Dr. Hippuff was called out at dinner-time, or rather just as it was over; they say he always contrives it about the time of the dessert. —Mr. Bishop has not been.

Saw Widow Waters's cows feeding in Okeover church-yard—a scandalous proceeding! I wouldn't taste a drop of their milk upon any consideration! Mem. to deal in future with Mrs. Carter. Somebody said yesterday Sir Hildebrand was full of the milk of human kindness. It seems an odd expression applied to a man, and one too, whose face is of a deep claret-colour from the quantity of wine he drinks. Dryden, indeed, has the phrase "milkiness of blood."—When Mr. Fox the apothecary so kindly offered to take me to the Colonel's and bring me back in his one-horse carriage, I little thought he would call to-day to borrow five and thirty pounds. The poor man has a large family and healthy neighbourhood to struggle with, so I let him have the money; but I wonder such people can think of marrying. *I* never did, though it is well known I had many opportunities. If Mr. Bishop thinks he has any chance, I can assure him he is very much mistaken.

Mrs. Joliffe called, and in the course of conversation wondered I didn't keep a carriage of some sort, on purpose to introduce the mention of her own new one, (as she called it) though it has only been fresh painted. She knows very well that I always hire one when I want it, and I should therefore possess no advantage in a carriage of my own, except that of having it when I do *not* want it. She hoped I wasn't bilious:—what can have put such a fancy in her head? However, I shall take a couple of Lady de Crespigny's dinner-pills to-night. I don't like that Mrs. J.—What's become of Mr. Bishop, I wonder.

Met the Miss Penfolds and Mrs. Saxby in High-street, who thought it an age since they had seen me, but *I* called upon *them* last, and they may depend upon it I shall not go again till they return my visit. This morning Sir Simon Sowerby's lady produced her eleventh child; same

day our cat kittened :—told Peggy to drown three of the young ones: —wonder Sir Simon doesn't give a similar order. Surely there is something indecorous in all this—no visit or letter from Mr. Bishop!!

Tapped the cask of beer brewed by the gardener, and told Peggy to take a large jug down to poor Mrs. Carter. She is a very deserving woman, though I cannot quite agree in what she said last Wednesday—that I was looking younger than ever. However, I certainly wear better than sister Margaret, though she is three years younger, but then, poor thing! she has had a family, and I have not. Heigho!—Something must have happened to Mr. Bishop!!

An excellent sermon this morning from good Dr. Drawlington. He bitterly inveighed against the pomps and vanities of this wicked world, particularly in the article of dress and personal decoration. I thought Mrs. Picton, who paints white and red, looked a little confused, and several of the congregation turned their eyes on the Miss Penfolds, who are always as fine as horses, and this day wore flaming new pelisses. Mrs. George Gubbins, too, had a new Gros-de-Naples silk bonnet and feathers, much too expensive for one in her circumstances. Thank Heaven! nobody can accuse me upon this point. Luckily I wore my old Leghorn bonnet, though I doubt whether any body would know it for the same, now it is fresh trimmed with cherry-coloured ribbons; and it is certainly much more becoming since I have lined it with pink. Saw something like a crow's foot at the corner of each eye while dressing this morning, which must be entirely owing to the dry weather, and my having such a sleepless night;—brought a curl over each, so as to hide it. Mr. and Mrs. Saxby with Miss Pocklington called after church, but fortunately not till I had put on my blonde cap with amber ribbons, and I took care to sit with my back to the windows. None but *very* young people should ever sit fronting the light. Mrs. S—— had a gold watch and chain dangling outside, with amethyst bracelets over her long gloves, and Miss P—— a fine pink China-crape pelisse, trimmed with white satin, and a dozen feathers in her hat. We all admired the sermon very much, and hoped some of our neighbours would be benefited by it.—Mr. Bishop not at church!!

What awful times we live in! The papers full of fresh revolutions: Europe and America both in a blaze! What are our little individual vexations, when compared with these portentous troubles of kings and empires, especially as we are such transitory beings, here to-day and gone to-morrow? By the by I shall pass Mrs. Davies's shop to-morrow, and I must not forget to change the silk gimp I bought last Friday, which is dreadfully bad. I do think galloon would do better.

It is really quite melancholy to see poor Mr. Gingham since he retired from the haberdashery business, how much he seems to be at a loss to get through the day, and how dreadfully he wastes his time! I have been watching him the whole morning taking the dimensions of his garden-wall a dozen times over with a yard-measure, sitting in the sun twiddlings his thumbs for an hour at a time, looking vacantly over the gate and yawning, and then going to sit in the sun again. "While I a moment name, a moment's past," says Dr. Young. He should read Dr. Watts on the Abuse of Time. Mrs. Blinkensop's dawdle of a maid put up the posts for drying linen early this morning, and has been three-quarters of an hour, for I never took my eyes off, in spreading

out and pegging *one* basket of clothes! A postchaise has been waiting at the shrubbery-gate from eleven o'clock till five minutes past twelve, and Sir Hilgrove's cart has gone three times up the lane with a tarpaulin over it. What can be the meaning of all this? This long absence is excessively rude of Mr. Bishop!

Dr. Drawlington called this morning—heard him puffing as he came up stairs and had just time to pop a novel I was reading under the sofa cushion, and take out his pamphlet upon the Revelations, in which he has clearly proved that the events of last year are prefigured and prophecied. The same thing has been indisputably proved every year within my recollection. I hope he didn't observe that the leaves were uncut. He is certainly a very learned and clever man, and well deserves his various lucrative preferments, but I did not glean any thing particularly interesting from his conversation in this visit, except that he wouldn't give a farthing for lobster-sauce without nutmeg in it, that a glass of vinegar should always be thrown into the water when you boil a turbot, and that a sucking-pig should invariably be roasted as soon as it is killed, with the legs skewered back, or the under part will not crisp. I shall take no further notice of Mr. B——!

How very cheap jacconet muslins have become!—I don't like Cape Madeira.—Mem. to have no more cabbages for dinner.—I'm sure Peggy *must* steal my pins, there isn't one left in the pincushion.—This is the second time I have spoken to Hannah about the drawing-room grate. Servants are such a plague!—A handful of wormwood best preservative of furs against the moth. Mrs. Stevens's things hanging out again!—I thought she washed last week. I see Mrs. Umphreville is likely to have an increase: I think she might wear a shawl, but some people have no sense of shame.—No answer yet from Mrs. Fringe.—Pug barked three times last night: surely it wasn't Mr. B——?

Went to the circulating library for Scott's last novel (as I thought it), and find there are two new ones since. I'm sure nobody is more anxious than I am to read them as fast as possible, but he really should have a little consideration for people who must snatch an hour or two, now and then, to eat and drink, and see their friends, and discharge the common duties of society. A letter at last from Mrs. Fringe, but I positively will not wear pea-green, so dreadfully unbecoming to my complexion: dark people should wear nothing but pink or amber. Saw Mrs. Joliffe, who bantered one about Mr. Bishop, and told me she met him this morning in High-street. I find he's a trifling, shuffling character, and I shall treat him with the contempt he deserves. Told Hannah and Peggy to say I am not at home if he calls any more.

What an idiot that Hannah is!—How could she think of letting in Miss Lockhart and the two Miss Penfolds?—Never was caught in such a pickle in all my life—hair in papers—a morning-wrapper, and pink slippers!—the parlour in a litter—the stair-carpet up, and a mop and pail in the hall!!! It's very vulgar of them to be dressed out and making visits at such an early hour. Now that I have made myself tidy I don't suppose a soul will come near the house: I don't like this cap. I think I look better after all in the amber ribbons. Surely I see some one coming—it can't be——Peggy! Peggy! give me my amber cap directly.—Hannah! run down and open the garden-gate—here's Mr. Bishop coming!—I *am* at home! Do you understand? You may let him in—I *am* at home!

ON PESTALOZZI.

The world has heard much of Pestalozzi, and he has enjoyed all the honours which fashion usually delights to lavish upon her favourites. He has been praised beyond his merits, and depreciated in an equal degree, while not one of these different opinions was in reality well founded. We meet everywhere with philanthropic enthusiasts, who admire benevolence as a spectacle, and who delight in it, especially as a subject of conversation, and as furnishing them with sentimental small-talk. Exaggeration generally fades into coolness, and not unfrequently terminates in disgust; but its greatest evil consists in shutting up the road to truth. Under its influence we are content to receive impressions, and we search no farther. In order to avoid this danger as it regards Pestalozzi, we must follow him, we must examine what have been his means, the nature of the country in which he lives, and the circumstances which have made him known to the public. Before we judge him, in short, we must become well acquainted with him; he is not one of those whom it is sufficient to glance at, and he will well repay the trouble we shall take in studying him.

Switzerland, that land of enchantment, which might be expected to inspire the poet and the painter, has in general produced none but ordinary characters. It would seem as if the beauties of nature, so picturesque and upon so grand a scale, annihilated the mental faculties; this influence, too, acts equally upon strangers, for there exists not one good poetical description of Switzerland, and yet it has been visited by the most celebrated poets. Whence arises this want of harmony between nature and man? Is it that these sublime beauties approach him too nearly, surround him too closely? Perhaps the imagination requires perspective; distance is perhaps necessary for her imagery. There is something, if we may so express ourselves, *mathematical* in the beauties of Switzerland, they are almost tangible to the spectator: there is no illusion, all is positive, and the great difficulty in real life, as in poetry, is to elevate oneself to truth. The poet will wander much more at his ease among clouds, than through valleys and over mountains; his difficulty is steadily to maintain his balance; if he lose it on terra firma, he falls, but in the clouds his wings will save him. The sun, the moon, and the stars, are much more easily sung than Switzerland: their distance is in the poet's favour, for we have no means of judging of the truth of his allusions, or of his descriptions. Mont Blanc and the Riggi, those wonders of Switzerland, are not so susceptible of poetical hyperbole, exaggeration fails in endeavouring to pourtray those grand efforts of nature which stand not in need of the imagination of man to increase their sublimity. Besides, what comparisons could be used? What description would be at once sufficiently lofty and simple to give an idea of these sublime realities? Comparison, that figure in rhetoric so essential in poetry, cannot be employed by him who would describe Switzerland; it would always appear trivial or exaggerated. Nature, in Switzerland, is, one may almost say, the very personification of imagination, and the poet must humble himself before it, for he can go no farther. Coleridge has attempted a description of Mont Blanc; his language is harmonious, but he is below the level of his subject; and though he has avoided exaggeration, he has fallen into mediocrity and

poverty of thought: he crawls, in short, at the base, and has never been able to reach the summit. Rousseau, and Rousseau alone, has described some of the varied scenes which Switzerland presents. His description of the Haut Vallais and the shores of Meillerie are enchanting. In "his reveries" he makes the reader accompany him in his wanderings to the Lake of Bienne; his charming pictures represent all objects with so much truth, his choice of expressions is so perfect, that as we read we seem to breathe the air of the mountains, and to inhale the perfume of the flowers. But Mr. Simond nevertheless, that dry and heavy writer, attempts to turn Rousseau into ridicule: he tells us with a singular kind of *naïveté*, that on the Lake of Bienne he felt nothing similar to the impressions of Rousseau! We can readily believe him, for nature has secrets which she reveals not to all, and common-place minds were not formed to participate in her favours. And how does it happen that a Frenchman undertakes to write upon Switzerland? What has he to do with nature and with truth? Never will he be capable of comprehending them; always full of exaggeration, he either affects enthusiasm and emotion, or flies into an opposite extreme. Mr. Simond, without any knowledge of the German language, writes the history of the Swiss, the whole of whose documents are written in German! The French generally imagine they can guess at all languages; and Mr. Simond, who partakes of this opinion, but who is desirous to pass for a foreigner, guesses at German, not by means of French, like most of his countrymen, but by the help of what he knows of English. This resemblance between Swiss, German, and English, is certainly a new discovery, and one that no English traveller, among all who have visited Switzerland, has ever been so fortunate as to make.

Another Frenchman has lately published a voyage in Switzerland. This gentleman is sentimental; he sighs in every line, and faints in every page. He has palpitations innumerable, and he makes himself understood by the pretty peasant-girls by throwing himself at their feet, and kissing their hands. It must have been an amusing sight enough to see the little effeminate Frenchman prostrate before these good mountaineers, who took him probably either for a beggar or a madman, and who certainly had not the smallest idea of the refinements of French gallantry.

In Switzerland one would expect to find a strongly marked national character, but it is not amongst the higher classes of society that we must seek for it. The mountain-peasants alone have still preserved this distinction, and perhaps it is to the geographical and political situation of the country, that we must attribute the moral difference that exists between the peasantry and the more educated classes, who for the most part are obliged to become voluntary exiles. Switzerland is, as it were, imprisoned in the midst of Europe, or at least her inhabitants are under an arrest, since they are only allowed to act upon parole. The surrounding powers consent that the Swiss should call themselves republicans, but it is on condition that they should not do a single act without permission. It was thus, that at the time of the coalition against France in 1814, the Diet, notwithstanding it had sent deputies to Bonaparte to assure him of its neutrality, was obliged, even before these deputies had returned from their mission, to submit to force, and

to grant a passage to the allied troops. Thus it is that the exiles of Italy, of France, of Spain, the unfortunate in short of every nation, seek in vain an asylum in Switzerland; not that the Swiss would refuse it to them, but that such an indulgence is contrary to the will of their powerful neighbours. Liberty in Switzerland is but a name, and she would certainly be a much happier country if she made a part of Germany, for in the present state of things she can have no commerce, and consequently is without resources. Yet the Swiss are very industrious; but what avails their industry? The products of their manufactures are prohibited in Germany, in France, and in Italy; they must therefore renounce commerce altogether, or they must become smugglers. They are obliged then to expatriate themselves, and to seek their fortune in distant lands, either in commerce or in war, and it is especially in this last profession that their unhappy situation is the most striking. Republicans, and calling themselves free, they receive the wages of kings, and go forth to fight against independence! Every other people perhaps in the same situation would be debased, dishonoured. The Swiss owe to their fidelity and to their valour, a reputation in foreign service, which is equivalent to a national character. They may be pitied, but they can never be despised.

The want of a national language is another cause of expatriation; for in order to write or speak correctly, either German, Italian, or French, which are the prevailing languages, the Swiss must go to a distance for instruction. These languages, as they are spoken by the mass of the people, are corrupted, and in fact are but mere jargons. The clergy, ignorant themselves, take no part in the education of the people, and the poverty of the village-curates renders them, in a great degree, dependent on their parishioners; for their revenues not being sufficient for their wants, they subsist chiefly on the gifts, or rather on the charity of the peasants; and thus lose much of their dignity and of their power. They dare not, therefore, be too severe upon vices and disorders, and hence results a great relaxation in manners, great indifference in religion, and much superstition. There are very marked shades of difference in the characters of the Swiss mountaineers of the different cantons, though in general they all possess sense and shrewdness. If these natural dispositions were developed by education, they would perhaps become one of the most intelligent nations of Europe; but left to themselves, they do not profit by their advantages, or they make a bad use of them. The mountaineers of German Switzerland are very superior to the French and Italian Swiss. The chief evil proceeding from their ignorance, is the horror which they have for every sort of instruction: they not only refuse it for themselves, but they will not permit their children to be taught. In a country without resources, and consequently without activity, prejudices are daily strengthened, and in time become so powerful that extraordinary events are necessary to develope and exercise the faculties. Had the revolution of 1798 never taken place, never perhaps would the benevolence of Pestalozzi have been called into action. But before we enter into details, let us throw a rapid glance over the political state of Switzerland at that period, and let us see under what auspices * Pestalozzi commenced his philanthropic career.

* As it was not our intention to give a history of Pestalozzi (since the history of a living character never can be complete and but seldom just) we have confined our-

Greedy of carnage and of crime, the French were not yet satisfied with their revolution: they required fresh victims and a new theatre of war. They chose Switzerland; and trusting to the poverty of the people, they felt certain of success. They knew of no other weapons but money and force, but they had to contend against men of honour, who defended their country with valour and enthusiasm, and who in spite of the inequality of numbers, gained many victories, and sold their lives dearly. The atrocities of every kind committed by the French had so revolted the Swiss, that they may be said to have increased their courage. They knew that there was nothing for them but victory or death; they had then only to choose between a glorious death upon the field of battle, or one of torture if they fell into the hands of their enemies. This conviction assisted in producing that courageous resistance which seems almost incredible when we consider what a handful of men kept the field against whole armies, and often conquered them. The French during this war, though they employed every possible means of corruption, could never obtain either a spy or a mistress: between death and ignominy the Swiss never hesitated.

At length the *Constitution Unitaire* presented by the French government was adopted throughout almost the whole of Switzerland. The deputies from the Cantons had already formed themselves into a national assembly, when it became known that the inhabitants of Nidwalden refused to bind themselves by the oath required. Nidwalden forms a part of the Underwald, one of the three cantons first known by the name of the Waldstettes. Neither the prayers of the Helvetic Directory, nor the menaces of the French, could shake the resolution of these patriots. War was decided upon. The inhabitants of Schwitz and of Uri sent them two corps of volunteers, and this reinforcement augmented their numbers to two thousand men.

On the third of September 1798, sixteen thousand French advanced to attack them; during six days this army in vain attempted to reach Stanz by crossing the Lake of Lucerne. At length, finding their design impracticable, they endeavoured to approach the town by land, and they ultimately succeeded. On the 9th of September was fought that battle which covered the insurgents with glory. For nine hours, notwithstanding the inferiority of their number, they resisted the enemy; fresh troops coming up, they had no resource but to combat in small detachments. Men, women, old men and children, all fought with

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selves to a sketch of his philanthropic labours. As we might, however, be reproached with not having entered sufficiently into detail respecting this celebrated man, we think it necessary to add that he is of an ancient family of Zurich, and was educated for the church, and that in his youth he was the intimate friend of Lavater. Having obtained a curacy in a village near Zurich, he married, and passed his time in the fulfilment of his duties, and promoting the happiness of his parishioners. Here the condemnation of a young girl accused and convicted of infanticide, struck him forcibly. He disapproved of the punishment (she suffered death), because he attributed the crime to a want of education, and he wrote on this subject a book which forms part of his works. From this epoch may be dated his desire to improve the education of the poor. The French Revolution also excited his attention; he foresaw the miseries that it would entail upon Switzerland, and he wrote Fables in prose in which he described the evils that would result from the disorders committed in France. These Fables are also published in the collection of his works.

equal bravery; eighteen young girls, to whom an important post had been confided, perished in its defence; and in another part of the field forty-five men struggled against a whole battalion; but in spite of these prodigies of valour, the whole of Nidwalden was given up to fire and sword before the end of the day, and it would at this hour be a desert, were it not for the money which was sent from England, from Germany, from Denmark, and from every part of Switzerland. The morning after this fatal day, a great number of children were found upon the field of battle. Some of them, terrified by the events which they had witnessed, seemed to have forgotten both their own homes and those of their parents; others with heart-rending cries called for their mothers, while the elder ones sought them among the slain. Pestalozzi heard of these misfortunes, and hastened to the relief of the orphans. He remained with them in the open fields, feeding and consoling them till the Helvetic Directory granted them an asylum. A part of the convent of nuns at Stanz was assigned to them, and it was here that Pestalozzi undertook the difficult task of instructing children, in whose minds, for the most part, the germ of every bad quality was already planted, in consequence of the total ignorance in which they had been brought up. Nothing shook his resolution, or wearied his perseverance; he sought the easiest methods of fixing the attention of his pupils. Fearful of disgusting them by following the ordinary routine, he thought that to excite the developement of their faculties the children should be left to create rules for themselves from practice and experience. He imagined, that in this manner, those gifted with brilliant faculties, not being confined within a narrow circle, would be able to give the reins to their imaginations, while those of inferior intelligence, being obliged to think for themselves, would supply by activity what they wanted in natural abilities. It was not a prepared system that Pestalozzi tried with the orphans of Stanz; the method which he followed was suggested to him by circumstances; and the situation in which he was placed, unfortunately forbade his having any fixed plan. His pupils were perpetually changing; those who had begun to profit by his instructions were taken away, and replaced by others, so that in fact no results could be obtained. Such of the inhabitants of Nidwalden as had escaped death re-appeared, and claimed their children; and Pestalozzi, instead of the gratitude that was due to him, met with nothing but reproaches and abuse. This state of things continued for a year; at the end of which time the French obliged Pestalozzi to quit the convent of Stanz, which they converted into a military hospital. The government of Berne then offered him the castle of Burgdorf, to which he removed his institute. A report obtained credit that he had invented a method which absolutely produced miracles; one would have supposed, from the exaggerated descriptions of his admirers, that it was sufficient to become his pupil to acquire in an instant every talent and every science. Young people of family and fortune were sent to Pestalozzi: he took charge of their education, and he did wrong: he undertook more than he was able to accomplish, and he failed. But let us not anticipate. The commencement was brilliant enough; Pestalozzi, when he increased the number of his pupils, required assistants; he associated with himself men on whom he thought he could rely; but instead of seconding his views, they looked upon the institute only

as a means of enriching themselves, and were as eager for money as Pestalozzi was for good works. This good man, who cannot even believe in the existence of evil, mistook their cupidity for zeal, and became in some degree their accomplice, by yielding to the plans of aggrandisement that they were unceasingly meditating. Naturally the education proper for the poor, could not suit the rich ; it was necessary to make changes, and every day new methods were tried. Pestalozzi, who always instructs himself, consulted too much with those about him; he had no fixed plan, as we have before said ; the time was spent in experiments, and the children learned nothing. The enthusiasm however that had been excited, still continued ; the number of pupils was not diminished, on the contrary, the reputation of Pestalozzi had extended to foreign countries ; Russians, Swedes, English, Germans, individuals, in short, from almost all the nations of Europe became his pupils. In 1804, the city of Berne, having resumed its grant of the castle of Burgdorf, Pestalozzi established himself in the castle of Yverdun, which the municipality of that town placed at his disposal. At that time, the greater number of the instructors were chosen from among the scholars. Pestalozzi thought by these means to form bands of friendship among his young people, and to excite emulation by the hope of immediate recompense ; for the charge of instructing was considered as a distinction granted to merit and application. All his good intentions, however, were fruitless. While he imagined that harmony reigned in his house, the old and the new instructors were divided by envy and jealousy. To these vices they added dissimulation, and they never agreed together but in deceiving their principal. It is not to justify Pestalozzi that we accuse his coadjutors; we will be equally candid with regard to himself. He committed a great error in not confining himself to the education of the poor, and in letting himself be drawn into an undertaking which he had not the means of accomplishing. Pestalozzi's method, having been the result of circumstances, could not embrace a general plan; he created, whilst he applied it, and he applied it to that class of society to which it was the best adapted. His mode of teaching tends to the rapid developement of the faculties, and goes no farther: but the faculties once developed, then begins the difficult period of education. The difficulty however exists only in the education of the man of the world, and not in that of the labourer, whose future fate is certain if he possesses activity and intelligence, and in whom the wanderings of the imagination are checked by the immediate necessity for effective and constant occupation. Thus, then, the first pupils of Pestalozzi might with advantage apply those faculties which he had developed, to the management of the plough; their lot was fixed, and the education they had received gave them the means of ameliorating it, and of acquiring that knowledge which was necessary to the improvement of agriculture. In the young man destined for the world, and consequently exposed to more dangers, it was necessary to guide the faculties, and to prepare employment for them, in order that the first use made of them should be a good one. Otherwise this rapid developement would but have excited the passions, and instead of proving advantageous would have become a fruitful source of evil. At this epoch of the mind, it became, in short, necessary to follow a new system; but nothing had been foreseen. Whilst Pestalozzi and his

assistants were trying experiments, the young people were left to themselves; and this situation was the more dangerous, because, having been in some degree prematurely brought forward, they were in a state of moral excitement which required to be directed, and which study and order alone could regulate. How many young men have lost their most precious years in the institute of Pestalozzi! They were supposed to be prepared for the Universities, but when they came to be examined it was found that they knew nothing. They must then begin their education over again, or remain ignorant; the greater number chose the latter alternative, and failed in the great end of their existence, the perfecting of their intellectual being. It is not possible to cite one pupil of Pestalozzi among the higher classes, who has distinguished himself in any career whatever; and yet, what instructor can be more disinterested or more paternal? But then no man was ever less formed for being in fashion. If he had been permitted to go on as he began, much good would have been done, and much evil avoided. Fashion may stimulate superficial and factitious talents, but with the virtues and the sciences she has nothing in common.

Pestalozzi is completely the child of nature: he does not understand the subtleties and the distinctions of society, but as he lives amongst civilized people who follow those customs which have been established and consecrated by opinion, his ignorance produces dangerous consequences *. An institute for females was also established at Yverdun. It was conducted by the daughter-in-law of Pestalozzi; that is to say, she took charge of the management of the house; the lessons were all given by the young instructors from the men's institute, who were chiefly chosen from amongst the poor of Stanz, and consequently were of very low birth. The young women, on the contrary, were of the best families of Germany, Switzerland, of Wirtemberg, and of Swabia. The habit of meeting every day, the perfect liberty, the intimacy which Pestalozzi encouraged, and which he in his simplicity mistook for brotherly regard; all this was the cause of many romantic adventures, which might have been soon lawfully terminated if Pestalozzi had had the management of them. But the parents of the young people were of a very different opinion, and made use of all their authority to prevent such ill-assorted marriages. Elopements and clandestine unions were the consequences of these connexions; many respectable families were thrown into trouble and confusion, and the young victims of

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* Pestalozzi, in his method of instruction, employs geometry and arithmetic to develope the analytical faculties. Thus the child understands nothing but what he sees, and this method can be applied only to the elements of instruction. It is for this reason that we have said that Pestalozzi occupied himself only in the rapid developement of the early faculties. M. de Fellenberg follows the same system as far as it is applicable, but he changes his method in proportion as the child grows, and its mind expands. The method of Pestalozzi is founded on entirely opposite principles to those of Bell and Lancaster. It has more resemblance to the system of Mr. Owen of Lanark. Like him, Pestalozzi rejects emulation, rewards, every thing in short that he calls *vain-glory*. The method of Bell and Lancaster is dogmatic. Those who know most, teach the more ignorant, not by unfolding the mind, but by communicating what they have in like manner learnt themselves from others. Pestalozzi will have every one be his own master, his own instructor. The method of Bell and Lancaster tends to communicate mechanical notions of things; that of Pestalozzi to conduct man to the knowledge of causes.

In the institute of Pestalozzi the pupils are taught reading, writing, arithmetic, the elements of music and drawing, geography, universal history, Latin, Greek,

negligence and improvidence long and bitterly lamented their irreparable imprudence. Pestalozzi could not remain ignorant of the events that were passing around him; but it was impossible to persuade him that he had occasioned them. He accused the distinctions and prejudices of society as having alone caused these disorders. As soon as the abuses which existed in the institute were publicly known, the establishment began to fall into decay. The instructors disputed greedily amongst themselves for the spoils of Pestalozzi; under pretence of his being old and of his requiring repose, they took from him by degrees the management of affairs; and one of his first assistants whom he had snatched from misery and obscurity, supplanted him entirely, though always acting in his name: this man is now at the head of the few pupils who still remain.

At Clindy, a little hamlet near Yverdun, Pestalozzi has established an institute for young women destined for the class of servants. They receive an education consistent with their situation in life, and which renders them capable of fulfilling their duties as enlightened Christians. We know some pupils of this institute, young Englishwomen, who do honour to Pestalozzi, and who prove, in spite of his numerous detractors, that he succeeds in the education of the poor. In this instance, notwithstanding his more general views, he does not aim at producing an equality which cannot exist without overturning society; he knows that there must be labourers, servants, and workmen of every kind; but always just and good, he would not condemn to ignorance this numerous and respectable class of persons, or deprive them of the rights and advantages of every intellectual being. He gives them an education suitable to them, and applies himself to the developement of their faculties in order that they may participate in the progress of the moral world. In this manner he ennobles every class without destroying the distinctions between them. Pestalozzi is perhaps the only philanthropist of this age, who has really made the happiness of the poor his object; but he has been misunderstood, and has never had justice done him. He has been praised to excess for qualities which he did not possess, and when the enthusiasm which he had excited was passed away, he was blamed in the most cruel manner, while the orphans of Stanz were forgotten. His faults were the work of others, who drew him in to commit them by deceiving him and taking advantage of his readiness to think well of every one. That he is weak, we do not pretend to deny; but he is good and charitable, and these virtues surely may redeem a multitude

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French, German and English. According to Pestalozzi's plan, natural history and natural philosophy should also be taught; but the means were wanting, and these studies have been abandoned. There are two institutes established at Yverdun on the model of that of Pestalozzi (that is to say, the most useful parts of his method have been adopted), one for females, under the direction of Madame Niederer, the other for boys under Mr. Niederer, who was formerly one of Pestalozzi's teachers. At Coire in the Grisons, at Appenzel, at Basle, and at Arau, there are institutes on the same plan. In Germany the most celebrated schools are at Nuremberg and at Wisbaden. The elementary schools in Prussia and in Bavaria have adopted much of the system of Pestalozzi. In London, the Philological School in King-street, Bryanston-square, has adopted Pestalozzi's method of teaching in its application to the study of languages, arithmetic, geometry, and geography.

The following is a list of the elementary works which are used in the Institute of Pestalozzi. Les élémens de l'enseignement du rapport des formes géométriques et du rapport des nombres, par Schmidt. Les élémens de Géographie, par Henning. Les élémens du Dessein, par Ramsauer. Les élémens de la Musique, par Feiffer.

of faults. Pestalozzi does not possess the grand engine of the *fashionable philanthropist.* He has no elocution, he does not know how to make speeches; he confounds different languages together, and speaks them all ill. He writes however most agreeably in German, and has published a book, (as he expresses himself) "for the people," entitled Leonard and Gertrude.* Some parts of this book are written in a style of almost noble simplicity. There are no romantic adventures, no brilliant incidents. The reader is conducted from cottage to cottage, and is made a spectator of real life. It is very desirable that Leonard and Gertrude should be translated into English, and circulated among the lower classes.

REULLURA.† BY T. CAMPBELL.

The Culdees were the primitive clergy of Scotland, and apparently her only clergy from the sixth to the eleventh century. They were of Irish origin, and their monastery on the island of Iona or Ikolmill, was the seminary of Christianity in North Britain. Presbyterian writers have wished to prove them to have been a sort of Presbyters, strangers to the Roman church and Episcopacy. It seems to be established that they were not enemies to Episcopacy;—but that they were not slavishly subjected to Rome like the clergy of later periods, appears by their resisting the Papal ordonnances respecting the celibacy of religious men, on which account they were ultimately displaced by the Scottish sovereigns to make way for more Popish canons.

STAR of the morn and eve,
Reullura shone like thee,
And well for her might Aodh grieve,
The dark-attired Culdee.
Peace to their shades! the pure Culdees
Were Albyn's earliest priests of God,
Ere yet an island of her seas
By foot of Saxon monk was trode,
Long ere her churchmen by bigotry
Were barr'd from holy wedlock's tie.
'Twas then that Aodh, famed afar,
In Iona preach'd the word with power,
And Reullura, beauty's star,
Was the partner of his bower.

But, Aodh, the roof lies low,
And the thistle-down waves bleaching,
And the bat flits to and fro
Where the Gael once heard thy preaching;
And fall'n is each column'd aisle
Where the chiefs and the people knelt.
'Twas near that temple's goodly pile
That honour'd of men they dwelt.
For Aodh was wise in the sacred law,
And bright Reullura's eyes oft saw
The veil of fate uplifted.
Alas, with what visions of awe
Her soul in that hour was gifted—

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* The first edition of "Leonard and Gertrude" appeared in 1781.

The complete works of Pestalozzi were printed at Tubingen; eight volumes have already been published, but it must be remarked that this edition of his works has been edited and much altered by Schmidt, who at present presides over the ruins of his Institute.

† Reullura, in Gaelic, signifies "beautiful star."

When pale in the temple and faint,
With Aodh she stood alone
By the statue of an aged Saint!
Fair sculptured was the stone,
It bore a crucifix;
Fame said it once had graced
A Christian temple, which the Picts
In the Britons' land laid waste:
The Pictish men, by St. Columb taught,
Had hither the holy relic brought.
Reullura eyed the statue's face,
And cried, "It is, he shall come,
"Even he in this very place,
"To avenge my martyrdom.

"For, woe to the Gael people!
"Ulvfagre is on the main,
"And Iona shall look from tower and steeple
"On the coming ships of the Dane;
"And, dames and daughters, shall all your locks
"With the ruffian's grasp entwine?
"No! some shall have shelter in caves and rocks,
"And the deep sea shall be mine.
"Baffled by me shall the spoiler return,
"And here shall his torch in the temple burn,
"Until that holy man shall plough
"The waves from Innisfail.
"His sail is on the deep e'en now,
"And swells to the southern gale."

"Ah! knowest thou not, my bride,"
The holy Aodh said,
"That the Saint whose form we stand beside
Has for ages slept with the dead."
"He liveth, he liveth," she said again,
"For the span of his life tenfold extends
"Beyond the wonted years of men.
"He sits by the graves of well-loved friends
"That died ere thy grandsire's grandsire's birth;
"The oak is decay'd with old age on earth,
"Whose acorn-seed had been planted by him;
"And his parents remember the day of dread
"When the sun on the cross look'd dim,
"And the graves gave up their dead.

"Yet preaching from clime to clime,
"He hath roam'd the earth for ages,
"And hither he shall come in time
"When the wrath of the heathen rages,
"In time a remnant from the sword—
"Ah! but a remnant to deliver;
"Yet, blest be the name of the Lord!
"His martyrs shall go into bliss for ever.
"Lochlin*, appall'd, shall put up her streel,
"And thou shalt embark on the bounding keel;
"Safe shalt thou pass through Lochlin's ships,
"With the Saint and a remnant of the Gael,
"And the Lord will instruct thy lips
"To preach in Innisfail."†

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* Denmark. † Ireland.

The sun, now about to set,
Was burning o'er Tiriee,
And no gathering cry rose yet
O'er the isles of Albyn's sea,
Whilst Reullura saw far rowers dip
Their oars beneath the sun,
And the phantom of many a Danish ship,
Where ship there yet was none.
And the shield of alarm* was dumb,
Nor did there warning till midnight come,
When watch-fires burst from across the main
From Rona and Uist and Skey,
To tell that the ships of the Dane
And the red-hair'd slayers were nigh.

Our islesmen arose from slumbers,
And buckled on their arms;
But few, alas! were their numbers
To Lochlin's mailed swarms.
And the blade of the bloody Norse
Has fill'd the shores of the Gael
With many a floating corse,
And with many a woman's wail.
They have lighted the islands with ruin's torch,
And the holy men of Iona's church
In the temple of God lay slain;
All but Aodh, the last Culdee,
But bound with many an iron chain,
Bound in that church was he.

And where is Aodh's bride?
Rocks of the ocean flood!
Plunged she not from your heights in pride,
And mock'd the men of blood?
Then Ulvfagre and his bands
In the temple lighted their banquet up,
And the print of their blood-red hands
Was left on the altar cup.
'Twas then that the Norseman to Aodh said,
"Tell where thy church's treasure's laid,
Or I 'll hew thee limb from limb."
As he spoke the bell struck three,
And every torch grew dim
That lighted their revelry.

But the torches again burnt bright,
And brighter than before,
When an aged man of majestic height
Enter'd the temple door.
Hush'd was the revellers' sound,
They were struck as mute as the dead,
And their hearts were appall'd by the very sound
Of his footstep's measured tread.
Nor word was spoken by one beholder,
When he flung his white robe back on his shoulder,
And stretching his arms—as eath
Unriveted Aodh's bands,
As if the gyves had been a wreath
Of willows in his hands.

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* Striking the shield was an ancient mode of convocation to war among the Gael.

All saw the stranger's similitude
To the ancient statue's form ;
The Saint before his own image stood,
And grasp'd Ulvfagre's arm.
Then uprose the Danes at last to deliver
Their chief, and shouting with one accord,
They drew the shaft from its rattling quiver,
They lifted the spear and sword,
And levell'd their spears in rows.
But down went axes and spears and bows,
When the Saint with his crosier sign'd,
The archer's hand on the string was stopt,
And down, like reeds laid flat by the wind,
Their lifted weapons dropt.

The Saint then gave a signal mute,
And though Ulvfagre will'd it not,
He came and stood at the statue's foot,
Spell-riveted to the spot,
Till hands invisible shook the wall,
And the tottering image was dash'd
Down from its lofty pedestal.
On Ulvfagre's helm it crash'd—
Helmet, and skull, and flesh, and brain,
It crush'd as millstone crushes the grain.
Then spoke the Saint, whilst all and each
Of the Heathen trembled round,
And the pauses amidst his speech
Were as awful as the sound :

"Go back, ye wolves, to your dens," (he cried,)
"And tell the nations abroad,
"How the fiercest of your herd has died
"That slaughter'd the flock of God.
"Gather him bone by bone,
"And take with you o'er the flood
"The fragments of that avenging stone
"That drank his heathen blood.
"These are the spoils from Iona's sack,
"The only spoils ye shall carry back ;
"For the hand that uplifteth spear or sword
"Shall be wither'd by palsy's shock,
"And I come in the name of the Lord
"To deliver a remnant of his flock."

A remnant was call'd together,
A doleful remnant of the Gael,
And the Saint in the ship that had brought him hither
Took the mourners to Innisfail.
Unscathed they left Iona's strand,
When the opal morn first flush'd the sky,
For the Norse dropt spear, and bow, and brand,
And look'd on them silently ;
Safe from their hiding-places came
Orphans and mothers, child and dame :
But alas! when the search for Reullura spread,
No answering voice was given,
For the sea had gone o'er her lovely head,
And her spirit was in Heaven.

HYPOCRISY.

"The Devil knew not what he did when he made man politick; he crossed himself by it."—*Timon of Athens.*

Naturalists have been much puzzled to find a definition of that versatile and inconstant being, man, which will satisfactorily distinguish him from all other living species, and at the same time hit him in all his moods. There is in human nature, notwithstanding all its vaunts and pretensions, so much of the mere animal in "every shape and feature," that not all the Linnés and Cuviers in the world have been able to draw a steady line of separation. The animal "*bipes implumis*" has long been given up as untenable, and the habits of the butcher-bird have completely knocked on the head the definition of the "cooking animal." As for the "religious animal"—exclusively that some men are born without the "organ of veneration," and have "no more grace than will serve for prologue to an egg and butter,"—there is the praying mantis,* which possesses the forms of devotion in such perfection (the only part of religion which "leads to fortune," and therefore the only part about which most of us are in earnest) that this definition "*ne vaut pas le diable.*"

For my own part, if I was obliged to commit my reputation by hazarding an opinion upon so ticklish a point, I should prefer seizing upon that most prominent feature in the human character, deceit, and would define the species as being, *par excellence*, the "hypocritical animal." For, whatever may be advanced to the contrary, in the way of certain odious comparisons, to the disadvantage of hyenas and crocodiles, it should never be forgotten that in these cases "the lion is not the painter." If the parties concerned could speak for themselves, it is pretty certain that no hyena would have had the face to vie with Louis XVIII. when making his famous speech upon peace, which opened the Spanish war; and the arrantest crocodile that ever (to use the language of Sir Boyle Roach) "put his hands in his breeches-pocket and shed feigned tears," would decline weeping with a genuine widow of Ephesus. While all other forms and modes are put on and off as whim, fashion, or interest dictate, man is at all times and in all particulars, a perfect hypocrite;—a hypocrite towards God, a hypocrite towards man, nay, a very hypocrite towards himself; not trusting his conscience with a naked view of his secret wishes, nor painting even his pleasures to his own imagination in their proper colours. Of this no safer testimony can be desired, than the eternal contrast which he has established between his words and his deeds, and the pains he has taken in all ages to provide a double set of terms and phrases to express the same things as they refer to himself or to his neighbours,—to abstract principle, or to practical application: insomuch that his language no less than his mind resembles those paintings done upon slips of pasteboard placed in relief, which exhibit a different picture according to every different point of

* Called in France "*Le prie dieu*," from the circumstance of its perpetually resting on its hind legs, and erecting the fore-paws close together, as if in the act of praying: the country-people, in various parts of the Continent, consider it almost as sacred, and would not, on any account, injure it. "It is so divine a creature (says the translator of Mouffet), that if a child has lost its way, and inquires of the mantis, it will point out the right path with its paw."—*Bingley's Animal Biography.*

view from which they are beheld. Every peculiar condition of society has its favourite sin, which it clothes in the likeness of its conterminate virtue. The merchant's avarice is parsimony, the parson's gluttony is hospitality, the great man's corruption is loyalty, and his hatred to the people, is his zeal for the king's prerogative. All this is nothing; but your genuine hypocrite, the more he is inclined to a sin, and the more he indulges his inclination, the louder and the more confidently he declaims against it,—just as a desperate adventurer rushes into deeper expenses, and makes a greater show of opulence, at the very moment when he has arrived at the verge of bankruptcy.

If the object and end of society be to increase the powers of the individual, to multiply his means of gratifying his propensities and inclinations, the social system is admirably constituted, as far as hypocrisy is concerned; since all its institutions seem calculated to develope the deceptive tendencies of the species, and to give the greatest scope to the individual *nisus.* Hypocrisy is established by act of parliament too, and, like better things, it has become part and parcel of the common law of the land. So curiously, indeed, are the most sacred and solemn objects mixed up with lackadaisical common-places, and superficial plausibilities, that not to be a hypocrite is to lack common decency; and to call "things by their right names" is to unsettle the foundations of the world's repose. The imagined necessity for the gravity of the learned professions, has gone a great way towards generalising the practice of hypocrisy. As soon as it becomes necessary to appear wiser or better than the mass of mankind (it being impossible for humanity to raise itself above the condition of humanity, or for man to put off his nature, merely because he puts on a robe or a cassock), the reign of humbug commences; and from the moment that society requires a given exterior, from that moment the individual has not only a right, but labours under a necessity for wearing a mask.

The increase of human happiness which is thus created is beyond calculation; not only in its indirect influence upon social order, by imposing upon that many-headed monster the people, pinning down the lower classes to their duties, and thus confirming systems which the bayonet alone could not uphold; but also in the great enjoyment it directly occasions to the dupes themselves.

There is no man, I am sure, on this side fifty, but will allow that love is at once the great business and pleasure of life, the one drop of honey mixed with its cup of gall, the "green velvet of the soul;" and is not this love the more delightful, the more perfect and unbroken its deceit? The whole process of courtship is indeed, from beginning to end, one great scene of mutual hypocrisy. If it be true that the "tongues of men are full of deceits," it is not less so that "every inch of woman in the world, ay every dram of woman's flesh, is false:" and so much does the pleasure of the pursuit depend upon the dupery, that the credulous fair who believes her lover's protestations, is happier than the swain who makes them; and the patient wittol, whose eyes are shut to what is going forward, and is the dupe of both parties, is out and out the happiest of the whole three.

But if lovers are thus mutually dependant on each other for administering to their respective gullibilities, and for raising those illusions which shut out the "weary, stale, and flat" unprofitability of life; the whole class of litigators are not less obliged to their advocates for the

pleasures they derive from that well-acted comedy called a "lawsuit." What intense delight do not these good souls receive from certain grave eulogies upon that system of laws by which the Chancery Court lawyers swallow up the whole property in dispute between the parties! What "easement" do they not obtain from that simulated zeal and well-affected sympathy with which their counsel "protest to God" that their client's case is justice itself! How edified, likewise, are even the by-standers, at the grave and moral discourses, *de omnibus rebus*," &c. with which a judge charges a jury, in a case of libel, for example, and thus discharges his share of the farce. For this reason I cannot sufficiently applaud the inventors of that excellent piece of dupery, the monstrous fictions of law, which undo deeds, "making things to have been performed which never were attempted, bringing unborn children into existence, and considering the living as dead." Whatever other grounds of complaint there may lie against this system, it cannot be disputed, that it tends powerfully to increase the pleasures which the litigator derives from the law's deceptions, and while it promotes the profits of the practitioner, gives the client a great deal more for his money than he could otherwise obtain.

Nor is the relief less which the victims of the "nameless ever new disease," the "most notorious gecks and gulls that e'er invention played upon," receive from the sad and learned hypocrite, who, while he affects to be studying the symptoms, is merely calculating his gains, whose estimate of the malady, instead of turning on its danger or safety, rolls entirely on the number of guineas it is likely to put into his pocket. Moliere has said that he knew not "*de plus plaisante momerie, rien de plus ridicule qu'un homme qui se veut mêler d'en guerir un autre.*" Without, however, going all the way with Moliere, we may say that there is "*rien de plus ridicule*" than the external forms of the process, by which the fashionable cure of a fashionable disease is conducted to its consummation. But the climax of all the pleasures derivable from deception, are those which accompany a general election. What a frantic joy possesses the whole town on the approach of such an event, when the poor dupes are looking forward to be flattered from the hustings, mocked with a false show of constrained equality and simulated friendship; and finally when, as is too often the case, they are bribed with their own money, to contribute their quota to the burthening themselves and their posterity to the last generation!

I speak not of the comfort and advantage which society derives from that organized system of hyprocrisy, more despotic than the laws of the Medes and Persians, which passes current in the world under the name of politeness; because every one knows and feels its value, and is but too well pleased to possess a good excuse for hiding unpleasant truths, the avowal of which might involve the relater in a duel or a lawsuit.

"*Chi non sa fingere, non sa vivere,*" says the Italian proverb, a text upon which Nic Macchiavel has written an elaborate commentary; but by far a better one is to be found in the grave faces of political wights, who, while they are exerting all their energies to propagate despotism and raise their own fortunes, turn up their eyes at the bare mention of this same Macchiavelli's name; and with a pharisaical demureness of the whole outward man, denounce him and his writings as anti-christian and anti-social, merely for *saying*, what they themselves are *doing*

every day and hour of their lives. The triumph of opinion over the sword, has made political hypocrisy more than ever necessary in the safe conduct of a state. It is the great arcanum of modern policy, and it possesses every quality which can be required in a remedy, operating in all cases *citò, tutò, et jucundè*. Take, for instance, that special piece of hypocrisy, " The God of St. Louis and of Henri Quatre," and determine which you admire most, the impudence of those who in the 19th century put such a machine in motion, the sycophancy of those who affect to be the dupes of it, or the great comfort and convenience which result from its application *secundum artem* to the necessities of the Bourbon dynasty. Really it is a severe national misfortune to Great Britain, that in her quality of a protestant state she cannot press into her service any other divinity than the common God of all mankind; and that in her quality of a revolutionary government, she has no family prejudices with which to connect a local deity, if she had one at her service. Our Henry VI. was a tolerable saint enough, and every way worthy of possessing a household god of his own; and Charles I. in his capacity of Martyr, might be indulged with the same privilege.

He then, who is no hypocrite, knows nothing of life, nothing of its enjoyments, nothing of its amenities, and above all, nothing of the *moyen de parvenir*. That there can be any vice in a practice so universal, so respected, and so serviceable to mankind, seems eminently impossible. If there were really any harm in it, can we believe that so many great princes and divines should in speeches, proclamations, and sermons, so frequently use the name of Heaven to cover their own private interests, and talk of the good of the people, at the very moment when they are adding to their miseries? If hypocrisy were a sin, should we find " Right honourable gentlemen," and " my learned friend," so often substituted, for " corrupt rascal," and " jobbing knave;" which, if we may judge by the context, is evidently in the speaker's mind?—or would high-minded men condescend to pass over " the highest quarter," and " in another place," without seeming to perceive that those words teemed with the most forbidden allusions? To the same conclusion we must likewise be brought by the practice of our most pious and loyal journalists, of each of whom it might be said that " *tertius è cœlo cecidit Cato*," and whose mouths are never empty of the imposing and sacred names of virtue, honour, our holy religion, and our glorious constitution; while they outrage decency by their scandalous libels, and advocate the most atrocious and liberticide measures, all " for the better carrying on of the plot."—No, no, " *esse quam videri*," may do very well for a motto, but it has nothing to do with real life; except, indeed, it be used as a blind to cover a meditated fraud; and then it enters into the system, and will pass muster. The ancients very wisely put truth in a well, and there let her lie and be—drowned. She never yet was sufficiently in favour to drink any thing but water: and if any one is mad enough to doubt the fact, let him only try the experiment. Let him only for one week determine to speak aloud all that passes through his mind in society, and to show himself to his fellow creatures such as he really is, in thought, word, and deed; and if he does not repent of his bargain before half the time is expended, why then say I am not— M.

LETTERS FROM THE EAST.—NO. VIII.

Grand Cairo.

While at Kenéh we paid another visit to the Temple of Tentyra: the columns of the portico are of fine white stone, and are twenty-three feet in circumference. After visiting those of Thebes, Esné, and Edfu, it was still delightful to gaze on this superb and elegant ruin, by far the most impressive of all. The beautiful zodiac on the ceiling of one of the inner apartments has been taken off entire by the French, and carried to Paris. Marble is rarely to be found in the Egyptian edifices, the materials of which they are composed being generally of a fine white, or light yellow stone, or coarse granite. After leaving Girgé we arrived at the town of Aboutigé early in the morning. A funeral procession of the Arabs took place here: first walked a number of men, three or four abreast, at a slow place, singing in a mournful voice, with the priest at their head; the corpse was borne after them on the shoulders of six bearers; it was laid on an open bier completely covered, and followed by a number of women, who uttered loud cries and wailings at intervals, to show their sorrow. Having hired a couple of asses, I set out to ride inland to Monfalut, attended by a young Arab of the Cangia. After crossing a plain, and a ferry caused by the inundation, and passing by some pretty villages almost buried in groves of palm-trees, in one of which was held an Arab fair, we entered on a waste of sand, with a part of the Libyan chain of mountains close on the left. After riding some time we approached some lofty walls surrounding a square inclosure, and being curious to know what it contained, we found a small hamlet of Copts within, consisting of five or six dwellings; one solitary and lofty palm-tree rose in the midst. These poor people conducted us into a rude little building which they called their church; it was imperfectly lighted, and a curtain concealed the entrance into an inner room or sanctuary, out of which they brought, and displayed with no small pride, two wretched paintings in oil colours of the Virgin and her Son, and another of some venerable saint or apostle. On enquiring if they had any books, three large and ancient ones were produced, much the worse for wear, and written in the Coptic characters. The manners and appearance of this little community, thus secluded in the desert, had much innocence and simplicity. Their retreat was secured by a strong door. The patriarch of the hamlet, a venerable old man, gave us his blessing fervently at parting. Pursuing our way, the next object we came to deserving notice was a very neat Arab burying-ground in the midst of the sand; the tombs were three or four feet high, and plastered white. The Orientals, to show that in their concern for the dead they had not forgot the living, had placed here a small reservoir of water supplied by a well; it was built over at top, which kept it always cool. Towards evening we saw the minarets of Siout at a distance, a very welcome sight. The guide and owner of the asses was an Egyptian, and Achmed kept pace with them on foot; they were the only property he had in the world! he had lost his two children, and their death had blasted all the poor man's prospects of comfort. He burst into tears as he told his desolate state with passionate expressions of sor-

row; and it being sunset, he then repeated his prayers in a loud tone of voice for half an hour as he passed along the desert. On entering the city, the sudden change of objects, from the deep solitude of the way, to the loud sounds and rapid movements of the various people in the streets, was most striking. Arabs, Turks, Nubians, and Albanians, almost impeded the passage; the bazaar was crowded. My conductor went to the house of Hassan, an Arab, and engaged a rude apartment. A repast in a Turkish town is quickly procured. Dervish, the young sailor of the Cangia, went out and quickly brought me a supper of coffee, milk, bread, and roasted meat, all excellent in their kind; the latter consisted of small pieces of mutton well seasoned, and placed on an iron rod, which is turned quickly round over the fire, and in a few minutes they are ready to be served up. It being evening, the Muezzins were calling to prayers from the minarets. One of the mosques which I looked into was a very pretty one, the floor handsomely carpeted and dimly lighted by a small dome in the middle; for these people imagine that a partial and imperfect light is favourable to religious meditation. When it was dark we returned to the small apartment, where a mat of reed on the floor was my only bed; but Dervish and Achmed slept on the ground without, where the moonlight was so bright as to make it seem like day. Early in the night, I was awakened by the sounds of music and singing in the street close by, where every thing else was perfectly silent: they were extremely sweet, and passed slowly by. Soon after day-break, the loud voice of Achmed was heard in an exclamation of praise to Allah: we quickly rose, and having breakfasted on coffee and Turkish pancakes, prepared in the streets at this early hour, we proceeded on our way. Having left the fertile environs of Siout, and entered on a sandy tract, we came in a few hours in sight of a large caravan, that had halted in the desert; it consisted of Arabs, from farther Egypt, who were conveying a number of black slaves to Cairo to be sold. The tent of the chief was distinguished by a piece of blue cloth, suspended from the top, the other tents were pitched around without any order; the camels were turned loose on the sand, and the Arabs were formed into groups, smoking and conversing, whilst several of the unfortunate blacks were wandering about, or preparing their coarse meals. The chief, thinking, no doubt, I wished to make a purchase, conducted me with significant gestures and smiles into a large tent, which was filled with a number of half-naked young black women, doomed to find masters at Cairo. We soon took leave of the caravan, and on entering again on an inhabited tract, met with a party of villagers, men and women, who were advancing in high glee, and singing; the men seemed preparing for a bout at quarter-staff. Achmed's heart was cheered at the sight, and, forgetting his griefs, he sprang in amongst them, and gave and warded off several blows with his long staff with great agility. We came after sunset to Monfalot, and rejoined the Cangia. Nothing particular occurred till we came to Radamouni, and having procured asses, rode to the ruins of the Temple of Hermopolis; the portico only is standing, but its columns of fine free-stone exceed in circumference any others in Egypt, being thirty-three feet round and sixty high; but those of Karnac are much loftier. Having spent a pleasant day, we passed over in a boat in the cool of the evening to the other shore of the Nile, to visit the ruins of Antinoë,

built by the Emperor Adrian; few of the columns are standing, they are of granite, and of very slender form, being about forty feet high, with Corinthian capitals. Proceeding on our voyage, we landed in order to visit the pyramids of Saccara some miles distant. The great pyramid, here, is more difficult of ascent than that of Gizéh. The only way of ascending it, is by climbing up masses and fragments of stone of various sizes, the outside of one corner of the pyramid having fallen from the top to the bottom. The view from the top, though of a rather different character, is quite as sublime and extensive as that beheld from the summit of Gizéh.

The inundation of the Nile had now subsided, and the flat lands of Egypt, before parched and dry, were covered with a wide and beautiful carpet of verdure; the heat was also sensibly diminished, and this season, the end of October, was probably one of the coolest in the year. Land travelling through Upper Egypt is almost impracticable, from the extreme heat of the weather, during the greater part of the year. The navigation of the Nile is the only advisable way, for on the river the air is always more fresh and cool, and the nights are uniformly delightful and pleasant. Returning from the pyramids of Saccara, over a path of soft sand, we were parched with thirst, and would have given any thing for a draught of water, when unexpectedly, as if dropped from the clouds, a Dervish approached us, bearing an immense water-melon, which we received as manna from Heaven. He was very tall and robust, with a handsome countenance, and one of the finest-made men ever beheld, a model that a sculptor would have delighted to copy; he had his lonely dwelling and little garden at some distance, and had purposely crossed our way with this melon, knowing he should be well paid for it.

On our return to Cairo, we took up our abode in the house of M. Asselin, a Frenchman, who had accompanied Chateaubriand to the country, and remained there ever since. He was a man of some science, would shut himself up the greatest part of the day in his room, and wore the European dress, with an immense long beard, which made his appearance, when he did come out, very singular. You meet occasionally, in the streets of Cairo, with some French Mamelukes; there are fifty of these men, who have changed their religion, in the service of the Pacha: they are great favourites, and have high pay, for during an insurrection of the Pacha's troops, for want of pay, about fourteen years ago, he was exposed to great danger, but these Frenchmen, placing themselves before him in a narrow street, fought with such desperate courage, that they made head against all his assailants and brought him off in safety.

The tomb of the unfortunate Burckhardt is in the Turkish burying-ground, without the city. This incomparable traveller was a most amiable man, and by his long residence among the Arab tribes had acquired the appearance and manners of a Bedouin. The Arabs often speak of Sheik Ibrahim; he was to be met with in the desert mounted on a good Arab horse, meanly dressed, with his lance, and a bag of meal behind him for his food. None of the Europeans, at Cairo, ever knew in what part of the city he resided, though he would come occasionally to their houses, and drink wine and eat ham like an infidel, but he was fearful of being visited by his countrymen in return, lest the Turks should observe their intimacy. The Pacha was fond of his com-

pany, and would sometimes send for and converse with him. The only places of amusement in Cairo are the coffee-houses, which are generally full; but however numerous the company, as soon as one of the story-tellers begins his tale, there is instant silence. Many of the Arabs display great powers of imagination and memory in these tales, which are admirably suited to amuse an indolent and credulous people.

A Turk with his long pipe in his hand, will listen for hours to a tale of wonder and enchantment, with deep interest, with exclamations of Allah, and without once interrupting the speaker. This custom, so universally prevalent throughout the East, is useful as well as amusing, for the stories have often an excellent moral; but a tale told in Europe would be a very different thing from hearing it in these countries. The wild and rich imagery of the East would hardly suit our colder climes, any more than the often impassioned and graceful action of the narrator, or his genii, afrit and goule. Many of these men travel over the country, and get an uncertain living by reciting in the villages and towns; but the most esteemed are to be found in the cities. Their tales are either invented by themselves, or taken from the Arabian Nights and other Oriental writings. A new and good story here, like a new book in Europe, confers fame on the inventor, and becoming popular, passes from one city to another, is quickly learned by the Arabs, and retailed in all the coffee-houses of the land. On the halt of a caravan at evening, when the groups are seated at their tent-doors round the fire, a tale from one of the company is a favourite and never-failing source of amusement. You will observe on these occasions men of various nations suspend their converse, and listen intensely to every word that falls from the speaker's lips. The women are debarred this amusement, but there are at Cairo a superior sort of Almeh girls, who are sent for by the ladies, and amuse them with dancing, singing, and music: it was probably a dance of this voluptuous kind that Herodias performed to please Herod and his officers, and which is a favourite throughout the East. I passed an evening most agreeably with M. Bokty and his family; he is the Swedish *chargé d'affaires*, and is a very clever and well-informed man. It was his beautiful daughter who was shot in the street some years ago, by a drunken Turkish soldier, as she was riding out between her mother and sister; a green veil which she wore, was supposed to have been the cause of this outrage. The sacred colour of the Prophet is prohibited to the Christians in every way; even a green umbrella would be dangerous to sport here. The passage of the caravans through Cairo, from the interior of Africa to Mecca, is a very interesting sight, being composed of so many different nations with their various flags and banners. In this city, where it is vain to long for books to beguile the sultry hours, I had the exquisite pleasure of meeting with a copy of "The Pleasures of Hope." How it came there it is not easy to tell, but it was a most welcome and delightful stranger on the banks of the Nile: it accompanied me afterwards through Palestine and Syria, and in the wilderness, and in weary and solitary hours, what better and more inspiring consolation could a wanderer wish for? That little volume has been no small traveller; on leaving Syria I gave it to the daughter of the English consul-general at Beirout, at the foot of Mount Lebanon, where, from the value placed on its contents, it is likely to be inviolably preserved.

A singular amusement is to be seen sometimes in the streets; two men, thinly clothed, and fat as butter, with broad, laughing countenances, circle continually round each other, and every time they meet hit one another severe and dexterous blows on the face, singing all the time some humorous song, accompanied by droll gestures and grimaces: this is much enjoyed by the populace. One day we rode to the palace of the Pacha at Shoubra, it is pleasantly situated on the banks of the Nile, and one or two of its apartments exhibit all the splendid appendages of Orientalism. The saloon had a very tempting appearance; its rich ottomans and cushions, its fountain and cool recesses, all invited to luxurious repose and enjoyment. The garden was pretty, and laid out in the European manner: in the middle was a charming kiosque shaded by the trees. This prince is a great voluptuary, temperate in eating and drinking: like most Turks of rank, he avails himself, unlimitedly, of the Prophet's permission of a plurality of wives. We saw the ladies of his harem one day riding out; they were eight in number, but so closely veiled and mantled, it was impossible to form any opinion of their countenance or figure. A traveller in the East, who chances to be a physician, is privileged above all men; he obtains admission into the serais, beholds the features of the favourite beauties, and holds long conversations with them; and it is singular how very anxious and curious the eastern ladies are, to see the Hakim or Frank physician. He comes with a solemn countenance, the very eunuchs look complacent on him, and each lady holds out her beautiful hand, assumes a languishing air, and allows him to examine the colour of her eyes, and talks without reserve. Even a trifling knowledge of medicine is of the greatest service: to this we afterwards owed our deliverance from captivity by the Arabs. Even when walking through some parts of Cairo, with Osmin, the renegade Scotsman, who professed to be a bit of a doctor, he was assailed by several women on the subject of their own, or their families', complaints. The environs of Cairo, since the subsidence of the inundation, are wonderfully improved in beauty, but the only pleasant situation for a residence is at Old Cairo, on the banks of the Nile. It is rather a ruinous place; but there are some merchants' houses at the water's edge, amidst a mass of foliage, which look on the isle of Rhoda, and the village of Gizéh on the opposite shore. In riding to this place, you often see in the shade of the large trees near the path, groups of women of a certain description, loosely apparelled, who, having lighted a fire and prepared coffee, allure with their voice and enticing gestures the passenger to join them; but their appearance has few attractions.

One sees at Cairo a good many hadgis or pilgrims from Mecca. These men richly deserve the privileges they acquire, for it is a journey of immense hardship and difficulty. The pilgrimage of the Christians to Jerusalem is mere amusement compared to many of the Moslems' journey, often from the very heart of Africa: he must cross vast deserts, endure the extremities of thirst and heat, and nothing but an ardent, though misplaced enthusiasm of piety, could possibly sustain his strength of body or mind.

The merchants, who undertake this journey chiefly from the prospects of gain, go prepared with their servants, camels, and a variety of luxuries; but the hosts of poor devoted beings who march on foot, resolved

to behold the birth-place of their Prophet, must expect to suffer dreadfully. Many of them, venerable with age, who leave their homes and families to traverse a succession of burning sands, can have little hope of returning again, and the appearance of a caravan on its return is sometimes like that of an army after battle.

There are various warm baths at Cairo, and the Orientals, both men and women, are passionately fond of the use of them: this bath is at first a fearful ordeal for a European to go through. Having stripped, you first enter the vapour bath, where you remain till the perspiration streams out of the pores. You then enter the warm bath, and afterwards are laid at length on a long seat, a few feet high, and scrubbed without mercy, all over, by a Turkish operator, who next cracks every joint in your limbs, the sound of which may be heard through the apartment. You then put on a light dress, and proceed to the outer-room, where you recline on carpets and cushions, and have pipes, coffee, and sherbet brought you. A soft and luxurious feeling then spreads itself over your body. Every limb and joint is light and free as air, and after all this pommelling and perspiring, you feel more enjoyment than you ever felt before.

Having resolved to visit Mount Sinai, we engaged camels for the journey. The party consisted of Mr. C. an Englishman, Mr. W. a German, who was a missionary sent from Cambridge to labour for the conversion of the Jews, his servant, a poor stupid German, and Michel, who proved invaluable to us, and six Arabs to attend on the eight camels, and serve as guides. It promised to be a journey of great interest, and we waited impatiently for the moment of departure.

PROJECTS AND COMPANIES.

"Some were condensing air into a dry tangible substance by extracting the nitre, and letting the aqueous or fluid particles percolate; others softening marble for pillows and pincushions; others petrifying the hoofs of a living horse to preserve them from foundering." *Gulliver's Travels.*

A Nation's wealth that overflows
Will sometimes in its course disclose
  Fantastical contortions:
'Tis like the rising of the Nile,
Which fats the soil, but breeds the while
  Strange monsters and abortions.

Better our superflux to waste
In peaceful schemes, howe'er misplaced,
  Than war and its abuses;
But better still if we could guide,
And limit the Pactolian tide
  To salutary uses.

Our sires, poor unambitious folks!
Had but an individual hoax,
  A single South-sea bubble;
Each province *our* delusion shares,
From Poyais down to Buenos-Ayres,—
  To count them is a trouble.

Giving them gold that's ready made,
We wisely look to be repaid
By help of Watt and Boulton;
Who from their mines, by patent pumps,
Will raise up ore, and lumps, and dumps,
Whence sovereigns may be molten!

Others, the dupes of Ferdinand,
By royal roguery trepann'd,
Find all their treasure vanish;
Leaving a warning to the rash,
That the best way to keep their cash
Is *not* to touch the Spanish.

Some, urged by Christian zeal, will play
The Jew with Greeks, if proper pay
And interest they propose us;
Or, an old debtor to befriend,
Will to insolvent Francis lend
The money that he owes us.

Gilded by Eldorado dreams,
No wonder if our foreign schemes
Assume a tinge romantic;
But e'en at home, beneath our eyes,
What *ignes fatui* arise,
Extravagant and antic!

Bridges of iron, stone, and wood,
Not only, Thames, bestride thy flood,
As if thou wert a runnel,
But terraces must clog thy shore,
While underneath thy bed we bore
A subterranean tunnel.

Nay, that our citizens may not,
As heretofore, in seasons hot,
To bathing places run down,
Presto! behold a Company
Which undertakes to bring the sea
Full gallop up to London.

Theirs the true English thought—a tank
For peers, with those of meaner rank
Disclaiming all connexion;
Knights of the Bath! together lave,
'Tis the best way, perchance, to save
Plebeians from infection.

One sapient speculator, big
With crazy projects, bids us dig
New streets beneath the present,
That we may saunter undismay'd
By fireman's pickaxe, gasman's spade,
Or pipes and plugs unpleasant.

With each new moon new bubbles rise,
Each as it flits before our eyes
Its predecessor quashing;
All at their rivals freely throw
Their dirt, to which we doubtless owe
The Company for washing.

Male laundresses! how grand to see
Your treasurer, chairman, deputy,
And Moabite directors,
All in the suds, and some in doubts
What charge to make for children's clouts
And nether-end protectors.

This, bending o'er the tub, directs
The wash, the starch and blue inspects,
The waste of soap denounces;
That, ferrets unextracted dirt,
Or shows what irons to insert
In ladies' pucker'd flounces.

Away with the insidious plan,
Which urges all-engrossing man
To rob his female neighbour!
Already are the means too few,
By which our virtuous poor pursue
The path of honest labour.

These are but weeds; the rich manure
Of overflowing wealth is sure
To generate the thistle:—
They who would learn its nobler use,
May Pope's majestic lines peruse,
That close his Fourth Epistle. H.

SPECIMENS OF A PATENT POCKET DICTIONARY,

For the use of those who wish to understand the meaning of things as well as words.

NO. I.

A noble standard for language! to depend upon the caprice of every coxcomb, who, because words are the clothing of our thoughts, cuts them out and shapes them as he pleases, and changes them oftener than his dress.—*The Tatler.*

Abridgment.—Any thing contracted into a small compass; such, for instance, as the Abridgment of the Statutes, in fifty volumes folio.

Absentees.—Certain Irish land-owners, who stand a chance of being knocked on the head if they stay at home, and are sure of getting no rents if they go abroad; thus illustrating the fate of the hippopotamus, which, according to the authority of the showman at Exeter 'Change, "is a hamphibious hanimal that cannot live upon land and dies in the water."

Absurdity.—Any thing advanced by our opponents, contrary to our own practice, or above our comprehension.

Academician Royal.—One who daubs pictures by privilege, has often the authority of Art for libelling Nature, and if he could paint nothing else, is still entitled to limn the letters R. A. after his name.

Accomplishments.—In women, all that can be supplied by the dancing-master, music-master, mantua-maker, and milliner. In men, tying a cravat, talking nonsense, playing at billiards, dressing like a groom, and driving like a coachman.

Achievement or *Hatchment.*—Is generally stuck up to commemorate the decease of some of the illustrious obscure, who never achieved any thing worth notice until they died, and would be instantly forgotten

if their memory did not secure an immortality of a twelvemonth by being nailed to the front of their houses.

Address.—Generally a string of fulsome compliments and professions lavished upon every king or individual in authority indiscriminately, in order to assure him of the particular, personal, and exclusive veneration in which he is held by those who would pay equal homage to Jack Ketch if he possessed equal power.

Advice.—Almost the only commodity which the world refuses to receive, although it may be had gratis, with an allowance to those who take a quantity.

Adulterer.—One who has been guilty of perjury, commonly accompanied with cruelty and hypocrisy; softened down by the courtesy of the world into a "man of gallantry, a gay person somewhat too fond of an intrigue; or a woman who has had a slip, committed a *faux-pas*," &c.

Agnus-Castus or *Chaste-tree.*—A shrub which might be advantageously planted in some of our fashionable squares.

Air.—In the country an emanation from the pure sky, perfumed by the flowery earth; in London, a noxious compound of fog, smoke, putridity, and villainous exhalations.

Alderman.—A ventri-potential citizen, into whose Mediterranean mouth good things are perpetually flowing, although none come out.

Ambiguity.—A quality deemed essentially necessary in diplomatic writings, acts of parliament, and law proceedings.

Ancestry.—The boast of those who have nothing else to boast of.

Antiquity.—The youth, nonage, and inexperience of the world, invested, by a strange blunder, with the reverence due to the present times, which are its true old age. Antiquity is the young miscreant who massacred prisoners taken in war, sacrificed human beings to idols, burnt them in Smithfield, as heretics or witches, believed in astrology, demonology, witchcraft, and every exploded folly and enormity, although his example be still gravely urged as a rule of conduct, and a standing argument against any improvement upon the "wisdom of our ancestors!"

Ape.—The author of the fall of man according to Dr. Adam Clarke, who informs us that the tempter of our first parents was an ouran-outang, not a serpent.

Appetite.—A relish bestowed upon the poorer classes that they may like what they eat, while it is seldom enjoyed by the rich although they may eat what they like.

Argument.—With fools, passion, vociferation, or violence; with ministers, a majority; with kings, the sword; with men, of sense, a sound reason.

Army.—A collection of human machines, often working as the blind instruments of blind power.

Astrology is to *Astronomy* what alchemy is to chemistry, the ignorant parent of a learned offspring.

Avarice.—The mistake of the old, who begin multiplying their attachments to the earth just as they are going to run away from it, and who are thereby increasing the bitterness without protracting the date of their separation.

Ay.—A moneysyllable occasionally productive of great benefit to those who utter it.

B.

Babies.—Noisy lactivorous animalculæ much desiderated by those who never had any.

Bachelor.—Plausibly derived by Junius from the Greek word for foolish, and by Spelman from Baculus, a cudgel, because he deserves it. An useless appendage of society: a poltroon who is afraid to marry lest his wife should become his mistress, and generally finishes by converting his mistress into a wife.

Backward.—A mode of advancement practised by Crabs, and recommended to mankind in general by the Holy Alliance.

Bag.—A convenient receptacle for any thing wished to be secreted, and usually carried by people of doubtful character, such as pettifoggers, old-clothes-men, &c.

Bait.—One animal impaled upon a hook in order to torture a second for the amusement of a third.

Baker.—One who gets his own bread by adulterating that of others.

Ball.—An assembly for the ostensible purpose of dancing, where the old ladies shuffle and cut against one another for money, and the young ones do the same for husbands.

Bar, The independence of the.—Like a ghost, a thing much talked of and seldom seen.

Barrister.—One who sometimes makes his gown a cloak for browbeating and putting down a witness, who but for this protection might occasionally knock down the barrister.

Beauty.—An ephemeral flower, the charm of which is destroyed as soon as it is gathered: a common ingredient in matrimonial unhappiness.

Bed.—An article in which we are born and pass the happiest portion of our lives, and yet one which we never wish to keep.

Beer, Small.—See Water.

Bellman's Verses.—See Vision of Judgment.

Benefit of Clergy.—See Tithes.

Bishop.—The only thing that gains by a translation.

Blank.—See every ticket bought by yourself or friends.

Blind, The—See—nothing.

Blushing.—A practice least used by those who have most occasion for it.

Body.—That portion of our system which receives the chief attention of Messrs. Somebody, Anybody, and Everybody, while Nobody cares for the soul.

Bonnet.—An article of dress much used by fashionable females for carrying a head in.

Book.—A thing formerly put aside to be read, and now read to be put aside.

Box, Opera.—A small inclosure wherein the upper classes assemble twice a week for the pleasure of hearing one another, and seeing the music.

Brain.—An autographical substance, which, according to the phrenologists, writes its own character upon the exterior skull in legible bumps and bosses.

Brass.—An ingredient in the countenances of various individuals, particularly those from a neighbouring island.

Brewer.—One who deals in deleterious drugs.

Breath.—Air received into the lungs for the purposes of smoking, whistling, &c.

Breech.—The nether extremity by which ships, fishes, and boys are guided and directed.

Brief.—The excuse of counsel for their own impertinence.

Bubble.—See South-Sea Securities, Spanish Bonds, &c.

Buffoon.—One who plays the fool professionally, whereas a wag is an amateur fool.

Bugbear.—That for which reform and improvement are used by those who are interested in opposing them.

Bumper-toasts.—See Drunkenness, Ill-health, and Vice.

Butcher.—See Suwarrow, Turkish commander, and the history of miscalled heroes &c. &c.

C.

Cabbage.—See Tailor.

Cage.—An article to the manufacture of which our spinsters would do well to direct their attention, since, according to Voltaire, the reason of so many unhappy marriages is that young ladies employ their time in making nets instead of cages.

Calf.—The young John Bull.

Cannibal.—A slave-dealer.

Cannon.—Military law; very often synonymous with canon, ecclesiastical law.

Cant.—The characteristic of Modern England.

Canvass.—A linen cloth, of which considerable quantities are annually spoiled by painters, and obliged to be sent to Somerset House for sale.

Capers.—A remedy for boiled mutton, and low spirits.

Carbuncle.—A fiery globule found in the bottom of mines and the face of drunkards.

Cardinal.—A governor of the Romish church by whom popes are elected, and the cardinal virtues neglected.

Care.—The tax paid by the higher classes for their privileges and possessions.

Carnage.—The pastime of kings.

Cash.—A very good servant, but a bad master.

Celibacy.—A vow by which the priesthood in some countries swear to content themselves with the wives of other people.

Ceremony.—All that is considered necessary, by many, in friendship and religion.

Challenge.—Giving your adversary an opportunity of shooting you through the body, to indemnify you for his having hurt your feelings.

Chamberlain, Lord.—The King's chambermaid.

Chameleon.—See House of Commons Rat, species innumerable.

Chaperon.—A married girl of sixteen protecting her maiden aunt of sixty.

Chaplain, Military.—One appointed to say grace at mess, and drink wine with the officers.

Chicane.—See Law.

Chimæra.—The danger of Catholic emancipation.

Christian, real.—One who considers his charity towards all other religion the best recommendation of his own.

Cider.—See Verjuice.

Citizen.—A fumivorous being, much given to making money and destroying turtle.

Coffin.—The cradle in which our second childhood is laid to sleep.

College.—An institution where young men learn every thing but that which is professed to be taught.

Columbine.—A slim young woman, who after dancing for a season or two in a pantomime generally marries a Peer.

Comedy.—Obsolete, see Farce.

Compliments.—Dust thrown into the eyes of those whom we want to dupe.

Corruption.—Vide History of Boroughs.

Cottage.—Supposed to be the abode of happiness by all except those who live in it.

Courage.—The fear of being thought a coward.

Court.—The headquarters of Ennui, where the worst passions are the best-dressed, pleasure most pursued and least found, and industry despised although idleness is felt to be a curse.

Cousin.—A periodical bore from the country, who, because you happen to have some of his blood, thinks he may inflict the whole of his body upon you during his stay in town.

Cream.—In London, milk and water thickened with chalk and flour.

Critic.—One who is incapable of writing books himself, and therefore contents himself with condemning those of others.

Cunning.—The simplicity by which knaves generally outwit themselves.

Cygnet.—A young swan. It may be doubted, however, whether Tom Dibdin was warranted in maintaining that the gentleman who lately addressed some verses to that bird in the Gentleman's Magazine, *must* have been a Scotch attorney, inasmuch as he was "a writer to the Cygnet."

SONNET.—THE BRIDE.

A HOLY softness glisten'd in her eyes,
As bright in tearful smiles the new-made bride
Survey'd the wedded lover by her side,
Now link'd to her for ever with the ties
Of Heaven's own blest cementing, and with sighs
That breathed of speechless fondness she replied
To his enraptured words, and strove to hide
Those sweet effusions which at times would rise
To dim her radiant glances, like the dews
That fall on summer mornings, and bespeak
The heart's o'erflowing transport, while the hues
Of love's celestial painting softly break
O'er her fair cheek, and add a blushing grace
To each divine expression of her face.

A. S.

AUTHORESSES AND AUTOGRAPHS.—NO. II.

Returning to our married ladies—Of those hitherto mentioned, the most successful efforts should seem to have been prompted by the calls of necessity rather than the impulse of genius. In Mrs. Sheridan, indeed, as we have recently been informed, the *vis scribendi* soon began to operate; but an early marriage checked her intellectual growth, and forced her talents into a new direction. The wit and fancy of women are so often held in subserviency to the inclinations of their liege lords, that neither surprise nor regret is expressed, when, like one of the most amiable women in Britain, a poetess renounces authorship to become the reader or amanuensis of a linguist or a metaphysician. It may, perhaps, be some compensation to such devoted wives, that they almost ingross the praises of their male contemporaries, by whom they are sure to be gratuitously invested with pretensions to talent that they never possessed; and, on no stronger ground than the negative merit of not having published at all, it is presumed they would, had they so pleased, have left at an immeasurable distance their more enterprising rivals. Many reasons might be surmised for this partial judgment: either Helen's wit sparkles in her eyes—and it is well known that beauty possesses all-persuasive eloquence—or the *beau ideal* even of books far transcends reality, or the latent capabilities of excellence form an attractive picture to the imagination. From whatever circumstance it arises, every man of genius has to cite, as the most intellectual female he ever knew, some lady of domestic habits, with whom the public have never had the least acquaintance, and on whose superlative perfections he may expatiate without the risk of being contradicted. To return to our married authoresses. If tradition may be credited, few women were more engaging than Mrs. Brooke, whose "Lady Julia Mandeville" is not yet forgotten, and whose "Emily Montague" till lately contained the most animated delineations extant of Canada. Then there was Mrs. Cowley, of whom it is notorious, that the first scene of her first comedy was written in the nursery; and who afterwards, improving on the sentimental school of O'Keefe, produced "The Belle's Stratagem," which still lingers on the stage. A striking and melancholy disparity appears in the various passages of this lady's life, who, after remaining before the public some fifteen brilliant years, quitted the drama, sunk into neglect, and finally retired to the west of England, where she ended her days in privacy and peace, having long been separated from literary or fashionable associates. The mother of this lady had been the admired friend of Gay, who found in her society as much animation, and perhaps more sweetness, than in that of his brilliant Duchess of Queensbury. An ingenious writer has produced an amusing record of the calamities of authors; but we might in vain refer to that work for a picture of misery so vivid and touching, as is presented by the ill-fated Charlotte Smith, enthralled by a premature marriage with a man she never loved, and compelled by the exigencies of a rising family, to slight the invocation of Poetry, and to sacrifice to the ephemeral privations of necessity, the latent capabilities of excellence, the whispered promise of immortality. But in spite of this perversity of fortune Cowper has consecrated with his gratitude the memory of "The Old Manor House," the soother of his lonely or anxious

hours; and Mrs. Barbauld redeemed it from oblivion. But it is time to present a more advantageous view of female literature, and behold two ladies, who seem formed to banish every gloomy impression. Each born to a liberal station, and with aptitudes to poetry, was educated with tender care, surrounded with the comforts of affluence, and distinguished by the attractions of beauty. They were neither coevals nor rivals. A disparity of more than twenty years would, perhaps, have formed a barrier to the ties of friendship, had they been familiarly acquainted. It appears not, however, that they ever saw each other. It is only in the obituary that Mrs. Tighe and Miss Seward are associated. Mrs. Tighe struggled a few years with hopeless disease, and perished in the flower of youth, almost without having redeemed the pledge her early compositions had given of ambitious excellence. But her "Psyche," though veiled in allegory, which by few readers can be relished, though occasionally betraying the languor that preyed on the writer's delicate frame, her tender "Psyche" still lives, and Ireland cherishes as she ought her accomplished daughter, who, in beguiling her own sufferings, created an imaginary elysium. The style of this interesting woman is characterized by a certain voluptuous melancholy which appears to have pervaded the writer's mind. She excelled in delicacy and purity of sentiment, and if we could conceive an angel descending to attune a mortal lyre, we might expect its melodious vibrations to flow in unison with the strains of Tighe. I should now take leave of the Autographs, but that my attention is mournfully recalled by the names of Inchbald and Radcliffe. The juxtaposition is evidently accidental, for these belonged not to the same class, and were insulated from all sister writers by unapproached and almost unimitated excellence. It has been pretended that original or rather creative genius belongs not to the female sex; but who has more indisputably possessed that attribute than the enchantress of "Udolpho?" Like the author of Waverley, she was the foundress of a school of novel-writers, among whom she invariably maintained pre-eminence. From childhood she was characterized by habits of abstraction, such as mark a contemplative mind; she delighted in picturesque scenery, and was a nice observer and passionate worshiper of Nature. She married early a man of sense and liberal attainments, whose society rather aided than impeded her favourite pursuits, and to whose judgment were submitted her various productions. Deeply imbued with the spirit of poetry, her first effusions were in verse, and some of her sonnets not unworthy the Italian model she had selected; but the rapidity of her conceptions could ill brook the trammels of metre; in her mind all teemed with life and energy and intense excitement, and she struck into a wild romantic path, in which she could indulge unrestrained the enthusiasm and exuberance of her creative imagination. Fortunately for her success with the public, she possessed in a supreme degree the art of elaborating a fable, by which curiosity was awakened and suspense prolonged, with such felicity as rendered even impatience susceptible of exquisite enjoyment. Of her positive merits, however, this constructive talent formed but a subordinate part; she wrote from the fulness of inspiration, and boundless is the empire she exercises over our imaginative passion. It were idle to expatiate on those merits which have been long and cordially acknowledged, but it is remarkable that without re-

ference to the *dicta* of criticism, by the tact of genius alone she has preserved congruity and harmony in her style, her personages, and her sentiments. Of Mrs. Radcliffe's domestic life little is known, but that it was spent in honourable privacy; and whilst her habits of retirement baffled curiosity, her strict propriety defied reproach. It appears surprising that she should so early have resigned the pen to which she was probably indebted for her happiest moments. To men of imagination, the world with all its rich varieties is open, to relieve or renovate the mind when absorbed and exhausted by literary pursuits; but to women of genius no such resources are offered; and if they have not a father or a brother to assist the progress of their studies, they must continue by solitary efforts to struggle into notice, and to spend their leisure in uncongenial society. *Home* is to them a citadel of vigilance, not a scene of pleasure or repose: to man it is as a garden, in which he refreshes his weary spirit and exercises his best affections; but to woman this seeming elysium is a school of discipline, which allows not even a momentary relaxation from laborious care.

It is not without emotion that I turn to Inchbald, who in the order of time should have preceded Radcliffe: an involuntary impulse assigns to her the last, not least honoured place. Born of humble parents, the early indications she gave of superior intelligence were neither prized nor understood; her rare endowments, instead of gratifying, seem to have alienated from her the affections of her domestic relatives, and she had not only to struggle with the disadvantages inevitable to a neglected education, but to endure the slights and persecutions inflicted by vulgar ignorance. But genius endureth all things for its own sake. Little as Elizabeth Singer owed to cultivation, she contrived to discover books which she devoured rather than read, and became passionately enamoured of dramatic poetry. As she approached maturity, her miseries increased; she found her home intolerable, and as a desperate resource, resolved to try her fortunes on the stage. She was scarcely sixteen when she took this resolution, for which it was not probable she should obtain the assistance or even the sanction of her parents. Of her aptitudes to the theatrical profession, report speaks not highly; her memory was prompt and retentive, her voice sweet and powerful, but she had a slow and somewhat defective articulation, was destitute of confidence, and overflowing with sensibility. But to whatever disabilities she might be liable, her majestic stature and beautifully expressive countenance insured her attention from the manager or the audience. She was engaged in a provincial company; but had no sooner entered on her new career, than she became sensible of the dangers to which it must expose her unfriended youth; and it was this painful conviction which induced her to accept the hand of Mr. Inchbald, already in the wane of life, with whom she steadily pursued the profession she had chosen, for which, however, she soon avowed unqualified abhorrence. The principles which had determined her choice, continued to influence her conduct; she lived without reproach, but on her husband's death, found herself with no other resource than her talent and energy supplied. By what gradations she became an authoress is not known: by an intercourse with the stage, so often the school of talent, she might in some degree surmount the disadvantages of a sordid education; she at least acquired that knowledge of the

world and that discriminating taste which are essential to dramatic composition. Nature lent the power, necessity gave the impulse, and after a long and painful probation she succeeded in establishing herself as a comic writer. At first her efforts were limited to the humble task of adapting French farces to an English theatre. It was the play of "Such Things are," that introduced her as an original dramatist. Although the success of this piece was brilliant, it is in real merit at an incalculable distance from "Every One has his Fault," a play the most perfect, perhaps, of the mixed kind that is to be found in our dramatic literature, in which the author evinced her versatility by enlisting among her dramatis personæ, a Siddons and a Munden, Lewis and Kemble,—a rare assemblage, that was crowned with a splendid triumph! But even this interesting play is scarcely as dramatic as her novel of "The Simple Story," in which, without the aid of theatrical representation, the scenes pass in rapid succession before the reader's eye. Not for a moment is the identity of the respective personages to be mistaken: the lineaments of Sandford are indelibly imprinted on memory; we seem to have known and to have talked or trifled with the charming Miss Milner; the interest with which we pronounce the name Dornforth, is the author's panegyric. In "Nature and Art," there is more versatility of talent, and stronger intensity of feeling; the tale is desultory, the impressions it produces are almost too painful, yet where shall we find its like again? In the zenith of her popularity Mrs. Inchbald was unfortunately constrained to adapt German plays to the English stage. The task was not more unworthy of her talents than repugnant to her taste; but what will not be endured by those, who after a series of heart-sickening disappointments, are at length cheered with the prospect of success, and allured by the hope of realizing independence! Mrs. Inchbald continued therefore to concentrate her powers in the vain effort, to extract sense and humour from the pages of Kotzebue, and to satisfy the manager and conciliate the opposing claims of rival performers. Appalled by the difficulties incident to such undertakings, she complained that she never began a play without indescribable agonies of fear, nor ever completed it without feeling like a criminal already tried and condemned. Like all people of genius, she descried favourable auspices for the commencement of her work: when these were wanting, she knew it was but lost labour to pursue her progress; whatever she wrote without the presage of success, was consigned to the flames; but no sooner was she warm with her subject, than, abandoning herself to the impulse that took possession of her mind, she wrote with unremitted ardour till its action was suspended; sometimes persisting in her labours till long after midnight, she scarcely allowed herself to take the necessary refreshment. Whatever impressions she had received from real events, she was eager to seize and to transmit in all their vivid freshness. It was after attending a trial at the Old Bailey, that she drew the inimitable scene of Hannah standing at the bar of justice, before the seducer who pronounces the fatal verdict. In the Simple Story, she is believed to have pourtrayed her own most sacred feelings; and if rumour may be credited, she had been taught by a real Dornforth to describe the anguish attendant on slighted love. Mrs. Inchbald often dwelt with pathos on the unremitted toils and difficulties imposed on a dramatic writer. She complained that her anxiety never ceased, and that even, after the great ordeal of

public representation, she had to endure the cavils of criticism and repel the insinuations of malice. After frequent repetitions she saw another laurel added to her wreath, and for a short time was hailed in many a circle by friends and even rivals as the envied object of popular admiration; but the moment of triumph quickly passed, and she had to resume her efforts. In company Mrs. Inchbald was always seen to peculiar advantage: she forgot not to lend her charms the aid of dress, and when she had long resigned pretensions to youth, still drew the homage so universally yielded to beauty. Her person was tall and majestic, her dark hazel eyes wore an expression of archness, agreeably softened by a smile that played almost unconsciously on her eloquent lips. There was a gentle hesitation in her speech, which though it originated in defect, she had the grace to improve into a feminine perfection. Nor was her voice without its fascination; its full clear tones were exquisitely modulated, and from her lips the most trifling sentence became impressive. Her conversation was rich in anecdotes, which, whether old or new, were rendered piquant by her admirable talent of narration. In argument she was equally irresistible; even criticism from her was graceful; and a witty barrister once said to her, "I know not what rare beings may be found above, but sure I am there is nothing like you on earth beneath." But whatever animation she diffused in society, she had to return to her solitary lodging in Leicester-square to resume her toils, to renew her solicitudes, her involuntary regrets, her ever anticipated disappointments. To her relatives she was ever kind and considerate, although it was impossible that any sympathies or aptitudes for companionship could subsist between them. She was therefore left in the world and to the consciousness of her own loneliness; and in spite of her temperamental gaiety, it was well known to her intimate friends that she had moments of intense melancholy, which commonly preceded her happiest seasons of literary composition. Born with keen sensibilities, it had been the business of her life to control their vehemence, but neither years nor vicissitudes had destroyed her capacities for tenderness, and opportunity only was wanting to revive their force. In the house where she resided, she became passionately attached to a child, for whom, as she herself observed, she originally meant to preserve perfect indifference,—but who, said she, could help noticing a poor helpless infant?

"The maid who cleaned my apartment was accustomed to lay him on the carpet. At first I regarded him as a troublesome intruder; but when he cried I soothed him, and was pleased to find I had the power to still his murmurs: this happened again and again. By degrees I wished for the hour when he was to be brought to my room. I observed his growth, I watched his thoughts. Presently he began to articulate, and I was soon struck with the traits of feeling that escaped him.—I find his little passions already cause him to suffer much that he knows not how to express, and that pride sometimes teaches him to stifle his complaints. I love him for all that he suffers and enjoys; but above all I love him because he delights in me, and seeks me for my own sake even more than he relishes the sweet cakes with which I first offered to bribe his affections. It is long, very long since I have been loved or sought for myself."

The above is a trifling specimen of Mrs. Inchbald's familiar conversation, but she often contrived to introduce profound reflections in the disguise of sportive pleasantry. Her criticisms were in general perfectly just, and conveyed with true laconic brevity. It is the work of a

great mind, said she one day, speaking of Belinda, but not a great work; the author is capable of doing better. Of another book she complained it was too learned, and that it sent her to her dictionary, thus obliquely condemning its pedantry. The last fifteen years of her life were spent in seclusion: she still lived near the metropolis, but without mingling in its pleasures, and not only renounced the world, but relinquished her pen, lest, as she observed, she should have the misfortune to outlive her reputation. She even suppressed the publication of an autobiographical work, including the memoirs of fifteen years of her life. If this manuscript should be recoverable, it will perhaps bear away the palm of autobiography, even from Göthe. What could be more attractive than the graceful pen of Inchbald describing herself in all her early trials and subsequent conflicts of passion and duty, of reason and imagination? In suppressing this work the author has probably sacrificed that which would have constituted her most popular production; but, till the fact be positively ascertained, let no unhallowed pen presume to mar her story. There could be but one biographer worthy of Inchbald. In dismissing the autographs I should perhaps be tempted to inquire what encouragements this country offers to female authorship; but, expecting ere long to see many of the lettered belles in Miranda's Boudoir, I reserve my remarks for the present

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SONNET.—MAY.

All Nature breathes of joy, and hails the May;
  The very flowers nod dances to the wind,
The fluttering birds about the bushes play,
  And all is happy—even the boy confined
In village-school paints fancies ever gay,
  Repeating o'er his play-games in his mind,
Building anew his huts of stone and clay,
That freedom left when school-hours call'd away,
  By some barn-wall or low cot's sunny side,
Or sports 'mid pasture molehills, where still play
  In his mind's eye the lambs, and in young pride
The wild foal galloping, nigh mad with joys,
  And calf loud mooing in its colours pied,
Ignorant of care that human peace destroys. P.

SONNET.—THE SHEPHERD BOY.

Pleased with his loneliness he often lies,
  Telling glad stories to his dog—and e'en
His very shade, that well the loss supplies
  Of living company; full oft he'll lean
By pebbled brooks, and dream with happy eyes
  Upon the fairy pictures spread below,
Thinking the shadowy prospects real skies,
  And happy heavens where the righteous go;
Oft may his haunts be track'd where he hath been,
  Spending spare leisure which his toils bestow,
By nine-pegg'd morris, nick'd upon the green,
  Or flower-stuck gardens never meant to grow,
  Or figures cut on trees his skill to show,
Where he a prisoner from a shower hath been. P.

PENITENTIARIES FOR THE POLITE.

"We pity or laugh at those fatuous extravagants, while yet ourselves have a considerable dose of what makes them so." GLANVILLE.

At a period when every charity instituted for the relief of our fellow creatures is sure of receiving the most munificent support, and when our capitalists eagerly embark their funds in every project, however wild and visionary, which promises to yield an adequate remuneration, it is really astonishing that an establishment combining a certainty of succour to a numerous and most suffering class of human beings, with a prospect of incalculable profit to the contributors, should never have suggested itself to any of our philanthropists. Such are the features of the new Institution which we are about to introduce to public notice; and though we are sufficiently aware that our benevolent countrymen, acting upon the principle that virtue is its own reward, require no sordid stimulus to their humanity, it may not be amiss to state, from the most accurate calculations, that the charity we propose is sure of being "twice bless'd" even in a financial point of view, and of rewarding him that gives with as much certainty as it will relieve the party to whom its soothing influence will be extended. As we wish it to rest upon its own merits, moral and pecuniary, we shall waste no more time in preliminary recommendations, but proceed at once to an outline of our plan, leaving its more perfect developement to a committee, for whose appointment a public meeting will shortly be called, and at which we earnestly solicit the attendance of all our readers, both male and female.

Every one who has been in the habit of attending to the proceedings in the Chancery Court upon applications for a commission "de Idiota inquirendo," must have been struck with the difficulty that exists in proving a man to be *non compos mentis*. In the case of a noble Peer, not long since brought before the public, many acts and habits were imputed to him as evidences of a non-sane mind, which are daily and hourly performed by many of his Majesty's liege subjects, without the smallest imputation upon their rationality. The law holds no man to be an idiot who has understanding enough to measure a yard of cloth, number twenty rightly, and tell the days of the week, &c.; but it is obvious that this limitation is a great deal too circumscribed, and that many who do not come within the letter of this enactment, are fairly included in its spirit. Hardly any two authorities agree as to the minimum of intellect which shall qualify a person for the management of his own affairs, while some men have been accused of madness upon grounds at once ridiculous and contradictory. "Much learning hath made thee mad," cries Festus to Paul; the Emperor Anastasius ordered the gospels to be corrected and amended, "tanquam ab idiotis evangelistis composita;" and the general uncertainty upon this subject could not be better exemplified than by the poor fellow in Bedlam, who, upon being asked the cause of his confinement, replied—"I said the world was mad, they said it was me, and they outnumbered me." Surely such a grave question as this should never be decided by acclamation, or a show of hands. We may be legally wrong when we say of any half-crazy individual

that he is a mad-brained fellow, or a moon-struck simpleton, as under the dementating influence of that planet; just as we may be literally unwarranted in pronouncing another to be dead drunk when the vital functions have not ceased; but there can be no doubt that we are virtually correct in both instances, and it is precisely for that numerous class who are included in the former epithets that our establishment will be founded. We propose, in short, to build Asylums or Penitentiaries for the Polite, all over the kingdom, for the reception and cure of all such unhappy persons as labour under a partial absurdity of conduct or sentiment, although their aberration from right reason be not of so general and marked a character as to bring them legally within the jurisdiction of the Lord Chancellor, and the guardianship of the King.

In thus wishing to provide hospitals for such patients as could not claim admission into any existing charity, however grievously they might be afflicted with the complaint of folly, we mean not, like Swift when he endowed a madhouse,

> "To show by one satiric touch
> No nation needed it so much;"

but we are impressed with a deep and serious conviction that our Institution may be the means of bringing many poor creatures to their sober senses, who are now living and acting as if under the wit-shattering spells of

> "The queen of night, whose large command
> Rules all the sea and half the land,
> And over moist and crazy brains
> In high spring tides at midnight reigns."

That the reader may form a more accurate notion of the species of mental imbecility which we undertake to treat, and hope to cure, it may be requisite to mention a few of those classes which will more immediately fall within the scope of our plan, confining our notice to those patients whose case is the most urgent and lamentable.

All such ladies and gentlemen as are in the habit of wasting their nights, and even their days, seated behind pasteboard parallelograms, inscribed with barbarous coloured characters, or of throwing small numbered squares of ivory out of a wooden box, sacrificing their own health and time, and the property of themselves and families, upon the combinations which the aforesaid playthings may chance to assume, must be pronounced, by any impartial committee, so far unsound in mind as to qualify them for our hospitals for the mind, where they may be set to some honest and useful employment until a cure be effected. By this regulation our routs and balls will be cleared of sundry dowagers, spinsters, parsons, old bachelors, and other idle characters, who for hours together infest those resorts, labouring for the odd trick, or solemnly ejaculating "Propose!" and "I mark one for the king!"

Those mis-called gentlemen who are in the habit of putting "an enemy into their mouths to steal away their brains," or in common parlance, of making beasts of themselves, are respectfully informed that they may be accommodated in our establishments with a tread-mill, as well as comfortable stables, clean straw, and a good pump, from which they will be compelled to quaff bumpers until they have learnt that rational

enjoyment does not by any means consist in losing one's reason. Three-bottle men will be allowed to dip their own pails into the well.

Misers, whose pleasure consists in accumulating what they do not want, in hoarding that which others are to spend, and whose chief luxury arises from denying themselves necessaries; as well as those spendthrifts, who, after having run through their own, imagine they have a right to lavish the property of others, so long as they can obtain credit, are both incontestable victims of mental alienation, although the latter may be the pleasanter species of fatuity. "I had rather," says Suckling, "be mad with him, who when he had nothing, thought all the ships that came into the haven his, than with you, who when you have so much coming in, think you have nothing." Both these parties will be clearly entitled to admission into our asylum, and to remain there until the former shall have learnt not to rob himself, and the latter not to rob others.

Such poetasters, whether male or female, who are so far under the influence of the stultifying planet as to perpetrate sonnets to the moon, together with all those idle young men, who, under the pretext of being in love, are guilty of dismal ditties "made to their mistress' eyebrow," are unequivocally labouring under a sufficient derangement to warrant their claiming our protection. "The lunatic, the lover, and the poet," says Shakspeare, (who very properly lumps them together) "are of imagination all compact;" and elsewhere he observes, "Love is merely madness, and deserves as well a dark house and a whip as madmen do; and the reason why they are not so punished and cured is, that the lunacy is so ordinary that the whippers are in love too." This defect we shall endeavour to remedy by having none but hardened old bachelors for keepers. The poetical patients we hope to cure by a sharp course of criticism, and the lovers by such remedies as their case may appear to require. Marriage has been recommended for the more desperate, but their friends need not be under any apprehension of this sort, since we have determined on avoiding all measures of severity, unless in cases of actual necessity. We shall adapt ourselves as much as possible to Sir Edward Coke's system, "Ut pœna ad paucos, metus ad omnes perveniat."

It must afford great consolation to the friends of the unfortunate sufferers to learn, that we shall have a spacious and special ward for the reception of those gulls, gudgeons, and noodles, who, undeterred by the warning of the South-Sea bubble, have invested their properties in Poyais, Spanish, Mexican, Chilian, and half a score other *securities*, as certain projectors have the impudence to call them. As such crazy simpletons are obviously not fit to be trusted with the management of their own estates, we propose taking charge of them until their investments shall have found their true value, i. e. till they are worth nothing,. when we have every reason to hope that they may safely be discharged, cured.

Believers in Swedenborg, Joanna Southcote, Prince Hohenlohe, animal magnetism, metallic tractors, and the whole tribe of similar quackeries, delusions, and impostures; together with those who have faith in the influence of dreams, omens, horseshoes, lucky numbers, ghosts, witches, hobgoblins, and other *diablerie*, will all be confined (for such characters should not be left at large) in the same division of

our building, in the expectation that by mutual exposure of their follies and absurdities they may cure one another. Phrenologists to be allowed sticks for producing such bumps upon the heads of their brethren as may be necessary for establishing the truth or falsehood of their theory, when they may be detained or dismissed accordingly.

Gentlemen who have so far lost the use of right reason as to devote all their faculties to the imitation of their own coachmen, will be received, and compelled to clean carriages, rub down horses, and black shoes and boots, until, by performing the hard work of the character, they shall have acquired a distaste for copying its manners and appearance. Tourists and others smitten with the mania of travelling, in defiance of the Vagrant Act, shall be liable to detention in our establishments, unless they can prove that they know half as much of England as they do of foreign countries. Antiquarians and similar noodles

> "Who show on holidays a sacred pin,
> That touch'd the ruff that touch'd queen Bess's chin,"

and rout out old tombstones, of which they send drawings to the Gentleman's Magazine, as if they were valuable as the philosopher's stone, or formed "of one entire and perfect chrysolite;"—the medallist, who like Curio—

> " —— Restless by the fair one's side,
> Sighs for an Otho and neglects his bride,"

and would willingly give a purseful of genuine sovereigns for a doubtful Queen Anne's farthing;—the dandy of sixty, who wastes all his time in repairing an old face, and yet values nothing but what is new;—the fribble, who may exclaim in the words of Prior,

> " And trifles I alike pursue,
> Because they 're old, because they 're new :"

all these and many more whom we have not now leisure to enumerate, but who are obviously unfit to be trusted with the disposal of their own time and money, we propose to receive into our penitentiary, in the full confidence that by a course of moderate labour, spare diet, and proper instruction, we shall be enabled to cure them of their respective hallucinations, and restore them to their disconsolate friends in the full possession of the "mens sana in corpore sano."

It only remains that we should say a few words upon the sources whence the profits of the institution will be derived, and the extent of capital proposed to be embarked. The benefit to accrue to the shareholders will arise from an imposition of one penny per day, and one pound per cent. on all the time and money saved to each patient received into the establishment, which, upon a very moderate calculation, will give fifteen per cent. upon the capital employed. This it is deemed prudent to limit at present to three millions sterling, which have not only been eagerly subscribed, but the shares are already selling at a considerable premium, although a few may still be had upon very moderate terms by early application to Messrs. Flam, Bubble, and Hoax, Knave's-acre.

VALENTINE.*

Out of Philosophy there are strange things,—
At least the wise ones say so:—they say true,
For we have lately seen anointed kings
Affrighted on their thrones by the *bas bleus*;
And brainless governors cut off the wings
Of freedom from the press, and labour too,
By abusing England's offices and name,
To make hyenas, wolves, and serpents game!

And we who lately had Rossini hail'd,
Have seen him leave with promises unpaid;
And we have seen Prince Hohenlohe has fail'd
In his impostures and his Irish trade;
And we have seen new churches built and paled,
Of styles and orders mocking taste's vain aid,
Not witness'd upon earth until our day,
And that they ne'er may be again, we pray.

Thus we have seen strange things in great variety—
I could count thousands—I had better not,
Lest I fatigue the reader to satiety,—
Discomfort I should grieve to be his lot;
I would not frighten him, nor wound his piety,—
I'll tell him what we have *not* seen—I wot
Subjects may yet be found in life and nature,
That neither shock, in contour, hue, or feature.

'Twas in old time, that cavern dark and high,
Harbouring whole shoals of facts, strange tales, and lies,
Virtues and crimes, portent and prodigy,
From Adam's day to that of the Allies
Call'd Holy—from the unregal grassy sty
Of Nebuchadnezzar's years, to that which spies
The huge Escurial hedging in a thing,
That there or Austria only could be king—

'Twas in old time that lawyers so much prize,
Fill'd with dull prosing, verbiage, involution,
Witchcraft, and demonology, and wise
Predictions from celestial revolution,
When law dealt much in the rack'd martyr's cries,
And judge and hangman mock'd his dissolution—
'Twas in that envied time, no matter where,
A man 'mid wild woods lived in the open air.

Not where Scotch mists prevail, I must premise,
Or he had not been dry the whole year round:
Perhaps it was southward, where more genial skies
Make it not death to slumber on the ground;
He was a man of years, athletic size,
And very rarely either smiled or frown'd;
And he had with him a fair youth his son,
Who from an infant in the woods had run.

It was a solitary place their cave—
The son had seen none but the parent's face;
For all he knew the world was in its grave,
Save he and his—they lived upon the chace,
And mast, herbs, honey, all that they could crave,
Because all nature ask'd, were near the place:—
Thus did the forests their provision yield,
And they toil'd not like farmers in the field.

* The idea of part of this story will be found in Burton's Anatomy of Melancholy.

The father once had loved, been wived, was blest,
At least he thought so, as most husbands do;
But, to say truth, a husband ne'er carest
A lovelier woman—years pass'd, one or two,
In happiness and sunshine, still the zest
Of his intense affection seem'd quite new;
And it had kept so longer, but a friend,
A viper, stung his peace—he saw it end—

And took his child, and fled his home, and went
He knew not whither—home had ceased to be
A home for him—no more could sweet content
Dwell on the bitter spot where memory
Corroded his heart's core, a punishment
Too sharp for his broke spirit:—years had he
Lived there apart from men; his son had now
Grown up with manly youth upon his brow.

The father ne'er of woman to him spoke;
She had sear'd his May of life: haply he thought
The poignancy of his affliction's stroke
Might blunt at last if he against it fought,
For man may lighten much of misery's yoke
By stern resistance, and by suffering nought
To strengthen it; and yet a wounded soul,
'Tis no light task to medicine or control.

Or it might be his love had turn'd to hate
Of woman and her falsehood, I can't say;
Certain it is he had a hope that fate
Might never Valentine throw in her way,
(Such was the name he gave him,) and create
For him, as for his sire, keen misery—
But rather seem'd to wish the youth might die
Last of his race, unscathed by woman's eye.

Oh, what a living hell it is to feel
The anchor of our lives tear up and part!
That which we hang by—that to which we kneel
As to an idol graven on the heart:
The refuge from life's tempest, where we steal
As to a sanctuary:—wherefore is the smart
So merciless of this unequall'd ill,
As just to keep us living and not kill!

Thus many a year went over, others came
And pass'd away in the same solitude;
They never parted, save when hunting game
Might sep'rate them an hour amid the wood;
And then they met over the evening flame
Of their fresh-kindled fire, and cook'd their food,
And Valentine oft from his sire attain'd
Much varied lore by observation gain'd—

In the creation's system, in astrology,
The use of plants, of animals, and their kind;
But he was ne'er annoy'd about cacology,
Nor muddling whims like Kant's upon the mind,
Nor plagued with dusty labours of philology,
But such as only seem'd for use design'd
In a dull hermit life, like that they led,
Thus mopingly to the world's seeming dead.

The father was a secret man ; at best
  His breast was a closed temple free for none—
Oft on a sudden he would leave his rest
  At the hour of dead night, and sigh alone
His anguish to the moon, when overprest
  With listless wretchedness, and sleep had gone
Scared by the recollection too severe
Of blighted love and her who once was dear.

And he'd steal back and gaze upon his son,
  Who lay enwrapt in slumber, till a tear
Fell on the unconscious youth—'twould be but one—
  His pride forbade a second to appear:
And to the black deep forest he would run
  Till the grey dawn recall'd him to his sear
And leafy couch—none knew his path but he,
Or shared the stolen hours of his grief's luxury.

Now Valentine one day had chased a deer
  A long and weary distance from his cave,
And come upon an open country, clear
  Of wood and thicket, where the sight was brave
And boldly beautiful, while far and near
  Lay cultured fields on which rich harvests wave
In a wide golden sweep, and haunts of men,
Which ignorant Valentine ne'er saw till then.

He mark'd the grey smoke from a chimney rising
  Of a white cottage, which look'd strange and new,
The walls and windows were to him surprising,
  Of men not one appear'd before his view ;
He stood stock still, conjecturing and surmising
  What could have raised them with such skill, and who
Might be the creatures domiciled within
Such curious shelters from the wild storm's din.

Were they like him, in shape and colour fair?—
  Had they legs, feet, arms, hands and heads, or wings
To waft them in the blue serene of air?
  Or were they strange and shapeless forms of things
Like he had dream'd of, demi-man and bear,
  Fish joined to fowl, or like imaginings
Which he once had of beings in the sun,
In shape like trees, deer-legg'd to walk or run?

Were they scaled over like a crocodile,
  Or feather'd like an eagle?—Thus he mused
Till fear came on him, lest by strength or guile
  He be assailed, kill'd outright, or abused.
Homeward he went, and then began to while
  His time with new conjectures, nor refused
To admit absurdities that none but one
In such strange ignorance rear'd could e'er have done:

And entered in the forest, I will say
  A hundred yards; the evening cool and fine
Was reddening into death through bough and spray
  From the west heaven, bright glorious in its shine;
And he was stepping homeward hastily,
  When rich sounds broke upon his ear—divine
In holiness of music, soft but clear,
And not of earthly seeming to his ear.

They rose and fell in gushes, as the sound
  Of the wind-spirit's harp upon the breeze;
Now dying like the twilight when around
  The purple light goes darkling by degrees:
Now mounting high the lofty notes rebound
  In melody's full thunder, prompt to seize
On the last hold of passion, raise, subdue,
Or thrill through every vein with rapture new.

Valentine stopp'd, struck by the hidden spell,
  And the sweet influence of that witchery;
Then, confident that danger could not dwell
  Where issued such delicious harmony,
He cautious stole toward a little dell
  Whence it proceeded, and behind a tree
He stood and gazed from whence the notes had come—
He gazed, and was struck motionless and dumb.

He saw two creatures such as his free thought
  Had never pictured in a seraph blest
With heaven's own beauty,—for he had been taught
  To think there was a heaven where he should rest
After life's journey finish'd, and had wrought
  Bright fancies of each glory and each guest
That did inhabit there—'twas only earth
Of which he'd been in ignorance from his birth.

But all he'd painted in imagination
  Of forms and beings, he now saw outdone:
His heart beat quick, but still he kept his station,
  Fix'd as a Phidian statue carved in stone
And looking mute attention—no cessation
  His gaze allow'd itself, he seem'd alone
To breathe for vision, and alone to be
Created for one single end—to see.

One of these forms of loveliness was tall,
  And seem'd beneath the dark green shade to be
A dream of light; her hand and arm were small,
  And with their alabaster, clasp'd a tree
In her reclining; her rich hair, let fall
  Over her low full shoulders, to her knee
In fine light ringlets reach'd—her eyes were blue,
Her cheek transparent the blood tinted through.

She smiled on a companion seated low
  Upon a flowery hillock—a brunette
With raven locks that waved in graceful flow
  Over her skin voluptuous, stouter set
In form, but symmetry itself; a glow
  Of fascination round her black eyes met,
As round the charm'd ones of the basilisk,
And not less dangerous to dare their risk.

The blue eyes look'd all languor, faith and love,
  Meekness and truth, confiding purity—
The black were of the earth, and seem'd to prove
  A temperament more passionate and high;
The blue seem'd heavenly, as from above
  Looking down hope of mercy—the black eye
Inspired a confidence that long'd to say,
" Be mine, and I am thine eternally."

What wonder the youth stood like one bereft
  Of corporal existence! Never fear
Intruded on him, though alone and left
  So near strange beings;—but it was not clear
What was his feeling, for divided, cleft
  Into amaze, and something haply near
The mystic power that links the soul of man
To female loveliness—he could not scan—

He could not picture it: but to our tale—
  The beauteous creatures rose, and suddenly
Departed from that spot home to the vale
  Where they were born and dwelt; the youth each eye
Alternate rubbed. Was he awake? appeal
  He made to memory successfully,
That he had toil'd in hunting all the day,
And the sun only now had stolen away.

And it was not a vision! Then he gazed
  After those beings, where they just had been,
Till his eyes ached intently, and amazed,
  As a son looks to where he just has seen
His father's spirit—but he still was pleased
  When he reflected on the enchanting scene—
For he had never thought that things so fair
Inhabited on earth or lived in air.

Valentine told his anxious, waiting sire
  The sights he witness'd, asking what they were,
Those strange and lovely beings;—to enquire
  Was natural; but the sire would not declare
The truth to his young ear; but with desire
  To hold him safe within deception's snare,
Said, "They were fairy beings, born and bred
In the sun's orb, where they at sunset fled;—

"That they were foes, the direst man e'er saw,
  That led him to destruction, smiled to kill,
Allured but to betray; obey'd no law,
  Nor faith, nor honour; while their every will
Was false and hollow, and their art would draw
  Him, their sought victim, to perdition's ill
Unless he fled them, for their voice was death,
Their eyes kill'd peace, poison was in their breath."

Valentine, scarcely credulous, then said,—
  "Evil is even good, if such betray;
They are the loveliest creatures ever head
  Dream'd into life ideal; fancy's play
They mock to scorn. Father, these fairies shed
  Upon my heart strange feelings; I 'll away
If I can flee, should they descend again;—
Would they were meet companions for us men!"—

"How sweet this wild wood and this cave would be,
  I can't help thinking either," Valentine
Whisper'd to his young bosom secretly,
  Yet check'd himself, as fearing to repine,
Or doubt his parent's caution—"if with me
  They dwelt, or sat under the shady vine,
The thick wild vine that spreads above us here;—
Yet 'tis a wish too dangerous I fear!"

Here I must close abruptly. If he went
Another glance at these fair forms to steal;
If he, despite his father, ever sent
A sigh towards them, I'll not now reveal:—
'Tis likely that he did not rest content,
And in the woods for life his limbs conceal,
For they were manly, made for woman's eye:—
The sequel shall be coming by and by. L.

LETTER FROM MISS INDIGO AT WORTHING, TO HER FRIEND MISS MARIA LOUISA MAZARINE IN LONDON.

"I know very well that those who are commonly called learned women, have lost all manner of credit by their impertinent talkativeness and conceit of themselves;—it is a wrong method and ill choice of books that makes them just so much the worse for what they have read." *Swift's Letter to a Young Lady.*

Ah! my dearest Maria Louisa! you who are still enjoying at the Institution the lectures of the most elegant of all professors; you who twice a week have an opportunity of witnessing his ingenious experiments in pneumatics, aerostatics, and hydrostatics, while he explains all the different '*ologies* of the alphabet, from anthology to zoology! you who are, perhaps, at this moment inhaling the gas of nitrous oxide or gas of paradise, how do I envy you your sensations and associations! Most joyfully do I sit down to perform my promise of writing an account of my journey to Worthing, not to indulge in the frivolous tittle-tattle to which so many of our sex are addicted, but to attempt a scientific journal worthy of our studies, and of the opportunities afforded us by our constant attendance at so many of the learned lectures in London. Nothing occurred on the road worthy of particular mention: the indications of the barometer, the mean temperature of the thermometer, and the contents of the pluviometer, will be found in the tables which we have agreed to interchange weekly. In the meadows through which we occasionally passed, I observed several fine specimens of the mammalia class of quadrupeds, such as the *bos taurus*, or common ox; the *ovis aries*, of Linnæus, or sheep; the *equus caballus*, or horse; the *asinus*, or ass, both Jenny and Jack; and the *capræa hircus*, or common goat, both Billy and Nanny. By-the-by these vulgar methods of discriminating genders are very unscientific, and may often lead to mistakes. Learned language cannot be too precise.

In the hedges, I recognised some curious flowers, particularly the *bellis*, of the order *polygamia superflua*, *vulgò* the daisy; the cardamine, to which Shakspeare has given the vulgar name of the lady's smock; the *caltha*, or marigold, with its radiated discous flower, to which the lower orders assign a coarser appellation; *culverkeys*, mentioned in Walton's Angler; mithridate mustard, or charlock; the *primula*, or primrose; violets, you (remember Shakspeare's sweet lines

"Violets dim,
But sweeter than the lids of Juno's eyes,
Or Cytherea's breath;")

lolium and *fumaria*, or darnel and fumatory, ingredients in the wreath of the broken-hearted Ophelia; together with several fine specimens of the *carduus*, or common thistle.

On our arrival at Worthing, we dined with our friends the Tomkins family, where we had the *scapula* of the *ovis*, or a shoulder of mutton, with a sauce of macerated *cepæ*, two birds of the gallinaceous tribe served with *sisymbrium*, or water-cresses, and the customary vegetables of *brassica*, *lactuca*, and *spinacia*, through none of which the aqueous fluid had been sufficiently allowed to percolate. There was also soup which retained so considerable a portion of caloric, that it scalded my palatic *epidermis*, and the *piper nigrum*, or black pepper, with which it was seasoned occasioned a very unpleasant degree of titillation in the whole of the oral region. In the afternoon, the water in the kettle not having been raised to 212 of Fahrenheit, or that point at which evaporation commences, the *thea viridis*, or green tea, formed an imperfect decoction, in which state, I believe, its diaphoretic qualities are injurious. Mrs. Tomkins declared she never drank any thing herself but the simple element; but I informed her that if she meant water, it was by no means a simple element, but compounded of oxygen and hydrogen; and I availed myself of this opportunity for instructing her that atmospheric air is also a mixture, containing about seventy-three parts of azotic, and twenty-seven of oxygen gas, at which the ignorant creature only exclaimed, "Well, I have seen myself a good many red gashes across the sky, particularly at sunset." She was dressed in a gown woven from the filaments of the *phalæna bombyx*, or silkworm, dyed in a red tincture of the small insect called *coccus ilicis* by Linnæus, which is found on the bark of the *quercus coccifera*. By way of changing the conversation, which was turning upon Miss T——'s proficiency in music, I asked her, in allusion to the geological controversy, whether she preferred the Vulcanian or the Neptunian systems, when the silly girl replied with a stare that she had not heard either of the tunes!!

But, my dearest Maria Louisa, I may confess to you, that I am daily more and more horrified by the sad blunders of mamma, who has not, like us, received the benefits of scientific instruction, and yet, while she sits at the window knitting, will every now and then catch a word which she fancies she understands, and betray the most pitiable ignorance in her attempts to join the conversation.—For instance, while I was this morning explaining to Miss Tomkins the difference between hydrogen and oxygen, she exclaimed, without taking her eyes from her work, "Well, it's a liquor I never taste myself, but in my time Booth's was reckoned the best gin." We had been visiting a house in which I complained of an unpleasant empyreuma; "Child!" cried mamma, "I think an empty room a very unpleasant thing certainly, but you may depend upon it, there was not one in the whole house." While I was maintaining that bismuth and cobalt were different ores, she imagined in her imperfect hearing, and still more deficient comprehension, that I was talking of the two London coaches, and added with a nod, "Yes, my dear, they start at different hours, the Sidmouth at six in the morning, and the Cobourg at eight in the evening." After dinner, I took occasion to observe that cheese was obtained from curd by separating the whey by expression, when she told me there was no way of expression, no, not all the talking in the world, that would ever make cheese!! Alluding to a short essay I had written upon the reflection of light, she interrupted me by desiring I would not indulge in light reflections, as I should be only subjecting myself to similar remarks from others; and

when I was describing a resinous matter obtained by precipitation, she shook her head and exclaimed, "Impossible, child, nothing is ever gotten by precipitation: your poor dear father was always telling you not to do things in such a violent hurry."—Upon my explaining to a friend that antimony derived its name from its having been indulged in too freely by some monks, she cried "There, my dear, you *must* be mistaken, for monks, you know, can have nothing to do with matrimony;" and once when the professor showed me a lump of mineral earth, and I enquired whether it was friable, she ejaculated "Friable, you simpleton! no, nor boilable neither; why, it isn't good to eat." These are but a few specimens of her lamentable ignorance; in point of acute misapprehension she exceeds even Mrs. Malaprop herself, and you cannot conceive the painful humiliation to which I am constantly subjected by these exposures.

As to experiments, I have not yet ventured upon many, for having occasioned a small solution of continuity in the skin of my forefinger by an accidental incision, I have been obliged to apply a styptic secured by a ligature. By placing some butter, however, in a temperature of 96, I succeeded in reducing it to a deliquescent state; and by the usual refrigerating process, I believe I should have reconverted it into a gelatine, but that it refused to coagulate, owing, doubtless, to some defect in the apparatus. You are aware that a phosphorescent light emanates from several species of fish in an incipient state of putrefaction, to which has been attributed the iridescent appearance of the sea at certain seasons. For the illustration of this curious property, I hoarded a mackarel in a closet for several days, and it was already beginning to be most interestingly luminous, when mamma, who had for some time been complaining of a horrid stench in the house, discovered my hidden treasure, and ordered the servant to toss it on a dunghill, observing that she expected sooner or later to be poisoned alive by my nasty nonsense. Mamma has no nose for experimental philosophy; no more have I, you will say, for yesterday as I was walking with a prism before my eyes, comparing the different rays of the *spectrum* with Newton's theory, I came full bump against an open door, which drove the sharp edge of the glass against the cartilaginous projection of the nose, occasioning much sternutation, and a considerable discharge of blood from the nasal emunctories. The mucus of the nose is certainly the same substance as our tears, but being more exposed to the air becomes more viscid, from the mucilage absorbing oxygen. By means of nitrate of silver, I have also formed some crystals of Diana, and I have been eminently successful in making detonating powder, although the last explosion happening to occur at night, just as our next-door neighbour Alderman Heavisides was reading of the tremendous thunderbolt that fell in the gentleman's garden at Holloway, he took it for granted he had been visited by a similar phenomenon, and in this apprehension shuffled down stairs upon his nether extremity, being prevented from walking by the gout, ejaculating all the way "Lord have mercy upon us! fire! murder!"—Upon discovering the cause of his alarm, he declared that the blue-stocking hussey, (meaning me) ought to be sent to the Tread-mill, and mamma says she fully expects we shall shortly be indicted for a nuisance.

In conchology, I cannot boast of any very important additions to my

collection, having encountered few of what Hatchett calls the porcellaneous class, and none of the multivalves. Among the bivalves, however, I have met some curious specimens of the *Ostrea edulis*, or common oyster, the *cardium*, or cockle, as well as several of the wrinkle and periwinkle class. While walking with my cousin George, who, as you well know, laughs at all my studies, and loses no opportunity of making a bad pun, we were accosted by a fisherman who asked us to buy some beautiful specimens of the *mytilus*, or common muscle, but George would not let me purchase, declaring that he was a staunch Hellenist, and during the present glorious struggle would never give the least encouragement to a Mussulman.

But geology, or to speak more accurately geognosy, my favourite study, ah! my dearest Maria Louisa, could you imagine that I would leave my researches for a moment unprosecuted? No, no, I have pursued them with enthusiasm. Providing myself with a hammer and basket, I mounted a donkey, and, George accompanying me upon his favourite colt, we proceeded to the Downs, where we soon discovered a chalk-pit, exhibiting strata of flint in a horizontal direction, and some describing an angle of forty-five degrees, occasioned apparently by a partial subsidence of the soil. Being obliged to beat my donkey severely to get him forward, George observed that I was giving him a specimen of *wacke*, and as the colt whinnied, and the ass made a grunting noise, he added that I might now make an addition of *whinstone* and *gruntstein* to my collection. A piece of granite in a state of disintegration, displayed an interesting union of quartz, feldspar, and mica; and I stumbled upon a bit of sandstone or grit, divided by fissure into parallelopipeds. While I was admiring it, George came galloping up to inform me he had just discovered two beautiful specimens, one of *amygdaloid*, or toadstone, and the other of *primitive trap*, and as I had just been reading of the latter in Mr. Jameson's Sketch of the Wernerian Geognosy, I eagerly hastened to the spot. Guess my disappointment, my dearest Maria Louisa, when I found the former to consist of a large toad squatted upon a great pebble; and the latter to be nothing but a hole dug in the turf, and provided with a springe to catch wheat-ears, which George with a horse-laugh maintained to be an indisputable example of primitive trap. By way of making amends, however, for this unfeeling joke, he declared, with a very serious face, that he had passed a perfect specimen of quartz, and assisting me to dismount, he clambered with me to the top of a steep hill, and pointing to a sheep-pond appealed to my own candid bosom whether it did not contain a great many quarts of dirty water.

Being determined to submit no longer to such egregious foolery; feeling moreover considerable craving in the digestive ventricle; and a stiffness in my knees from want of synovia to lubricate the capsular ligaments, I remounted my donkey, made the best of my way home, and have devoted the afternoon to the present narrative of my scientific achievements. H.

AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF THEOBALD WOLFE TONE.*

Our last extracts terminated with the premature fate of Tone's second pamphlet. He consoled himself with the quotation "Victrix causa Diis placuit, sed victa Catoni," and thus resumes the narrative.

"About this time it was that I formed an acquaintance with my invaluable friend Russell, a circumstance which I look upon as one of the most fortunate of my life. He is a man whom I love as a brother. I will not here attempt a panegyric on his merits. It is sufficient to say, that to an excellent understanding he joins the purest principles and the best of hearts. I wish I had ability to delineate his character with justice to his talents and his virtues. He well knows how much I esteem and love him; and I think there is no sacrifice that friendship could exact that we would not with cheerfulness make for each other to the utmost hazard of life or fortune. There cannot be imagined a more perfect harmony, I may say identity of sentiment, than exists between us. I think the better of myself for being the object of the esteem of such a man as Russell. I love him, and I honour him. I frame no system of happiness for my future life in which the enjoyment of his society does not form a most distinguishing feature; and if I am ever inclined to murmur at the difficulties with which I have so long struggled, I think of the inestimable treasure I possess in the affection of my wife and the friendship of Russell, and I acknowledge that all my labours and sufferings are overpaid. I may truly say that even at this hour when I am separated from both of them, and uncertain whether I may ever be so happy as to see them again, there is no action of my life which has not a remote reference to their opinion, which I equally prize. When I think that I have acted well, and that I am likely to succeed in the important business wherein I am engaged, I say often to myself 'My dearest love, and my friend Russell will be glad of this.'—But to return to my history. My acquaintance with Russell commenced by an argument in the gallery of the House of Commons. He was at that time enamoured of the Whigs. We were struck with each other notwithstanding the difference of our opinion, and we agreed to dine together the next day to discuss the question. We liked each other better the second day than the first, and every day has increased and confirmed our mutual esteem. My wife's health continuing still delicate, she was ordered by her physicians to bathe in the salt water. I hired in consequence a little box of a house at Irish-town on the sea-side, where we spent the summer of 1790. Russell and I were inseparable, and as our discussions were mostly political, and our sentiments agreed exactly, we extended our views, and fortified each other in the opinions, to the propagation and establishment of which we have ever since been devoted. I recall with transport the happy days we spent together during that period—the delicious dinners, in the preparation of which my wife, Russell and myself were all engaged—the afternoon walks—the discussions we have had as we lay stretched on the grass. It was delightful. Sometimes Russell's venerable father, a veteran of nearly seventy, with the courage of a hero, the serenity of a philosopher, and the piety of a saint, used to visit our little mansion, and that day was a fête. My wife doted on the old man, and he loved her like one of his children. I will not attempt, because I am unable, to express the veneration and regard I had for him; and I am sure, next to his own sons, and scarcely below them, he loved and esteemed me. Russell's brother John, too, used to visit us—a man of a most warm and affectionate heart, and incontestably of the most companionable talents I ever met. His humour, which was pure and natural, flowed in an inexhaustible stream. He had not the strength of character of my friend Tom, but for the charms of conversation he excelled him, and all the world beside. Sometimes too my brother William used to join us for a week from

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* Continued from page 11.

the county of Kildare, where he resided with my brother Matthew, who had lately commenced a cotton-manufacturer at Prosperous in that county. I have already mentioned the convivial talents he possessed. In short, when the two Russells, my brother and I were assembled, it is impossible to conceive a happier society. I know not whether our wit was perfectly classical. If it was not sterling, at least it passed current among ourselves. If I may judge, we were none of us destitute of the humour indigenous in the soil of Ireland. For three of us I can answer. They possessed it in an eminent degree. Add to this, I was the only one of the four who was not a poet, or at least a maker of verses, so that every day produced a ballad, or some poetical squib, which amused us after dinner; and as our conversation turned upon no ribaldry or indecency, my wife or sister never left the table. These were delicious days. The rich and great who sit down every day to the monotony of a splendid entertainment, can form no idea of the happiness of our frugal meal, nor of the infinite pleasure we found in taking each his part in the preparation and attendance. My wife was the centre and the soul of all. I scarcely know which of us loved her most. Her courteous manners, her goodness of heart, her incomparable humour, her never-failing cheerfulness, her affection for me and for my children, rendered her an object of our common admiration and delight. She loved Russell as well as I did. In short, a more interesting society of individuals, connected by purer motives and animated by a more ardent attachment and friendship for each other, cannot be imagined.

"During this summer there were strong appearances of a rupture between England and Spain, relative to Nootka Sound. I had mentioned to Russell my project for a military colony in the South Seas, and as we had both nothing better to do, we sat down to look over my papers and memoranda regarding that business. After some time, rather to amuse ourselves than with an expectation of its coming to any thing, we enlarged and corrected my original plan, and having dressed a handsome memorial on the subject, I sent it inclosed in a letter to the Duke of Richmond, then Master of the Ordnance. I thought we should hear no more about it, but we were not a little surprised when a few days after I received an answer from his Grace, in which, after speaking with great civility of the merits of my plan, he informed me that such business was out of his department, but that, if I desired it, he would deliver my memorial and recommend it to the notice of Lord Grenville, Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs, whose business it properly was. I immediately wrote him an answer of acknowledgment, entreating him to support my plan, and by the same post I wrote also to Lord Grenville. In a few days I received answers from them both, informing me that the memorial had been received by Lord Grenville, and should be taken into speedy consideration, when, if any measures were to be adopted in consequence, I might depend upon receiving farther information. These letters we looked upon as leaving it barely possible that something might be done in the business, though very unlikely—and so indeed it proved—for shortly afterwards a kind of peace, called a Convention, was agreed upon between Spain and England, on which I wrote once more to Lord Grenville, inclosing a second memorial in order to learn his determination, when I received a very civil answer praising my plan, &c. and informing me that existing circumstances had rendered it unnecessary at that time to put it in execution, but that ministers would keep it in recollection. Thus ended for the second time my attempt to colonize in the South Seas, a measure which I still think might be attended with the most beneficial consequences to England. I keep all the papers relating to this business, including the originals of the ministers' letters, and I have likewise copied them in a 4to book, marked to which I refer for farther information. It was singular enough this correspondence, continued by two of the King of England's cabinet ministers at St. James's on the one part, and Russell and myself from my little box at Irish-town on the other part. If the measure I proposed had

been adopted, we were both determined on going out with the expedition, in which case instead of planning revolutions in our own country, we might be now perhaps carrying on a political war (for which I think we had both talents) on the coast of Spanish America. This adventure is an additional proof of the romantic spirit I have mentioned in the beginning of my memoirs as a trait in our family; and indeed my friend Russell was in that respect completely one of ourselves. The minister's refusal did not sweeten us much towards him. I renewed the vow I had once more made, to make him, if I could, repent of it, in which Russell heartily concurred. Perhaps the minister may yet have reason to wish he had let us off quietly to the South Seas. I should be glad to have an opportunity to remind him of his old correspondent; and if ever I find one, I shall not overlook it. I dare say he has utterly forgotten the circumstance, but I have not. 'Every thing, however, is for the best,' as Pangloss says, 'in this best of all possible worlds.' If I had gone to the Sandwich Islands in 1790, I should not be to-day *chef de brigade* in the service of the French Republic, not to mention what I may be in my own country if our expedition thither succeed. But to return. Shortly after this disappointment, Russell, who had for two years revelled in the ease and dignity of ensign's half-pay, amounting to twenty-eight pounds a-year, which he had earned before he was twenty-one by broiling in the East Indies for five years, was unexpectedly promoted by favour of the commander-in-chief to an ensigncy on full pay in the 64th regiment of foot, then quartered in the town of Belfast. He put himself in consequence in better array, and prepared to join. I remember the last day he dined with us at Irish-town, when he came (to use his own quotation) 'all *clinquant*, all in gold.' We set him to cook part of his own dinner in a very fine suit of laced regimentals. I love to recall these scenes. We parted with the sincerest regret on both sides. He set off for Belfast, and shortly after we returned to Dublin for the winter—my wife's health being perfectly re-established, as she manifested by being in due time brought to bed of our eldest boy, whom we called William after my brother.

"This winter I endeavoured to institute a kind of political club, from which I expected great things. It consisted of seven or eight members, eminent for their talents and patriotism, and who had already more or less distinguished themselves by their literary productions. They were J—— S——, fellow of Trinity College; Doctor William Drennan, author of the celebrated letters signed Orellana; J—— P——, author of the still more justly celebrated letters of Owen Roe O'Neal; Peter Burrowes, a barrister, a man of a most powerful and comprehensive mind; W—— J——, a lawyer also of respectable talents; W—— S——, fellow of Trinity College, a man the extent and variety of whose knowledge is only to be exceeded by the number and intensity of his virtues; Russell, a corresponding member, and myself. As our political opinions at that time agreed in most essential points, however they have since differed, and as this little club most certainly comprised a great proportion of information, talent and integrity, it might naturally be expected that some distinguished politicians should be the result. Yet, I know not how it was, we did not draw all together. Our meetings degenerated into downright ordinary suppers. We became a mere oyster-club, and at length a misunderstanding, or rather a rooted dislike to each other, which manifested itself between Drennan and P——, who were completely Cæsar and Pompey with regard to literary empire, joined to the retreat of J—— S—— to his living in the North, and the little good we saw resulting from our association, induced us to drop off one by one; and thus, after three or four months sickly existence, our club departed this life, leaving behind it a puny offspring of about a dozen essays on different subjects, all, as may be supposed, tolerable, but not one of any distinguished excellence. I am satisfied any one of the members by devoting a week of his time to a well-chosen subject would have produced a work of ten times more value than their whole club were able to shew from their joint labours during its exist-

ence. This experiment satisfied me that men of genius, to be of use, must not be collected in numbers. They do not work well in the aggregate; and indeed even in ordinary conversation I have observed that too many wits spoil the discourse. The dullest entertainment at which I ever remember to have assisted, was one framed expressly to bring together near twenty persons, every one more or less distinguished for splendid talents, or great convivial qualities. We sat and prosed together in great solemnity, endeavouring by a rapid circulation of the bottle to animate the discourse; but it would not do; every one was clad in a suit of intellectual armour, in which he found himself secure, it is true, but ill at his ease; and we all rejoiced at the moment when we were permitted to run home, and get into our *robes-de-chambre* and slippers. Any two of the men present would have been the delight and entertainment of a well-chosen society, but all together was as Wolseley says 'too much honour.'

"In recording the names of the members of the club, I find I have omitted a man, whom as well for his talents as his principles I esteem as much as any, and far more than most of them. I mean Thomas Addis Emmett, a barrister. He is a man completely after my own heart, of a great and comprehensive mind, of the warmest and sincerest affection for his friends, and of a firm and steady adherence to his principles, to which he has sacrificed much, as I know, and would, I am sure, if necessary, sacrifice his life. His opinions and mine square exactly. In classing the men I most esteem, I would place him beside Russell at the head of the list; because with regard to them both the most ardent feelings of my heart coincide exactly with the most severe decisions of my judgment. There are men whom I regard as much as it is possible, I am sure; for example, if there be on earth such a thing as sincere friendship, I feel it for W—— S——, for George Knox, and for Peter Burrowes. They are men whose talents I admire, whose virtues I reverence, and whose persons I love; but the regard I feel for them, sincere and affectionate as it is, is certainly not of the same species with that which I entertain for Russell and Emmett. Between us three there has been from the very commencement of our acquaintance a coincidence of sentiment and harmony of feeling on points which we all conscientiously consider as of the last importance, which binds us in the closest ties to each other. We have unvaryingly been devoted to the pursuit of the same object by the same means. We have had a fellowship in our labours, a society in our dangers. Our hopes, our fears, our wishes, our friends, and our enemies, have been the same. When all this is considered, and the talents and principles of the men taken into the account, it will not be wondered at if I esteem Russell and Emmett as the first of my friends. If ever an opportunity offers, as circumstances at present seem likely to bring me forward, I think their country will ratify my choice. With regard to Burrowes and Knox, whom I do most sincerely and affectionately love, their political opinions differ fundamentally from mine; and, perhaps, it is for the credit of us all three, that, with such an irreconcileable difference of sentiment, we have all along preserved a mutual regard and esteem for each other, and at least I am sure I feel it particularly honourable to myself; for there are, perhaps, no two men in the world about whose good opinion I am more solicitous; nor shall I ever forget the steady and unvarying friendship I experienced from them both when my situation was to all human appearances utterly desperate, and when others, with at least as little reason to desert me, shunned me as if I had the red spots of the plague out upon me. But of that hereafter. With regard to N——, his political sentiments approach nearer to mine than those of either Knox or Burrowes. I mention this, for in these days of unbounded discussion politics, unfortunately, enter into every thing, even into our private friendships. We, however, differ on many material points, and we differ on principles which do honour to N——'s heart. With an acute feeling of the degradation of his country, and a just and generous indignation against her oppressors, the tenderness and humanity of his nature is such, that he

recoils from any measures to be attempted for her emancipation which may terminate in blood. In this respect I have not the virtue to imitate him. I must observe that, with this perhaps extravagant anxiety for the lives of others, I am sure, in any cause which satisfied his conscience, no man would be more prodigal of his own life. 'But what he would highly, that would he holily;' and I am afraid that in the present state of affairs, that is a thing utterly impossible. I love N—— most sincerely, and I am sure it will not hurt the self-love of any one of the friends I have recorded when I say, in the full force of the phrase, I look upon N—— as *the very best men* I have ever known. Now that I am upon the subject I must observe, that in the choice of my friends I have all my life been extremely fortunate. I hope I am duly sensible of the infinite value of their esteem, and I take the greatest pride in being able to say that I have preserved that esteem, even of those from whom I most materially differed on points of the last importance, and on occasions of peculiar difficulty, and this too without any sacrifice of consistency or principle on either side—a circumstance which, however, redounds still more to their credit than to mine. But to return to my history from this long digression, on which, however, I dwell with affection, exiled as I am from the inestimable friends I have mentioned, and from others whom I regard not less, of whom I am about to speak. It is a consolation to my soul to dwell upon their merits, and the sincere and animated affection I feel for them. God knows whether we shall ever meet; or, if we do, how many of us may survive the contest in which we are by all appearance about to embark. If it be my lot for one to fall, I leave behind me this small testimony of my regard for them, written under circumstances which I think may warrant its sincerity."

We shall scarcely apologise for the length of the preceding extract. As the mere loquacity of friendship, were the writer a common person, the subject might be of little interest to the general reader. But in the present case it is otherwise. All the accounts that have reached us of Wolfe Tone confirm his own representations of himself as a man of ardent and generous emotions. The list of friends whom he fondly enumerates, are, in this respect, so many witnesses to character. We cannot question his private titles to their regard, while of his claims to general respect for his abilities he has left abundant proofs. In this point of view it becomes a matter of political instruction, to have our attention directed to, and seriously detained upon the merits of the laws and institutions which could have exasperated a person of so many virtues and talents (and how many resembling him in character partook of his example and his fate!) into enthusiastic and inveterate hostility. He has himself presented us with a vivid sketch of the system of government upon which he grounds his justification. It is an important passage in these memoirs, and not the less as coming from an avowed enemy, who frankly and minutely discloses the views and motives and means with which an obscure political adventurer, by the mere force of his talents and indignation, could have contributed so mainly to the production of a formidable civil war. Under this aspect the political confessions of Theobald Wolfe Tone have unfortunately a continuing interest and application, which those who best know the present state of Ireland will be the first to admit.

"The French Revolution had now been about twelve months in its progress. At its commencement, as the first emotions are generally honest, every one was in its favour; but after some time the probable consequences to monarchy and aristocracy began to be seen, and the partisans of both to retrench considerably in their admiration. At length Mr. Burke's famous

invective appeared, and this in due season produced Pain's reply, which he called "The Rights of Man." This controversy, and the gigantic events which gave rise to it, changed in an instant the politics of Ireland. Two years before, the nation was in a lethargy. The puny efforts of the Whig Club, miserable and defective as their system was, were the only appearance of any thing like exertion; and he was looked upon as extravagant who thought of a parliamentary reform, against which, by-the-by, all parties equally set their faces. I have already mentioned that, in those days of apathy and depression, I made an unsuccessful blow at the supremacy of England by my pamphlet on the expected rupture with Spain, and I have also fairly mentioned that I found nobody who ventured to second my attempt, or paid the least attention to the doctrine I endeavoured to disseminate. But the rapid succession of events, and, above all, the explosion which had taken place in France, and blown into the elements a despotism rooted for fourteen centuries, had thoroughly aroused all Europe, and the eyes of every man in every quarter were turned anxiously on the French National Assembly. In England, Burke had the triumph completely to decide the public, fascinated by an eloquent publication, which flattered so many of their prejudices, and animated by their unconquerable hatred of France, which no change of circumstances could alter. The whole English nation, it may be said, retracted from their first decision in favour of the glorious and successful efforts of the French people. They sickened at the prospect of the approaching liberty and happiness of that mighty people. They calculated as merchants the probable effects which the energy of regenerated France might have on their commerce. They rejoiced when they saw the combination of despots formed to restore the ancient system, and, perhaps, to dismember the monarchy; and they waited with impatience for an occasion which, happily for humanity, they soon found, when they might with some appearance of decency engage in person in the infamous contest. But matters were quite different in Ireland—an oppressed, insulted, and plundered nation. As we all knew experimentally what it was to be enslaved, we sympathized most sincerely with the French people, and watched their progress to freedom with the utmost anxiety. We had not, like England, a prejudice rooted in our nature against France. As the revolution advanced, and as events expanded themselves, the public spirit of Ireland rose with a rapid acceleration. The fears and animosities of the aristocracy rose in the same, or in a still higher proportion. In a little time the French revolution became the test of every man's creed, and the nation was fairly divided into two great parties, the Aristocrats and the Democrats, (epithets borrowed from France,) who have since been measuring each other's strength, and carrying on a kind of smothered war, which the course of events, it is highly probable, may soon call into energy and action. It is needless, I believe, to say that I was a democrat from the very commencement; and as all the retainers of government, including the sages and judges of the law, were of course on the other side, this gave the *coup-de-grace* to any expectation, if any such I had, of my succeeding at the bar, for I soon became pretty notorious. But, in fact, I had for some time renounced all hope, and I may say all desire of succeeding in a profession which I always disliked, and which the political prostitution of its members (though otherwise men of high honour and great personal worth,) had taught me sincerely to despise. I therefore seldom went near the Four-Courts; nor did I adopt any of the means, and least of all the study of the law, which are successfully adopted by those young men whose object it is to rise in their rofession.

"As I came about this period rather more forward than I had hitherto done, it is necessary for the understanding of my history, to take a rapid survey of the state of parties in Ireland; that is to say, of the members of the Established religion—the Dissenters—and the Catholics.

"The first party, whom, for distinction-sake, I call the Protestants, though

not above the tenth of the population, were in the possession of the whole of the government, and of five-sixths of the landed property of the nation. They were, and had been for above a century, in quiet possession of the church, the law, the revenue, the army, the navy, the magistracy, the corporations; in a word, of the whole patronage of Ireland. With properties, whose titles were founded on massacre and plunder, and being, as it were, but a colony of foreign usurpers in the land, they saw no security for their persons and estates but in a close connexion with England, who profited of their fears, and, as the price of her protection, exacted the implicit surrender of the commerce and the liberties of Ireland. Different events, particularly the revolution in America, had enabled and emboldened the other two parties, of whom I am about to speak, to hurry the Protestants into measures highly disagreeable to England, and beneficial to their country, but in which, from accidental circumstances, they durst not refuse to concur. The spirit of the corps, however, remained unchanged, as they have manifested on every occasion since, which chance offered them. This party, therefore, so powerful by their property and influence, were implicitly devoted to England, which they esteemed necessary for the security of their existence. They adopted, in consequence, the sentiments and the language of the British Cabinet. They dreaded and abhorred the principles of the French Revolution, and were, in one word, an *aristocracy* in the fullest and most odious extent of the term.

"The Dissenters, who formed the second party, were at least twice as numerous as the first. Like them, they were a colony of foreigners in their origin; but being mostly engaged in trade and manufactures, with a few overgrown landed properties among them, they did not, like them, feel that a slavish dependence on England was essential to their very existence. Strong in their numbers and in their courage, they felt that they were able to defend themselves, and they soon ceased to consider themselves as any other than Irishmen. It was the Dissenters who composed the flower of the famous volunteer army of 1782, which extorted from the English minister the restoration of what is affected to be called the Constitution of Ireland. It was they who first promoted and continued the demand of a parliamentary reform, in which, however, they were baffled by the superior address and chicanery of the aristocracy; and it was they, finally, who were the first to stand forward in the most decided and unqualified manner in support of the principles of the French Revolution.

"The Catholics, who comprised the third party, were above two-thirds of the nation, and formed, perhaps, a still greater proportion. They embraced the entire peasantry of three provinces. They constituted a considerable portion of the mercantile interest; but from the tyranny of the penal laws, enacted at different times against them, they possessed but a very small portion of the landed property, perhaps not a fifth part of the whole. It is not my intention here to give a detail of that execrable and infamous code, framed with the art and the malice of demons, to plunder and degrade and brutalize the Catholics. Suffice it to say, that there was no injustice, no disgrace, no disqualification, moral, political, or religious, civil or military, that was not heaped upon them. It is with difficulty that I restrain myself from entering into the abominable detail; but it is the less necessary, as it is to be found in so many publications of the day. This horrible system, pursued for above a century with unrelenting acrimony and perseverance, had wrought its full effects, and had, in fact, reduced the great body of the Catholic peasantry of Ireland to a situation, morally and physically speaking, below that of the beasts of the field. The spirit of their few remaining gentry was broken, and their minds degraded. It was only in the class of their merchants and traders, and a few members of the medical profession, who had smuggled an education in despite of the penal code, that any thing like political sensation existed. Such was pretty nearly the situation of the three great parties at the commencement of the French Revolution; and certainly a much more gloomy prospect could not well present itself to the eyes of any friend of

liberty and his country. But as the luminary of truth and freedom in France advanced rapidly to its meridian splendour, the public mind in Ireland was proportionably illuminated. And to the honour of the Dissenters of Belfast be it said, that they were the first to reduce to practice the newly-received principles, and to shew, by being just, that they were deserving to be free. The dominion of England in Ireland had been begun and continued in the disunion of the great sects which divided the latter country. In effectuating this disunion, the Protestant party were the willing instruments, as they saw clearly that if ever the Dissenters and Catholics were to discover their true interests, and, forgetting their former dissensions, were to unite cordially and make common cause, the downfall of English supremacy, and, of course, of their own unjust monopoly, would be the necessary and immediate consequence. They, therefore, laboured continually, and for a long time successfully, to keep the other two sects asunder; and the English government had even the address to persuade the Catholics, that the non-execution of the penal laws, which, in fact, were too atrocious to be enforced in their full vigour, was owing to their clemency; that the Protestants and Dissenters, but especially the latter, were the enemies, and themselves in effect the protectors of the Catholic people. Under this arrangement the machine of government moved forward on carpet-ground; but the time was at length come when the system of iniquity was to tumble in the dust, and the day of truth and reason to commence. So far back as the year 1783 the volunteers of Belfast had instructed their deputies to the Convention, held in Dublin for the purpose of framing a parliamentary reform, to support the equal admission of the Catholics to the rights of freemen. In this instance of liberality they were then almost alone, for it is their fate, in political wisdom, ever to be in advance of their countrymen. It was sufficient, however, to alarm the Government, who immediately procured from Lord Kenmare, at that time esteemed the leader of the Catholics, a solemn disavowal, in the name of the body, of any wish to be restored to their long-lost rights. Prostrate as the Catholics were at that period, this last insult was too much. They instantly assembled their general committee, and disavowed Lord Kenmare and his disavowal, observing at the same time that they were not framed so differently from all other men as to be in love with their own degradation. The majority of the Volunteer Convention, however, resolved to consider the infamous declaration of Lord Kenmare as the voice of the Catholics of Ireland; and in consequence the emancipation of that body no longer made a part of their plan of reform. The consequence natural to such folly and injustice immediately ensued. The Government seeing the Convention by their own act separate themselves from the great mass of the people, who could alone give them effective force, held them at defiance; and that formidable assembly, which under better principles might have held the fate of Ireland in their hands, was broken up with disgrace and ignominy:—a memorable warning, that those who know not how to render their just rights to others, will be found incapable of firmly adhering to their own. The general Committee of the Catholics, of which I have spoken above, and which, since the year 1792, has made a distinguished feature in the politics of Ireland, was a body composed of their bishops, their country gentlemen, and of a certain number of merchants and traders, all resident in Dublin, but named by the Catholics in the different towns corporate to represent them. The original object of this institution was to obtain the repeal of a partial and oppressive tax, called Quarterage, which was levied on the Catholics only; and the Government which found the Committee at first a convenient instrument on some occasions connived at their existence. So degraded was the Catholic mind at the period of the formation of their Committee (about 1770), and long after, that they were happy to be allowed to go up to the Castle with an abominable slavish address to each successive Viceroy; of which, moreover, until the accession of the Duke of Portland in 1782, so little notice was taken, that his Grace was the first who con-

descended to give them an answer. And indeed for above twenty years the sole business of the General Committee was to prepare and deliver in these records of their depression. The effort, which an honest indignation had called forth at the time of the Volunteer Convention in 1783, seemed to have exhausted their strength, and they sunk back into their primitive nullity. Under the appearance of apathy, however, a new spirit was gradually arising in the body, owing principally to the exertions and example of one man, John Keogh; to whose services his country, and more especially the Catholics, are singularly indebted. In fact, the downfall of feudal tyranny was acted in little on the theatre of the General Committee. The influence of their clergy and their barons was gradually undermined, and the third estate, the commercial interest, rising in wealth and power, was preparing by degrees to throw off the yoke, in the imposing, or at least the continuing of which the leaders of the body, I mean the prelates and aristocracy, to their disgrace be it spoken, were ready to concur. Already had these leaders, acting in obedience to the Government which held them in fetters, suffered one or two signal defeats in the Committee, owing principally to the talents and address of John Keogh. The parties began to be defined, and a sturdy democracy of new men, with bolder views and stronger talents, soon superseded the timid counsels and slavish measures of the ancient aristocracy. Every thing seemed tending to a better order of things among the Catholics, and an occasion soon offered to call the energy of their new leaders into action.

The Dissenters of the North, and more especially of the town of Belfast, are, from the genius of their religion, and from the superior diffusion of political information among them, sincere and enlightened republicans. They had ever been foremost in the pursuit of parliamentary reform; and I have already mentioned the early wisdom and virtue of the men of Belfast in proposing the emancipation of the Catholics so far back as the year 1783. The French Revolution had awakened all parties in the nation from the stupor in which they lay plunged from the time of the dispersion of the ever-memorable Volunteer Convention, and the citizens of Belfast were the first to raise their heads from the abyss, and to look the situation of their country steadily in the face. They saw at a glance the true object, and the only means to obtain it. Conscious that the force of the existing government was such as to require the united efforts of the whole Irish people to subvert it, and long convinced in their own minds that to be free, it was necessary to be just, they cast their eyes once more on the long-neglected Catholics, and profiting of past errors, of which, however, they had not to accuse themselves, they determined to begin on a new system, and to raise the structure of the liberty and independence of their country on the broad basis of equal rights to the whole people. The Catholics on their part were rapidly rising in political spirit and information. Every month, every day, as the Revolution in France went prosperously forward, added to their courage and their force; and the hour seemed at last arrived, when, after a dreary oppression of one hundred years, they were once more to appear upon the political theatre of their country. They saw the brilliant prospect of success, which events in France had opened to their view; and they determined to avail themselves with promptitude of that opportunity which never returns to those who omit it. For this the active members of the Committee resolved to set on foot an immediate application to Parliament, praying for a repeal of the Penal Laws. The first difficulty they had to surmount arose in their own body. Their peers, their gentry (as they affected to call themselves), and their prelates, either seduced or intimidated by Government, gave the measure all possible opposition; and at length, after a long contest, in which both parties strained every nerve, and produced the whole of their strength, the question was decided, on a division in the Committee, by a majority of at least six to one in favour of the intended application. The triumph of the young democracy was complete; but though the aristocracy was defeated, they were not yet entirely broken down. By the instigation of the Government, they had the meanness to

secede from the General Committee, to disavow their acts, and even to publish in the papers that they did not wish to embarrass the Government by advancing their claim of emancipation. It is difficult to conceive such a degree of political degradation; but what will not the tyranny of an execrable system produce in time? Sixty-eight gentlemen, individually of high spirit, were found, who publicly and in a body deserted their party and their own just claims, and even sanctioned this pitiful desertion by the authority of their signatures. Such an effect had the operation of the penal laws upon the Catholics of Ireland—as proud a race as any in all Europe!

"The first attempts of the Catholic Committee failed totally. Endeavouring to accommodate all parties, they framed a petition so humble that it ventured to ask for nothing; and even this petition they could not find a single member of the legislature to present. Of so little consequence in 1790 were the great mass of the Irish people! Not disheartened, however, by the defeat, they went on, and in the interval between that and the approaching session, they were preparing measures for a second application. In order to add greater weight and consequence to their intended petition, they brought over to Ireland Richard Burke, only son to the celebrated Edmund, and appointed him their agent to conduct their application to Parliament. This young man came over with considerable advantage, and especially with the *éclat* of his father's name, who the Catholics concluded, and very reasonably, would for his own sake, if not for theirs, assist his son with his advice and direction. But their expectations in the event proved abortive. Richard Burke, with a considerable portion of talent from nature, and cultivated, as may be well supposed, with the utmost care by his father, who idolized him, was utterly deficient in judgment, in temper, and especially in the art of managing parties. In three or four months' time, during which he remained in Ireland, he contrived to embroil himself, and to a certain extent the Committee, with all parties in parliament, the Opposition as well as the Government, and finally desiring to drive his employers into measures of which they disapproved, and thinking himself strong enough to go on without the assistance of the men who introduced him, and, as long as their duty would permit, supported him, in which he miserably deceived himself, he ended his short and turbulent career by breaking with the General Committee. That body, however, treated him respectfully to the last; and on his departure they sent a deputation to thank him for his exertions, and presented him with the sum of two thousand guineas.

"It was much about this time that my connexion with the Catholic body commenced in the manner which I am about to relate. I cannot pretend to strict accuracy as to dates, for I write entirely from memory, all my papers being in America.

"Russell, on his arrival to join his regiment at Belfast, found the people so much to his taste, and in return had rendered himself so agreeable to them, that he was speedily admitted into their confidence, and became a member of several of their clubs. This was an unusual circumstance, as British officers, it may well be supposed, were no great favourites with the Republicans of Belfast. The Catholic question was at this period beginning to attract the public notice, and the Belfast Volunteers, on some public occasion (I know not precisely what) wished to come forward with a declaration in its favour. For this purpose, Russell, who was by this time in their confidence, wrote to me to draw up and transmit to him such a declaration as I thought proper, which I accordingly did. A meeting of the corps was held in consequence, but an opposition unexpectedly arising to that part of the declaration which alluded directly to the Catholic claims, that passage was, for the sake of unanimity, withdrawn for the present, and the declaration then passed unanimously. Russell wrote me an account of all this, and it immediately set me on thinking more seriously than I had yet done on the state of Ireland. I soon formed my theory, and on that theory I have uniformly acted ever since. To subvert the tyranny of our execrable government—to break the

connexion with England, the never-failing source of all our political evils, and to assist the independence of my country—these were my objects. To unite the whole people of Ireland, to abolish the memory of all past dissensions, and to substitute the common name of Irishmen in place of the denominations of Protestants, Dissenters, and Catholics—these were my means. To effectuate these great objects, I reviewed the three great sects. The Protestants I despaired of from the outset, for obvious reasons. Already in possession, by an unjust monopoly, of the whole power and patronage of the country, it was not to be supposed they would ever concur in measures, the certain tendency of which must be to lessen their influence as a party, how much soever the nation might gain. To the Catholics I thought it unnecessary to address myself, because that as no change could make their political situation worse, I reckoned upon their support as a certainty. Besides, they had already begun to manifest a strong sense of their wrongs and oppressions; and finally I well knew, that however it might be disguised or suppressed, there existed in the breast of every Irish Catholic an inextirpable abhorrence of the English name and power. There remained only the Dissenters, whom I knew to be patriotic and enlightened. However, the events at Belfast had shewn me that all prejudice was not entirely removed from their minds. I sat down accordingly, and wrote a pamphlet addressed to the Dissenters, and which I entitled "An Argument on behalf of the Catholics of Ireland;" the object of which was to convince them that they and the Catholics had but one common interest and one common enemy; that the slavery and depression of Ireland was produced and perpetuated by the divisions existing between them; and that consequently to assert the independence of their country, and their own individual liberties, it was necessary to forget all former feuds, to consolidate the entire strength of the whole nation, and to form for the future but one people. These principles I supported by the best arguments which suggested themselves to me, and particularly by demonstrating that the cause of the failure of all former efforts, and more especially of the Volunteer Convention in 1783, was the unjust neglect of the claims of their Catholic brethren. This pamphlet, which appeared in September 1791, under the signature of "A Northern Whig," had a considerable degree of success. The Catholics (*with not one of whom I was at that time acquainted*) were pleased with the efforts of a volunteer in their cause, and distributed it in all quarters. The people of Belfast, of whom I had spoken with the respect and admiration I sincerely felt for them, and to whom I was also perfectly unknown, printed a very large edition, which they dispersed through the whole north of Ireland; and I have the great satisfaction to believe that many of the Dissenters were converted by my arguments. It is like vanity to speak of my own performance so much, and the fact is, I believe I am somewhat vain on that topic; but as it was the immediate cause of my being made known to the Catholic body, I may perhaps be excused for dwelling on a circumstance, which I must ever look on for that reason as one of the most fortunate of my life. As my pamphlet spread more and more, my acquaintance among the Catholics extended accordingly. My first friend in the body was John Keogh, and through him I became acquainted with all the leaders, as Richard M'Cormick, John Sweetman, Edward Byrne, &c. in short, the whole Sub-Committee, and most of the active members of the General Committee. It was a kind of fashion that winter (1791) among the Catholics to give splendid dinners to their political friends in and out of parliament, and I was always a guest of course. I was invited to a grand dinner given to Richard Burke on his leaving Dublin, together with William Todd Jones, who had distinguished himself by a most excellent pamphlet in favour of the Catholic cause, as well as to several entertainments given by clubs and associations. In short, I began to grow into something like reputation; and my company was in a manner a requisite at all the entertainments of that winter. But this was not all. The Volunteers of Belfast of the First, or Green Company, were pleased, in consequence of my

pamphlet, to elect me an honorary member of their corps, a favour which they were very delicate in bestowing, as I believe I was the only person, except the great Henry Flood, who was ever honoured by that mark of their approbation. I was also invited to spend a few days at Belfast in order to assist in framing the first club of United Irishmen, and to cultivate a personal acquaintance with the men, whom, though I highly esteemed them, I knew as yet but by reputation. In consequence, about the beginning of October, I went down with my friend Russell, who had by this time quitted the army and was in Dublin on his private affairs. The incidents of that journey, which was by far the most agreeable and interesting one I had ever made, I recorded in a kind of diary, a practice which I then commenced and have ever since from time to time continued, as circumstances of sufficient importance occurred. To that diary I refer. It is sufficient here to say that my reception was of the most flattering kind, and that I found the men of the most distinguished public virtue in the nation the most estimable in all the domestic relations of life. I had the good fortune to render myself agreeable to them, and a friendship was then formed between us, which I think it will not be easy to shake.

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"We formed our club, of which I wrote the declaration; and certainly the formation of that club commenced a new epoch in the politics of Ireland. At length, after a stay of about three weeks, which I look back upon as perhaps the pleasantest of my life, Russell and I returned to Dublin with instructions to cultivate the leaders in the popular interest, being Protestants, and if possible to form in the capital a club of United Irishmen. Neither Russell nor myself were known to one of those leaders. However we soon contrived to get acquainted with James Napper Tandy, who was the principal of them, and through him with several others. So that in a little time we succeeded, and a club was accordingly formed, of which the Hon. Simon Butler was the first chairman and Tandy the first secretary."

Here our limits oblige us to break off for the present, and to reserve for a future number the concluding portion of these memoirs.

MIDSHIPMAN'S SONG.

'Tis a time of pride, when the bark is prancing,
  Like an Arab steed, o'er the waste of waves,
When her path behind in light is glancing,
  And the fire-white foam her boltsprit laves:
Then, then is the time of proud emotion,—
  And, if in the bosom a proud one sleep,
'Twill awake to dance to the music of ocean,
  And sweep with the winds o'er the weltering deep!

With my bark through her own blue path careering,
  I never can envy the landsman's bliss;
No sun on the shore ever shone so cheering,
  As it sparkles down on a world like this.
What music can make the heart so sprightly,
  As the roll of the billows in the breeze?
What ball upon earth ever shone so brightly,
  As the stirring dance of the sunlit seas?

Crediton J.

THE TOUCHY LADY.

One of the most unhappy persons whom it has been my fortune to encounter, is a pretty woman of thirty, or thereabout, healthy, wealthy, and of good repute, with a fine house, a fine family, and an excellent husband. A solitary calamity renders all these blessings of no avail:—the gentlewoman is touchy. This affliction has given a colour to her whole life. Her biography has a certain martial dignity, like the history of a nation; she dates from battle to battle, and passes her days in an interminable civil war.

The first person who, long before she could speak, had the misfortune to offend the young lady, was her nurse; then in quick succession four nursery maids, who were turned away, poor things! because Miss Anne could not abide them; then her brother Harry, by being born and diminishing her importance; then three governesses; then two writing-masters; then one music-mistress; then a whole school. On leaving school, affronts multiplied of course; and she has been in a constant miff with servants, tradespeople, relations and friends, ever since; so that although really pretty (at least she would be so if it were not for a standing frown and a certain watchful defying look in her eyes), decidedly clever and accomplished, and particularly charitable, as far as giving money goes, (your ill-tempered woman has often that redeeming grace,) she is known only by her one absorbing quality of touchiness, and is dreaded and hated accordingly by every one who has the honour of her acquaintance.

Paying her a visit is one of the most formidable things that can be imagined, one of the trials which in a small way demand the greatest resolution. It is so difficult to find what to say. You must make up your mind to the affair as you do when going into a shower-bath. Differing from her is obviously pulling the string; and agreeing with her too often or too pointedly is nearly as bad: she then suspects you of suspecting her infirmity, of which she has herself a glimmering consciousness, and treats you with a sharp touch of it accordingly. But what is there that she will not suspect? Admire the colours of a new carpet, and she thinks you are looking at some invisible hole; praise the pattern of a morning cap, and she accuses you of thinking it too gay. She has an ingenuity of perverseness which brings all subjects nearly to a level. The mention of her neighbours is evidently *taboo*, since it is at least twenty to one but she is in a state of affront with nine-tenths of them; her own family are also *taboo* for the same reason. Books are particularly unsafe. She stands vibrating on the pinnacle where two fears meet, ready to be suspected of blue-stockingism on the one hand, or of ignorance and frivolity on the other, just as the work you may chance to name happens to be recondite or popular; nay sometimes the same production shall excite both feelings. "Have you read Hajji Baba," said I to her one day last winter, "Hajji Baba the Persian?"—"Really, Ma'am, I am no orientalist."—"Hajji Baba, the clever Persian tale?" continued I, determined not to be daunted. "I believe Miss R." rejoined she, "that you think I have nothing better to do than to read novels." And so she snip-snaps to the end of the visit. Even the Scotch novels, which she does own to reading,

are no resource in her desperate case. There we are shipwrecked on the rocks of taste. A difference there is fatal. She takes to those delicious books as personal property, and spreads over them the prickly shield of her protection in the same spirit with which she appropriates her husband and her children; is huffy if you prefer Guy Mannering to the Antiquary, and quite jealous if you presume to praise Jeanie Deans; thus cutting off his Majesty's lieges from the most approved topic of discussion amongst civilized people, a neutral ground as open and various as the weather, and far more delightful. But what did I say? The very weather is with her no prudent word. She pretends to skill in that science of guesses commonly called weather-wisdom, and a fog, or a shower, or a thunder-storm, or the blessed sun himself, may have been rash enough to contradict her bodements, and put her out of humour for the day.

Her own name has all her life long been a fertile source of misery to this unfortunate lady. Her maiden name was Smythe, Anne Smythe. Now Smythe, although perfectly genteel and unexceptionable to look at, a pattern appellation on paper, was in speaking, no way distinguished from the thousands of common Smiths who cumber the world. She never heard that "word of fear," especially when introduced to a new acquaintance, without looking as if she longed to spell it. Anne was bad enough; people had housemaids of that name, as if to make a confusion; and her grandmamma insisted on omitting the final *e*, in which important vowel was seated all it could boast of elegance or dignity; and once a brother of fifteen, the identical brother Harry, an Etonian, a pickle, one of that order of clever boys who seem born for the torment of their female relatives, foredoomed their sister's soul to cross, actually went so far as to call her Nanny! She did not box his ears, although how near her tingling fingers' ends approached to that consummation it is not my business to tell. Having suffered so much from the perplexity of her equivocal maiden name, she thought herself most lucky in pitching on the thoroughly well-looking and well-sounding appellation of Morley for the rest of her life. Mrs. Morley—nothing could be better. For once there was a word that did not affront her. The first alloy to this satisfaction was her perceiving on the bridal cards, Mr. and Mrs. B. Morley, and hearing that close to their future residence lived a rich bachelor uncle, till whose death that fearful diminution of her consequence, the Mrs. B., must be endured. Mrs. B.! The brow began to wrinkle—but it was the night before the wedding, the uncle had made some compensation for the crime of being born thirty years before his nephew in the shape of a superb set of emeralds, and by a fortunate mistake, she had taken it into her head that B. in the present case stood for Basil, so that the loss of dignity being compensated by an encrease of elegance, she bore the shock pretty well. It was not till the next morning during the ceremony, that the full extent of her misery burst upon her, and she found that B. stood not for Basil but for Benjamin. Then the veil fell off; then the full horror of her situation, the affront of being a Mrs. Benjamin, stared her full in the face; and certainly but for the accident of her being struck dumb by indignation, she never would have married a man so ignobly christened. Her fate has been even worse than then

appeared probable; for her husband, an exceedingly popular and convivial person, was known all over his own county by the familiar diminutive of his ill-omened appellation; so that she found herself not merely a Mrs. Benjamin, but a Mrs. Ben., the wife of a Ben Morley, junior, esq. (for the peccant uncle was also godfather and namesake) the future mother of a Ben Morley the third.—Oh, the Miss Smith, the Ann, even the Nancy, shrank into nothing when compared with that short word.

Neither is she altogether free from misfortunes on her side of the house. There is a terrible *mésalliance* in her own family. Her favourite aunt, the widow of an officer with five portionless children, became one fair morning the wife of a rich mercer in Cheapside, thus at a stroke gaining comfort and losing caste. The manner in which this affected poor Mrs. Ben Morley is inconceivable. She talked of the unhappy connexion, as aunts are wont to talk when nieces get paired at Gretna Green, wrote a formal renunciation of the culprit, and has considered herself insulted ever since if any one mentions a silk gown in her presence. Another affliction, brought on her by her own family, is the production of a farce by her brother Harry (born for her plague) at Covent Garden Theatre. The farce was damned, as the author (a clever young Templar) declares most deservedly. He bore the catastrophe with great heroism; and celebrated its downfall by venting sundry good puns and drinking an extra bottle of claret; leaving to Anne, sister Anne, the pleasant employment of fuming over his discomfiture,—a task which she performed *con amore*. Actors, manager, audience and author, seventeen newspapers and three magazines, had the misfortune to displease her on this occasion;—in short, the whole town. Theatres and newspapers, critics and the drama, have been banished from her conversation ever since. She would as lieve talk of a silk-mercer.

Next after her visitors, her correspondents are to be pitied; they had need look to their P's and Q's, their spelling and their stationery. If you write a note to her, be sure that the paper is the best double post, hotpressed and gilt edged; that your pen is in good order; that your "dear madams" have a proper mixture of regard and respect; and that your foldings and sealings are unexceptionable. She is of a sort to faint at the absence of an envelope, and to die of a wafer. Note, above all, that your address be perfect; that your *to* be not forgotten; that the offending *Benjamin* be omitted; and that the style and title of her mansion, SHAWFORD MANOR HOUSE, be set forth in full glory. And when this is achieved, make up your mind to her taking some inexplicable affront after all. Thrice fortunate would he be who could put twenty words together without affronting her. Besides, she is great at a scornful reply, and shall keep up a quarrelling correspondence with any lady in Great Britain. Her letters are like challenges; and, but for the protection of the petticoat, she would have fought fifty duels before now, and have been either killed or quieted long ago.

If her husband had been of her temper, she would have brought him into twenty scrapes, but he is as unlike her as possible; a good-humoured tattling creature with a perpetual festivity of temper and a pro-

pensity to motion and laughter, and all sorts of merry mischief, like a schoolboy in the holidays, which felicitous personage he resembles bodily in his round ruddy handsome face, his dancing black eyes, curling hair, and light active figure, the youngest man that ever saw forty. His pursuits have the same happy juvenility. In the summer he fishes and plays cricket; in the winter he hunts and courses; and what with grouse and partridges, pheasants and woodcocks, wood-pigeons and flappers, he contrives pretty tolerably to shoot all the year round. Moreover, he attends revels, races, assizes, and quarter-sessions; drives stage coaches, patronises plays, is steward to concerts, goes to every dance within forty miles, and talks of standing for the county; so that he has no time to quarrel with his wife or for her, and affronts her twenty times an hour simply by giving her her own way.

To the popularity of this universal favourite, for the restless sociability of his temper is invaluable in a dull country neighbourhood, his wife certainly owes the toleration which bids fair to render her incorrigible. She is fast approaching to the melancholy condition of a privileged person, one put out of the pale of civilized society. People have left off being angry with her, and begin to shrug up their shoulders and say it is her way, a species of placability which only provokes her the more. For my part, I have too great a desire to obtain her good opinion to think of treating her in so shabby a manner; and as it is morally certain that we shall never be friends whilst we visit, I intend to try the effect of non-intercourse, and to break with her outright. If she reads this article, which is very likely, for she takes the New Monthly, (she is really a person of taste,) and I think the title will catch her eye,—if she reads only half a page, she will inevitably have done with me, and with the Magazine. If not, there can hardly be any lack of a sufficient quarrel in her company; and then, when we have ceased to speak or to curtsey, and fairly sent each other to Coventry, there can be no reason why we should not be on as civil terms as if the one lived at Calcutta, and the other at New York.

R.

TO GREECE.

The maids who wreathed the laurel crowns for those
Who fought at Marathon, did never twine
Garlands, O Greece! for nobler sons of thine
Than these—the champions of thy tears and woes.
Nor History in her ample volume shows
More glorious tales—since Fame did first consign
To her the pen of Time, and task divine
To rescue from the dusky stream that flows
Down to oblivion each illustrious name
And fair achievement—than her present page
Shall now disclose, when she shall proudly write
In deathless characters the deeds and fame
Of Grecian heroes, who on this dark age
Have cast the brightness of immortal light.

A. S.

CHARACTERISTIC EPISTLES.—NO. III.

In looking over, with a view to these selections, the delightful collection of letters, with the use of which we have been favoured by their possessor, our only difficulty lies in determining on which our choice shall fall; for in the whole extensive collection we have not met with one which does not merit the title we have affixed to our papers—not one which is not in some way or other "characteristic;" that is to say, which does not either illustrate some general principle of the human heart, or develope some recondite trait of individual character, or let escape some (would-be) secret touch of passion, or set forth some unconscious effect of existing manners. Our choice, therefore, in this and the future papers, will be made chiefly with a view to variety; for in all other respects we should feel certain of pleasing our readers, even though we should take up the letters just as chance may offer them to our hand.

The previous papers were confined to epistles, the subjects of which were immediately connected with theatrical matters. We shall now, for the present, abandon this plan of *classing* our specimens; still, however, keeping among those which depend for their interest on themselves alone, and the value of which no name or want of name can in any material degree change.

Will the reader suspect us, either of not having escaped from our first childhood, or of being at no great distance from our second, if we begin with the letter of a little boy? It is, however, so truly natural, and lively withal, and at the same time so full of incident, that, say what they will, we cannot consent to withhold it. What would the first *literateur* of the day give to be able to write such a letter as this! All the authors of the Scotch novels united could not do it; no, not with Mr. Wordsworth himself to help them!

Cottage, Jan. 5, 1812.

My dear Papa,—I am glad you are well, and my bookcase is coming home this week, and I shall be very much pleased when I see it with all my books in it: And I think you were a very kind papa to send me a one pound note on my birth-day, and I will work very hard at my Latin before you come home, and I shall be happy to see you again, And I have seen the Elephant, and it was not worth seeing, and it was a little black Elephant I think about five feet in length and three feet high, and my mama says it was bigger, and the rabbits have got some young ones, and I drink your health every day after dinner, and so does Mrs. D——: and my mama calls her the butler because she gets the wine up out of the cellar, and my mama always drinks your health first. And I dig in the garden every morning. And the garden looks very nice; and my mama is very well, and Mrs. D—— laughs very often, and the monkey is well, and so is neptune and the gold fish and the birds, and the Poll Parrot is very funny, and bit a piece out of Mrs. D——'s finger, and said "who are you," and I thought it would bite her again, but it did not. And I dined one day at Major W——'s, and the Duke of Sussex dined there too, and my mama could not dine there because she was too ill, and I am going to the Surry Theatre this week, and Mrs. D—— and my mama will go with me, and I hope you will excuse my not writing any more, and I am tired, and I am at your service, your dutiful and your loving son to command

C. J. M.

And I could write much better if I had a good pen, and I thought it was a good one when I first began, but it was not. And I hope you will answer

my letter soon, and I have got plenty of money to pay the postman. And my ma pays me a penny a day for digging in the garden, and I shall work very hard and save all my money to buy books and a poney with, and I hope you will let it stand in the other stall in your stable.

Our next specimen shall be one which is something different from the foregoing, in style at least. If it did not bear the date of "New York," we should say that it was evidently the effusion of some Bombastes Furioso of a provincial assize town in England, in which a "celebrated Irish barrister" had lately made some brilliant and successful appeal to "the acknowledged good sense and discrimination of an English jury." The subject of the letter is to seek. It might as well have been written in *cypher*, for any thing that can be made out as to what it is about. But that need not trouble the reader any more than it did the writer. Upon the whole, it may be offered as an instructive example of what has been called "prose on horseback." The steed, however, has evidently never been broke in, and is, moreover, a little lame into the bargain; but he goes at a great rate nevertheless.

New York, Feb. 11, 1805.

Messrs. T—— & J——.

Gentlemen,—Since my first letter addressed to you, our mutual friend Mr. O—— has been made acquainted with its contents, and in a jocose humour approved of the mode to facilitate the business in question, to gratify public expectation. To be candid, his other comments had a powerful effect, which induced me to write you these lines on account of my not receiving an answer to my first letter.

Gentlemen, if the fluency of thought should precipitate me into an error, be candid, that I may meliorate my language suiting your minds, to prevent a misunderstanding taking place.

There's no doubt but you will agree with me that good humour properly timed, however Planetical, ought to be passed over as a meteor. He that clumsily vents his nonsense may with propriety be compared to a bad amputating instrument, that tortures the patient into the likeness of one of Labrune's Passions. This is not the case with O—— and P——. O, no! a cut from them is as keen as the instrument in the hands of a skilful surgeon; the wound heals, and the patient with good humour bends to superior talents.

Gentlemen, whatever may be your opinion, or the wrong construction of others acquainted with the purport of my letter addressed to you on the eighth instant, is out of my power to say. This I know, that it was far distant from my thoughts to give offence, nor can I conceive any good purpose it would have answered. It is much to be lamented that a depravity of manners is too often prevailing, and may be compared to the raising of a storm. Alas! before the mind abates, much mischief may be done. The oak, in the vigour of its sending forth its branches, after its fall decays for want of nourishment. Figuratively writing, the similarity holds good between the author and players: the one as the body politick, and the other as its branches, whose foliage delight the eye by a display of beauty proceeding from its nourished foundation. Happy are they that act consistent with good moral instruction, by reflecting on the bad consequence attending the injury a well-disposed mind may feel, at seeing the mirror he holds up to nature rudely spoiled by the canker roach, or destroyed by the very men he wished to protect.

The splenetic or malicious man may with brine render the Botanick labour of no effect, till a pure stream eradicate the poison, and disgrace the malcontent. Such are, and it is to be hoped ever will be the disappointment of

those that are evil-minded towards civil society. Gentlemen, do they not merit to be tossed by a bull, or to be considered as fuel for the regions below?

To conclude,

> May authors and managers equal interests sway,
> When honored by principle, that governs their day;
> Melpomene—Thalia—with their expressive face,
> Will then adorn with dignity each play they grace.

That this may be the case with those that are my friends, is the sincere wish of

Yours at command,
J—— M——.

Messrs. T—— & J——, Esqrs.

Let us now, for a while, make brevity the inducement to our choice; for if the foregoing have a fault, it is that they are somewhat of the longest.

The following is quite inimitable in its way.

To ——————

Honourable Sir,—I beg leave to inform you personally and I am in hoaps you will excuse the frailties of youth honoured Sir I am afflicted with that misconduct of geting a wife since I entered your sarvice—Sir if in case you do not take me into your sarvice again, if you would want a porter in town would be very happy to become your slave—Sir I hope you will forgive me, as i choose to remain

Your humble sarvint,
ANDREW G——.

We are somewhat diffident about meddling in matters of conscience, and shall therefore let the following specimen speak for itself; merely adding that nothing was ever more characteristic in its way.

My very dear friend,—I simpothis with you under this very sollom providens, the deth of your sarvant—may our ail wis covenet god by his blessed spirit santefey it to every one of your and my family—may our gratious Lord fill our souls with the oyell of his gras, that we may alwayes be redey—We mist you last night—but the Lord wos with us—may he espeselly be with you and der Mrs. —— your der child and fambley under this visettation prayes your aff nat brother in a der redemer.

J—— O——.

Doctor T—— of No—, Lams Condict Plase tould me yesterday he was goin to part with a good yong woman his hous maid—if you thougt proper to inquier after her you are welcom to mack yous of my name.

6 Jany. 1804.

The following, though in an equally *serious* strain, is somewhat different from the above. *Perhaps* there was no cant in the other: certainly there is none in this. There is, in fact (considering the evident circumstances under which it is written) something touching in its entire simplicity.

To CHARLES MATHEWS, ESQ.

Dear Sir,—I hope you will pardon the liberty I take in writing to you. But the fact is this—I knew your father well, and yourself some years ago heard me preach at the Adelphi Chapel, London. I am an Englishman, and am at present supplying a congregation at Leith—most of them very poor people. We are in want of a bible for our pulpit, and if you would have the goodness to present us with one I should esteem it a singular favor, and

as long as I live will I bear you in my remembrance as a gentleman and a humane character, and I am sure my poor friends would esteem it a mark of the greatest kindness.

I remain, Dear Sir, your very humble and obedient servant,

T—— W——.

We would fain, for the credit of both parties, give the rejoinder which followed the *reply* to this letter; since by that might be gathered the *kind* of reply which was made. But this may not be. We may be permitted to add our suspicion, however, that such letters and replies as these pass oftener between the persons nicknamed *parsons* and *players*, than those who bestow the above titles upon them would have us believe.

There are few begging letters couched in such terms as the following. We have been half afraid to transcribe the above letter, and the two which follow (considering to whom they are addressed) without especial leave—which we should not get. But our excuse, to the only party who would object, is, that they have other merits even greater than that of illustrating the private character of him to whom they are addressed. We cannot help regarding the following as interesting in many points of view—but chiefly for its total want of cant and humbug—which letters written with the object of this are seldom free from; —their absence in this case speaks no less for the addresser than the person addressed.

London, Feb. 5, 1815.

Friend Mathews,—As a man of the world I have not the least doubt but that you will pardon this intrusion. Fortune has dealt very differently by us. To me she has given a wife and large family—to you a wife and (*———). On all your efforts she has very kindly smiled—on all mine she has very unkindly frowned. You are now blessed with plenty—I have scarce the means of procuring a dinner. Your merit renders you deserving of all you have—my follies also render me deserving of all *I* have. You are in stature as near as I guess about five feet ten inches—and that is about my height. Your means enable you to dress fashionably—I have barely the means to dress at all. Now then to the point: if you, sir, have any superfluous articles of dress by you—*particularly* a shirt—(for I have not one—which is the *naked* truth) I will thank you for them, and will for the sake of the giver make much of them. And I shall be also thankful if amongst your numerous friends (who so frequently laugh at you on the stage) you would make a party to laugh at me off the stage. Your friendly compliance with my wishes will, instead of laughing, make me cry with joy.

I am, friend Mathews,
Your greatly obliged and sincere
well-wisher and humble servant,

At Finch's O.P. and P.S. —— —— ——.
Russel Court.

Here is another, the language of which would render it curious and interesting, if nothing else did.

16 July, 1812.

Sir and Brother,—Mr. ———'s compliments to Mr. Mathiws. I ask your pardon if another time I come to give you troble—but noing that you have a generous hart, I pray you, sir, to excuse me. I have been a week very bad —for to mintane me I have pledg all my cloths I had. You ma coll me one empertenent because I come another time to disturb you, but not haven any person in London more sure than your good person, so I toke the liberty

* Illegible in the original.

to wright to you. i pray you for the last time that I come to disturb you to day—i am without a farthing—I recommend myself to you as a good brother mason. What you favored me before, and what I hope to day, I will promise you upon a good free-mason when i get engagement I will return to you. i hope that you will do me this last favour. I shall be very much oblich to you for what great favours you have done for me.

I am Your ombl and obdent
Servant and brother,
——— ———.

The reader may perhaps like another short specimen of French English, or English French—whichever it be; and the rather as it proceeds from a person not a little distinguished in his way, whose name, however, it is not consistent with our plan to affix.

Mon cher, bon, brave, et excellent
Mr. Liston,—J'ai promis à un de mes plus cher amis de le conduire à votre theatre demain mardi—it would be beastly wrong de ne pas tenir parole.—You dearest Liston, pouvez seul me tirer d'embarras, & je suis so convinced de vos bontés toward me, que j'ai presque compté upon you, et en consequence I will take the liberty of calling on you indubitablement to-morrow entre deux et trois. I would be beastly disappointed si je **trouvois visage de bois.*

Yours,
V———.

As we have inadvertently got among these foreign specimens of the epistolary style, perhaps we cannot do better than present the reader with one or two more, which shall conclude our repast for this month. They shall be love-letters, too; a class of composition in which we English do not excel. That the first of the following, however, *is* a love-letter, we judge merely from the fact of its being addressed to a lady of great personal attractions, and from our happening to know that the writer of it never came within eyeshot of such a person *without* being in love with her. We would fain be able to double the value of this epistle, by affixing to it the name borne by the original. But we must once more repeat our determination that these letters shall owe their attractions to their innate merits alone. We may be allowed to add, however, that this universal "Squire of Dames" was an octogenarian at the period of inditing the following; and that, moreover, he has been permitted to kiss, with impunity, the hands of half the princesses of Europe, and is, from his present youthful appearance and undiminished attractions of manner, not unlikely to do the same by the other half before he dies: in which case we may expect him to write an additional volume to that already before the world, detailing the singular history of his life and adventures.

Before transcribing this effusion, there is one passage of it which we cannot help pointing out to the reader's particular attention. It is that, about the middle of the letter, in which he revels in metaphors, hyperboles, similes, and the *un*like. The crowd of ideas that meet together and jostle each other in this passage, added to the mistiness which enwraps the whole from all mortal understanding, render it little less than a finished specimen of the sublime!

Madame.—I beg of you Madame will accept my sincere thank for your kind and charming letter of the 28 of last month, which I had the honor to

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* Idiom.

receeve. Allow me to express the pleasure and happiness I felt on hearing from you, as I had become extremely anxious to know how you are. I trust you are and will continue well for the sake of your friends, in the number of whom I beg I may be allowed to rank myself. I hope, Madam, that you will take all possible car of your health, and also that Mr. M—— is well, to hom I beg my best compliments. I am very glad to hear of his safe return to home from America, at your enchanting and beautiful cottage, which I shall for ever admire. I think that my dear friend Mr. C—— M—— (a few lines to whom I shall add to this letter) has done exceedingly well in travelling to Italy, a country which he will find very favorable to improvem^t^. in that branch of his study. If, however, I may be permitted to express my sentimen^t^s, I am rather hurt at the idea that you, Madam, are left by them. But thos dismal and gloomy events which often we met with, as frozen mist aspect of a deep winter—but most be trust that nature of all things, and as well knowing nature attracte similar nature meet soon together. Therfore, as Sun pip through the dark cloudy sky, disperce the aspect of the winter, melting frosty snow, how joy season when Spring shall put forth her blossams, and summer offer ripened grapess in their return tasted together.

How happy mortals in the cottage, to find abounding happiness to their wish, and by their prisence, Madam, will doubly feel the pleasure of being together, and you be amply repaid for all the uneasiness Madam have suffered in their absence, and be restored to that full enjoyment of pleasure and happiness which Madam so well deserve. As for my shoes,* Dr. H—— wished himselfe to present (them) to the King, and I do not know myselfe what he has done. But when I come to London, (as I am anxious to be ther, pay my respect to you Madam) then I think we will know what he done.

I remain, Madame,
With profound respect,
Your most humble most obedient servant,
J—— B——.

The reader will, perhaps, not like our concluding specimen the less, if it leaves a tear on his countenance, instead of a smile. We have, in fact, seen few things of the kind more truly pathetic. The English itself is not more broken than the heart which dictates it.

To Miss E—— L——.

O dear Betsey!—Again I write you this few line for express you my sorrow at your refuse of shake hands. If you knew what night unpleasant I had to the idée of displeas you, you have a too good heart for not to be sorry for.—O what pain it is for me from you to separate. When I consider there is only two months more, and may be I not shall see you any more. Oh! dreadful moment for me! But one of my consolation, you will be happy then. As to me, I repete you, without you there will be no happiness for me.

Adieu dear Betsey—remember sometime your faithful unfortunate, who will not cease to think of you. Louis.

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* If the reader has ever seen a pair of shoes worn by the writer of this letter, he will be at no loss to unravel the mystery of this passage. If not, we are compelled to leave him in his ignorance.

EPISTLE TO B—— F————, ESQ.

In imitation of Pope.

Haud passibus æquis.

But just return'd from Australasian shores,
Rich in rare plants, and scientific stores,
Gazing around you with bewilder'd eye,
" What 's this?—stands London where it did?" you cry.—
Alas! dear F—, no wonder that the clown
Exclaim'd—" Gadzooks! why Lunnun's out of town."—
Ask you by what disease 'tis bloated thus?—
A giant wen, a Titan Polypus;
Bursting with brick and mortar every vein,
Spreads the huge carcase o'er the circling plain.
Where fields, parks, groves but lately soothed thine eyes,
Squares, places, quadrants endlessly arise;
While streets that intersect a thousand ways,
Make the whole scene a labyrinthine maze,
No more a city, but a province, thick
With houses sown—a wilderness of brick.

This is Improvement's age:—we grant as much,
If pulling down and building up be such;
If architecture's rules we may neglect,
And most enrich the poorest architect,
That which was wisely hidden give to view,
Remove old eyesores, and establish new.

If here and there some purer pile be placed,
Free from the blunders of distorted taste,
How many still offend the classic eye,
With wild caprice, or dull deformity,
And from their barbarous fronts defiance throw
To all the rescripts of Palladio,
An order of disorder, true to none,
Or form'd of all confounded into one.

See the grand street! each paltry tenement,
Mean in materials, meaner in extent,
Whose lath and brick-work through thin stucco gleams,
Soak'd by a shower, or crack'd by solar beams,
Their poverty more inconsistent made,
(Like beggars dress'd in tatters of brocade,)
By porticoes that half the building hide,
Rams-horn pilasters popp'd on either side,
Each tottering pillar an inverted cone,
Made to support all weights, except its own,
And balustrades at top whose ponderous row
Squeezes the shallow pediment below;—
Parts disproportion'd to the end design'd,
Tasteless when separate, and worse combined,
Flimsily executed, proudly plann'd,
Pompously mean, and pitifully grand.

Nor do our private buildings show alone
These wild anomalies of brick and stone;
Blindly to Christian churches we transfer
The types and emblems of the Idolater:
The skull and garlands of the victim ox,—
Why not the knives and sacrificial blocks?

The tripod's base, whose use no soul can guess,—
Why not the tripod and the Pythoness?
The lantern of Diogenes resigns
Its Pagan purpose, and a belfry shines :—
Such the dull freaks of plagiarists in stone,
Who know not others' meanings, nor their own.

If among heathen temples they must search
Emblems to deck th' exterior of the church,
For its internal structure they prefer
The model of some gaudy theatre,
Fitted for souls polite, who cannot pray
Unless the place remind them of the play,
And deem all sermons doubly orthodox,
At which they slumber in a private box.

Here is the logio and the colonnade,
Wisely invented in the South for shade,
Form'd but to chill and darken where the sun
We seldom see, and never wish to shun.
There, is the modern Gothic, where we seek
In vain the genuine features of the antique,
A motley pile where every age has thrown
Some heterogeneous fragments of its own,
To all false taste impertinently true,
As old unreverenced, and scorn'd as new.

At least, you cry, our higher ranks ensure
Patrons more wise, and models less impure ;
Some classic structure will their zeal provide,
To grace the present, and the future guide.
Turn to our teachers, and that hope withdraw ;
Behold a cottage-palace thatch'd with straw,
Or view that gew-gaw bauble by the sea,
Each barbarism's dread epitome.
Kremlin, Alhambra, and Pagoda join
Their own, and every Vandal fault purloin,
To show at once whatever can displease
In Tartar, Russ, Moor, Savage, or Chinese,
Without——a nondescript that all deride,
A mere bazaar and baby-house inside,
Poor in effect, though mighty in pretence,
And only truly royal in expense.

Strange that our artists should new names devise,
In works like these their share to signalise,
And from posterity desire the shame
Of having built what every age must blame.
Lucky! their works, too crumbling to abide,
With rapid ruin will defeat their pride,
And both shall lie in joint oblivion wreck'd,
The flimsy pile, and nameless architect.

H.

LONDON LETTERS TO COUNTRY COUSINS.

LETTER I.—THE WILD BEASTS' BANQUET.

To my Cousin Frank.

There 's no resisting your flatteries, my dear Frank; so that I shall at once agree to comply with your wishes, and that of the circle of which you are the eloquent mouth-piece, and employ some of my idle mornings, and my wandering, desultory, and (as you are pleased to term it) "agreeable pen," in describing some of the peculiar external features of London town, in the year eighteen hundred and twenty-four; for, to say the truth, the various "Pictures," "Guides," &c. which you desire me to send in your next package, are likely to do something worse than leave you in the dark relative to the subjects of your inquiry; inasmuch as false impressions, on any point, lead us farther from the real ones than if we remain without any.

Candour, however, which, you know, is one of my fortes (or foibles, if it so please you), impels me to confess that there is a little, or perhaps not a little, selfishness mixed with my goodnature, in thus so promptly answering to your wishes; for, besides the pleasure that I always feel when I am employed in penning down a fact, a sentiment, a description, or a witticism, that I know is, on reaching its destination, to be opened by friendly hands, and read aloud by cordial voices, and smiled upon by fair eyes, and then locked up till to-morrow or next day, to be brought out again in order to settle a dispute as to the precise information which it did or did not convey on a certain point or person—I say, besides the anticipation of all this,—which is equivalent to the power of projecting one's being forward in its course—to say nothing of its enabling one to live and move in two or three places at once,—besides all this, I reckon on its procuring me another very great advantage, by saving me the trouble (which I suppose I must not otherwise have shrunk from) of *talking* to you, when you come up to town a year or so hence, all that I shall now be enabled *to write*: which, for one whose tongue is to his pen what a Dutch diligence is to an English mail, would be no slight undertaking.

Having premised thus much, let me add a few words as to the sort and degree of information you are likely to get from me; for I must not permit you to disappoint yourself (or me) by expecting what you will assuredly not receive. My mind, you must know, is like nothing in the world so little as the Encyclopedia Britannica, where all existing kinds of useful (and useless) knowledge are arranged "in alphabetical order." It is not much more like Mr. Southey's Commonplace Book, where a multiplicity of curious matters are to be met with, that nobody living but Mr. Southey ever met with before; the whole paged, indexed, and arranged "in apple-pie order"—to be used as occasion and the Quarterly Review may require. Still less is it a "technical repository" of dry facts, dull details, dogmatical opinions, doubts, distances, and days of the month. In fact, it is much easier for me to tell you what it is *not* like, than what it is; unless I may compare it to one of those magic mirrors which have the power of calling up, at the will of the lucky possessor, the superficial images of all the *pleasant* objects that have ever passed before it, and of shewing them all through

a thin haze, which, while it renders them somewhat indistinct, and capable of occasionally being mistaken for other than what they actually are, at the same time casts over them a certain "*couleur de rose*," which prevents them from ever assuming a *dis*-agreeable aspect. In short, I have lived long enough in the world to discover that there is "good in every thing," and that it is our own fault if we meddle with any thing *but* the good.

From this you will perhaps be able to judge as to the general purport and tendency of the information (if such it should deserve to be called) which I shall convey to you. As to the particular nature of that information, I shall endeavour to make it tally, as nearly as my desultory habit will permit, with what you have suggested in the letter in which—by means of certain gracefully-offered "golden opinions," as to my peculiar capabilities for the task you require me to undertake —you have contrived to bribe me to undertake it.

With respect to the precise subject of each letter, and the order in which I shall place them, I fancy this must be left a good deal to the choice of chance—if there be such things as either choice or chance. At all events, much will depend on the mood in which I may find my pen on calling upon it to perform its duty: for all I can ever reckon upon beforehand is, that *it will write;* but whether its movements, at any given moment, will adapt themselves to the solemn pace of sentiment, or the sober march of description, or the gay flights of fancy, or the bright zig-zags of wit, or the merryandrew motions of mere nonsense,—is more than I can answer for. But thus much I can promise —that you shall be able to anticipate, from the party to whom any given letter shall be addressed, something as to the kind of matter it is likely to contain; for I should be sorry to have my "wise saws and modern instances" meted out to ears that are awake only to laughter, or my jokes fall still-born, or have their points broken off, by coming jostling against a premeditated gravity.

Having said thus much by way of introduction, you will be pleased, on reaching this point, to hand over this first epistle to the only one of your party, who, being *feræ naturæ* himself, is likely to appreciate it—namely, my cousin Reuben.

Of all the banquets on record or not on record, Reuben,—from those of the heroes in Homer downwards,—commend me to the banquet of the beasts at Exeter 'Change! The Lord Mayor's feast is a fool to it; and the coronation banquet itself (seeing that there was no Queen present at it) was but a *half-crown ordinary* in comparison!

I disclaim all insidious or invidious allusions; but let me ask, what alderman of the whole corporation can preside in so portly a manner, feed so cleanly, or consume so much at a meal, (and this latter qualification I take to be the measure of merit in the matter of eating, and the point to which the palm must be conceded,)—which of them all, I say, can in these particulars pretend to compare with alderman Elephant, who takes off a cart-load of carrots by way of dessert—washes them down with a washing-tub of water—and then wipes his trunk on a truss of hay by way of a towel, and eats it afterwards? And as for the late banquet at Westminster Hall,—it would, to be sure, not be legitimate to look upon that merely as an affair of eating; but I should be

glad to know how it can be compared, even in other respects, with the one I am about to describe to you? Which of the peeresses, in the plenitude of her plumes, (borrowed from the ostrich upstairs) could compete in beauty with the panther, who sits down to dinner *in puris naturalibus?* The lords may boast of their furred robes, for each of which they are indebted to whole hecatombs of innocent little ermines; but the leopard may laugh at them all,—for *his* furred robe is furnished him by Nature herself, and would put to shame the workmanship of all the robemakers-royal in Christendom; and he can afford to wear it every day, because he gets a new one from the same source every year, without paying any thing for it.

But do you twit me with the lions-kings-at-arms, the champions, and the royal epicures themselves, who graced and glorified the banquet that I am, by comparison, depreciating? It shall go hard but, in reply, I will furnish you with worthy *pendants* for them all, and more, from among the company that grace *our* banquet. What royal epicure, though he were descended from Heliogabalus himself, would dare to dine on a liege subject of England, and he a captain of grenadiers,—as did the cousin-german of the royal tiger that is here? And as for the champion, who had the courage to ride into the hall on horseback in the presence of his lawful sovereign,—I fancy he would not have waited to ride out again *backwards*, if his royal master had insisted on his putting his head into a lion's mouth—as the man does here!

And now, Reuben, since I can perceive, by the significant looks of all the circle, that they are somewhat scandalized at these profane parallels of mine, and are moreover not prepared properly to appreciate the merits of the feast that I would introduce them to—that good Aunt Silence would be horrified at seeing the great serpent swallow a live chicken, though she allows the cat an extra cup of milk for every mouse he catches—that Rose would be petrified at the roar of the lion, and Phœbe actually faint at the idea of the no-better-than cannibals (as she would call them) eating their meat so underdone—and that, as for Frank, he had rather be present at the *petit souper* of a pack of hounds than a whole wilderness of wild beasts;—all this, I say, being evident, let you and I go by ourselves: so on with your wishing cap—that is to say, fancy yourself here in the Middle Temple with me—and as the Temple clock is now striking half-past seven, we'll sally forth, and shall just reach the place of our destination in time to look about us before the elephant rings for his cloth to be laid for supper.

Having received the awkward obeisance of the mock beef-eater at the bottom of the stairs, and followed the direction of the be-written walls, which tell us at every turn that "this is the way to the wild beasts," we reach the pay-place, and deposit our three and sixpences, nothing loth, in the hands of a pretty demure-looking maiden who sits confined there like a bird in a cage; remarking, by the by, that but for her pleasant looks, we should somewhat object to the high price of admission.

As we are to see the whole of this extraordinary exhibition, we will comply with the pretty money-taker's desire, and "please to walk up stairs first"—reserving the great banquetting-room for the *bonne*

bouche. The first room we enter is long and low, and lighted (or rather *not* lighted) by one dismal lamp; and its inhabitants are chiefly birds. We will therefore not give much time to it; for of all caged creatures, one would suppose that a bird is the least able to bear its lot patiently—and of all birds, an eagle—of which there are several here. Not that we come here to lament over the condition of the objects we meet with;—and for my own part, I doubt whether any of them were ever better off than they are at present. At all events, we will leave our friend P— to institute a comparative inquiry of this kind, and to concoct an eloquent and pathetic paper on the subject, for the New Monthly Magazine, in which he will doubtless determine the exact effects producible on the animal mind by a transfer of the body to which it is appended, from " native forests, boundless deserts, and trackless skies," to a wooden cage three feet square. In the mean time, we will proceed in our examination,—admitting, however, by the way, that there *is* something bordering on the melancholy in the appearance of an *eagle* under the condition in which we find him here—that, as some one has compared a poet under certain circumstances (I forget what) to "a sick eagle gazing at the sky," so we can scarcely refrain from returning the compliment, and comparing the great eagle that sits moping here, to a poet confined in the King's Bench, without either pens, ink, or paper! This comparison, however, will be applicable only when the present Insolvent Act is repealed; so that here is another cogent reason for the said repeal—" for which, as in duty bound, your petitioners will never pray, &c."

This room contains a great variety of other birds; among which are some beautiful Belearic cranes, with crests on their heads in the form of crowns; two extremely curious eagles of a description not to be found in books of natural history; and some birds that you will remember to have heard of at school, Reuben. " Rara avis in terris, nigroque simillima Cygno." Night, however, is not the time to see this part of the show; so we will just glance at a few of the other objects in this room, and then pay our respects to Bob, and the great boa constrictor, in the next. Here is the bison, a relative of whom, under the feigned name of the bonassus, lately enlivened every dead wall in the metropolis and its environs, and the whole fraternity of whom we consequently abhor almost as much as we do " Warren's Blacking" for the same reason. Next door neighbour to the above is a pretty animal that they dignify with the name of a wild horse; but which you, Reuben, would desire nothing better than to mount, on an open common, without saddle or bridle; and I'd back you to keep on him at least as well as Mazeppa did by the aid of all his cords. It has the head and neck of a zebra, but in other respects " would make a clever hackney for any timid elderly gentleman in want of such a horse."

The only other animals we will stay to notice in this room are two beautiful little creatures of the antelope tribe, with spiral horns, and eyes like Mahomet's houris; and another of the same species, called the lama, used in the Peruvian mines.

But hark! the clock strikes eight, and the elephant hears and replies to it; so that we shall but just have time to take a look at the next room, and then repair to the more noisy attractions of the banquet below

This room contains a vast variety of the smaller species of foreign birds, and a few small animals—such as monkies, &c. But what we have come to see is shut up in that great deal press, the front of which lets down with hinges, and leaves the whole interior, with its contents, exposed to the view and even the touch of the spectators—for it is not found necessary to interpose any safeguard before this most terrific-looking of all the animal tribe. And it is lucky that this is the case; for Bob, who has the care of this animal, has made such good use of the *buonamano's* he has received in the course of the day, that he is not in the best condition to protect us in case of danger. But Bob has too strong a sense of natural justice to forego what has, time out of mind, been "his custom always of an afternoon,"—merely to accommodate the idle habits of other people. If you visit him and his charge at a proper hour, you'll find him in a proper condition to do the honours of the visit; and this is all that can in reason be required of him. But I believe I need not have made this apology for him. I 've heard it whispered in your village, Reuben, that the Vicar's steed knows as well, if not better, when his reverend burthen is tipsy, than the said burthen does itself; and I rather think it is the same with Bob and the Boa. You see he has by this time let down the side of the serpent's house, and taken off the blankets which covered him; and there the monster lies, black, twisted, and self-involved, like one of your late writing-master's flourishes. I question whether any one ever looked at this extraordinary creature for the first time, without feeling a cold shudder creep through every part. It is a sort of object that (for what reason I know not) we never form an adequate conception of beforehand. The one before us is fourteen feet long, and is entirely covered with a brilliant coating of black, picked out with a sort of whitish yellow; the whole varnished like the face of a picture. The head and neck are much smaller, and of lighter colour, than the rest of the body—the largest part of which is perhaps a foot and a half in circumference;—and the tail diminishes in size almost to a point. But perhaps the most striking part of this singular creature, and the sight of which affects the spectator in the most extraordinary manner, is the tongue; which, at the approach or touch of any person, it puts out of its mouth (without appearing to open the latter) and moves about with a quick flickering motion, accompanied by a low hissing noise. The part that it puts out of the mouth is about an inch and a half long, and divided into two about half way down from the extremity—each portion being about the thickness of a small quill. Bob (whose word, by the by, I would not take for so much as Hamlet offered to take the Ghost's) told me, the last time I saw this creature, that it had the day before eaten three live fowls, "feathers and all," and ten pounds of beef. Though I don't know why I should suspect him of exaggeration in this, when he adds that it never eats more than once in a fortnight, and sometimes not for months together. It is perfectly harmless and quiet—never attempting to move out of the case or cupboard in which it lies; and the only indication it ever gives of the kind and degree of power that it possesses is when you place your hand between the side of its box and any part of it that happens to be lying there—in which case it presses against your hand, and if you were not prepared to slip it away immediately, would crush it. But we are spending more of our time here than we

intended, or can afford; so taking leave of Bob and his charge, without waiting for his "true and particular account" of its "life, character, and behaviour," we will at once descend to the great room which we came principally to see.

This room does really contain a magnificent collection of objects—such a one as probably was never before collected together in modern times. The whole of the hither end is occupied by the huge bulk of the elephant, which reaches from side to side, and from the floor to the ceiling, and is divided from the rest of the room by solid beams of wood banded with iron, which cross each other in the form of a grating. At the opposite end is the great lion, gazing around him with the air of an imprisoned emperor, and swishing his tail about, "as a gentleman swishes his cane." All along the right-hand side of the room are dens containing seven or eight other lions, male and female, of different ages and species, besides tigers, leopards, panthers, hyenas, porcupines, &c. And on the left side is a fine Arabian camel. They are all at this time on the *qui vive;* but there is an air of doubt and uncertainty about them all, as they have not yet heard the signal (of a blow on the gong), which immediately precedes their feeding. At length that signal is given, outside the room, and unexpectedly by the visitors; and then the scene which instantly takes place has in it a most extraordinary mixture of the terrific and the agreeable. A huge discordant roar bursts from almost every den at the same moment; and the inhabitants of each rush against the bars, rampant, and with their eyes flashing fire, and seem on the point of tearing their way into the open space where the spectators are standing. And yet in the midst of all, we feel that pleasantest of all securities, which exists in the presence of, and almost in contact with, danger and death. We are here surrounded, and as it were, looked upon, by death under its most frightful form; and yet we hold our life as securely as if we were seated by our own hearths. I know of no other situation of the kind that can be compared with this. In other cases, if we would feel the *sense* of danger we must *encounter* danger; we cannot *feel* it without *fearing* it: but here we can enjoy all the stimulus of the one, without suffering the debasing and counteracting effects of the other. To have experienced a storm at sea, or been present in a great battle, and escaped from them, are fine things doubtless; but who would risk the danger for the after pleasure? The situation nearest to the one before us is that of sailing on a calm ocean, and feeling that there is nothing between us and the fathomless abyss below, but a deal plank. Or perhaps the standing in a coal-mine in the midst of the fire-damp, and holding in one's hand a lighted safety-lamp, is a still stronger example of the presence of danger and safety together, or rather of the actual *contact* of them; for there is actually *nothing* intervening between the light of the lamp and the matter which it is to act upon—nothing but a stratum of that matter itself, which is not sufficiently heated to permit the communication of the flame. But in both these instances, though the danger is *there*, we do not *see* it, and therefore do not *feel* it—we only, or chiefly feel the *safety*. But here, the danger is visible to our eyes—it rings and rattles in our ears—it actually moves our whole frames;—for the roarings and rampings of the beasts shake the very building in which we stand. And yet here we stand, as if it were a mere *performance* that we were wit-

nessing—an imitation, and not the real thing. But that it *is* the real thing, is the secret of the pleasure, or whatever else it is to be called, that we derive from it. In fact, it is sought after on the same principle that we go to see a public execution: and if I might venture to say so much in the presence of ladies, I would add that the measure of the satisfaction to be derived from exhibitions of this nature is, the degree of healthful strength of nerve in the deriver of it. If the habits of modern life had not wasted away the nerves of our nobility and gentry to mere gossamers, and thus rendered nervousness an indispensable qualification for a fine lady,—changing "a disease to a commodity,"—we should have combats of gladiators and athletæ, and battles of wild beasts, as they had in days of old; and the ladies would distribute the prizes at them! But the looks of some of the said ladies warn me that I am treading on tender ground; so I return to my descriptions.

The gong sounds—the beasts (losing all sense of courtly decorum) seem ready to burst from their dens—and a man with an *iron hand*, who acts as carver to the royal banquet, apportions out the different meats on the sideboard, and proceeds to deliver them in the order of precedence which the guests seem naturally to claim;—the great lion being served first, then the lioness, (for royalty supersedes politeness among beasts as well as men); and then the inferior guests,—from the younger branches of the blood royal, through the nobility of leopards, tigers, panthers, &c. down to the monkeys that chatter and make mops and mows all the while, like the little dwarfs and fools of the old courts. The guests not being troubled with delicate appetites and squeamish stomachs, the cates served up on the occasion are, as you may suppose, *not* "composed of all the delicacies of the season." On the contrary, the first course consists of bare bones,—the thigh, leg, and knuckle bones of an ox—which are thrown into the dens through a small opening at the bottom in front. And when they have had time to discuss these sufficiently, and to whet their appetite upon them instead of satisfying it, they receive the meat which had been previously cut off.

I shall only notice, in particular, the behaviour of the chief guests on this occasion, lest my account of the feast should last longer than the feast itself. Nero, the great lion, who, until the sound of the gong, and the receipt of his ration, had maintained a becoming majesty of deportment, immediately descended from the centre of his gravity, and roared, growled, and flew about his den, exactly like a wild beast!—urged to this unseemly behaviour (I confess) by the irritating conduct of the man with the iron hand—who approached him to a disrespectful nearness, and pretended to be about to take away his plate before he had done with it.—The consort royal (who is a beast of extraordinary personal charms, and of most gentle manners,) conducted herself in a very different, and perhaps a no less characteristic style. When the bare bones were given to her, she took one of them (a long thigh bone of an ox) into her mouth, without touching it with her fingers as all the rest did—and proceeded to march deliberately round and round her den with it; and this she continued to do after she had been served with the second course, of meat,—and indeed, during the whole time that the banquet lasted;

as much as to indicate, to whomsoever it might concern, that *she* knew better what became her birth and station than to eat in the presence of observers. I confess there seemed to me a little affectation in this—a little over-niceness; especially as a royal cousin of hers,—a queen-duchess, who is said to partake in some of *her* propensities, and who at present reigns by divine *right*, as *she* used to do in her native woods by quite as good a title, namely, divine *might*,—does not deem it beneath her dignity to dine in the presence of her admiring subjects.

The only other personage whose conduct I shall notice on this occasion, is the elephant; and it offers a singular contrast to that of the rest of the guests. Amidst all the stir, hubbub, and turmoil that I have described above, *he* remains grave, silent, and self-possessed—his lithe proboscis weaving fantastic wreaths in the air outside the bars of his den, as we flourish with our finger when we are thoughtlessly thoughtful, and his huge bulk rising through the half-darkness behind, like a deeper shadow in the midst of shade. And when he of the iron hand comes to wait upon him in his turn, he still maintains the same philosophic gravity, and does every thing that he is bid with the air of one who is not afraid to disobey, but who is willing to serve since circumstances have made servitude his lot. There is in fact something extremely interesting in the behaviour of this extraordinary animal,—who seems to possess a *ten horse power*, only that he may exercise it with the gentleness and docility of a well-conditioned child. He obeys his keeper in the minutest particulars, and without the slightest hesitation or doubt, though his orders are issued without any change of tone or manner from that in which he is almost at the same moment addressing the spectators, or answering their questions. Indeed, the elephant's natural sagacity seems to have enabled him to reach that happiest consummation at which even the human mind can arrive—namely, the faculty of adapting itself to the circumstances in which it is placed, and "doing its spiriting gently," whatever it may be.

In conclusion, there are two things to which I decidedly object in this feast; both of them appertaining to the treatment of the chief partaker of it—the great lion. The first is the unhandsome manner in which his feelings are tampered with, by pretending to take away his food after it is given to him, merely that he may be induced to "exaggerate his voice," and roar for the recreation of the spectators;—thus depriving him of that privilege which is allowed even to convicts and felons themselves, of eating their meal in peace. The next and more important circumstance, is their choosing to indignify him with the name of Nero. This latter I hold to be low treason at the least, if not high. They might as well dub him a member of the Holy Alliance at once! And to say the truth, I should not object to this, if the other members of that august body would occasionally admit him to their meetings!—But to call the king of beasts by the name of one who was scarcely worthy to be a king of men, is a manifest libel; and the Constitutional Association should look to it. Adieu for the present.

Your loving Cousin,

Terence Templeton.

THE REVELLERS.

Ring, joyous chords!—yet again, again!
A swifter still, and a wilder strain!
They are here!—the fair face and the careless heart,
And stars shall wane ere the mirthful part.
—But I met a dimly-mournful glance,
In a sudden turn of the flying dance;
I heard the tone of a heavy sigh,
In a pause of the thrilling melody;
And it is not well that Woe should breathe
On the bright spring-flowers of the festal wreath;
—Ye that to Thought or to Grief belong,
    Leave, leave the Hall of Song!

Ring, joyous chords!—but who art *Thou*
With the shadowy locks o'er thy pale young brow,
And the world of dreaming gloom that lies
In the misty depths of thy soft dark eyes?
—Thou hast loved, fair girl! thou hast loved too well!
Thou art mourning now o'er a broken spell,
Thou hast pour'd thy heart's rich treasures forth,
And art unrepaid for their priceless worth!
—Mourn on! yet come thou not *here* the while,
It is but a pain to see thee smile!
There is not a tone in our songs for thee,
    —Home with thy sorrows flee!

Ring, joyous chords!—yet again, again!
—But what dost *thou* with the revel's train?
A silvery voice through the soft air floats,
But thou hast no part in the gladdening notes;
There are bright young faces that pass thee by,
But they fix no glance of thy wandering eye!
Away! there's a void in thy yearning breast,
Thou weary man! wilt thou *here* find rest?
Away! for thy thoughts from the scene have fled,
And the love of *thy* spirit is with the dead!
Thou art but more lone midst the sounds of mirth:
    —Back to thy silent hearth!

Ring, joyous chords!—yet again, again!
A swifter still, and a wilder strain!
—But *thou*, though a reckless mien be thine,
And thy cup be crown'd with the foaming wine,
By the fitful bursts of thy laughter loud,
By thine eye's quick flash through its troubled cloud,
I know thee!—it is but the wakeful fear
Of a haunted bosom, that brings thee here!
I know thee!—thou fearest the lonely Night,
With her piercing stars, and her deep wind's might!
There's a tone in her voice which thou fain wouldst shun,
For it asks what the secret soul hath done!
And thou—there's a dark weight on thine—Away!
    —Back to thy home, and pray!

Ring, joyous chords!—yet again, again!
A swifter still, and a wilder strain!
And bring new wreaths!—We will banish all
Save the free in heart, from our festive hall.
On through the maze of the fleet dance, on!
—But where are the young and the lovely?—gone!

Where are the brows with the fresh rose crown'd?
And the floating forms with the bright zone bound?
And the waving locks and the flying feet,
That still should be where the mirthful meet?
—They are gone—they are fled—they are parte d all—
—Alas! the forsaken Hall! F. H.

GRIMM'S GHOST.

LETTER XX.

Joshua Pinchbeck.

You tell me, my dear Mr. Pinchbeck, that you have never yet explored the country beyond Stratford-le-Bow on the East, Hammersmith on the West, Holloway Turnpike on the North, and the Windmill upon Clapham Common on the South: you add, that you can now well afford to look a little about you, and you call upon the devil to fetch you if you will take it as you have done: you conclude with intimating an intention of spending a fortnight "somewhere or another" a hundred miles from town, and with doing me the honour of asking my advice as to the spot to be fixed upon for your rural sojourn. Feeling as I do in my own mind a laudable impartiality upon that subject, all parts of the country being to me pretty much upon a par, let me advise you to pack your portmanteau, and mounting a hackney-coach, to desire the driver to convey you either to the Elephant and Castle in Saint George's Fields, or to the White Horse Cellar in Piccadilly, whichsoever the said driver pleaseth. As the distance from your residence in Guildford-street to the former of these houses of call is greater than to the latter, and consequently the coach-fare higher, I assume it as an admitted proposition that you will have been conveyed to the Elephant and Castle. A variety of importunate messengers, commonly called *cads*, will here have surrounded you, and will have been very urgent in their inquiries as to the coach by which you are going to quit London. If you possess the equitable feeling upon that subject which appertains to the writer of this letter, you will have told one of them to pitch your portmanteau into the first on the stand: "Where-ever fate shall lead me," as John Kemble used to say in the Stranger. The old man in green spectacles and pepper and salt whole gaiters, who faces you on the coach, will have informed you that the present wet weather, if it continues, will thin the watering-places; and the young woman with the little hand-basket on your left, will have been eyed by the young man her brother on the roof, at every change of horses, to ascertain that she has not, like Harlequin Lun, leaped through the coach-window. I omit dwelling, at any length, upon the sage in a grey stubble beard, who proffered you pears to sell at the end of the second stage, or upon the cleanly middle-aged woman in a mob cap, who asked you, at the close of the third, if you wanted any nice ducks, protruding, while speaking, a basket containing half a dozen defunct waddlers. A stage passenger, however hungry, cannot well make a luncheon upon a raw duck, and therefore the thing may appear strange, but I will make affidavit of its having occurred to you once, if not oftener, before the close of your journey.

You have now, my dear Joshua Pinchbeck, alighted at the Roe-

buck, a decent-looking inn with a rough-cast coating, the gilt horns and hoofs of the animal which forms the sign, being softened down and relieved by a pictured punchbowl in its rear. I make no account of your landlord; gifted with a red waistcoat, and a nose of the same colour, his duty seems to be confined to smoking and gazing vacantly at the horses heels: the real man of business is the wife. The room into which you are shown has a faded and heel-worn Turkey-carpet in its centre: its extremities consist of plain deal boards. Over the sideboard is a sampler worked by the landlady's mother, subscribed "Fear the Lord. Jane Mills: 4 July, 1764." Your dinner being ordered, viz. mutton-chops, potatoes, and French beans, you make a tour of the room to survey the portraits that adorn its walls. These consist of the Marquess of Granby in cracked glass; a man in a scarlet hunting frock, flying over a five-barred gate with seventeen hounds, and a fox sweeping up the back-ground; Sky-scraper, belonging to his Grace of Queensbury, held by the bridle by a groom in a jockey-cap; His late Majesty, in the third position, engraved from a full-length portrait by Gainsborough; Queen Charlotte with a high toupee, from ditto; and Harry Bunbury's Country Club. There is also a map of the county, printed in the year 1779, suspended over the fire-place, rather yellow from age, and not hanging particularly straight. After satisfying yourself with these curiosities, you look at your watch; and, finding that it wants an hour and a half to dinner-time, you determine to take a survey of the town. Standing on the threshold of the Roebuck, you cast your eyes to the left, and behold one of the projecting parts of the Town Hall, in Saint Peter's-street. You then look toward the right, and you see the dwarf wall of the churchyard in Saint Faith's-street. In the meantime, crockeryware, intermixed with hay, adorns the pavement of the market-place in front: a grunting hog, with a rope tied to his left leg, is driven with difficulty past your footpath; and the barber in his white apron, and the butcher in his blue one, stand at their respective doors. At this period, my dear Joshua, you are seized with a fit of moralizing. You say to yourself—"Alas! among all these busy crowds what individual here cares a button for me! Is there a man, woman, or child, among them, who would give a sixpenny piece to prevent my tumbling down in an apoplectic fit?" In answer to this inquiry, I have only to say, in the words of Doctor Johnson to James Boswell, "My dear Sir, clear your mind of cant." Only reflect, upon a moderate calculation, what a number of respectable hardware-men like yourself, my dear Joshua, quit London every September in quest of the coy goddess Hygeia. If every man, woman, and child, in every country town, were to care for every such civic emigrant, at the rate of sixpence a head, pray consider what a sum it would amount to at the year's end. My dear Sir, they could not afford it: their means are too circumscribed. Besides, Joshua, have the goodness to reflect how many sixpenny-pieces *you* care for *them*. Plain-dealing is a jewel. Do not expect the reciprocity to be all on one side.

Passing the hatter's shop, where all the articles are ticketed with their respective prices, you now passed over a pretty smart new bridge, and had your coat well dusted by steering under the wake of a corn-mill. The blacksmith's forge shone bright on the opposite side of the way,

and the proprietor had the hind leg of a cart-horse in his leather-coated lap. The smart white house, with a polished door-plate, could only appertain to George Moss, attorney-at-law. The next range of old brick tenements consisted of St. Leonard's Alms-houses, founded in 1628, by Gregory Robinson, citizen and usurer; his snub-nosed bust adorning the centre. This holy foundation being passed, I see you enter the churchyard. The south door of the church is, as a matter of course, adorned on either side by a stone cherub, hunching up the small remnant of his shoulders, with a face expressive rather of pleasure than of pain; and no wonder, Joshua, pressed as he is with *peine fort et dure*, arising from a stone tablet on his chest, and the weight of the whole building on his back. You preferred not giving the sexton a shilling for looking at the interior of the edifice, and, therefore, strolled among the tombstones in the churchyard. The first monumental inscription which you here encountered, was "Affliction sore long time I bore;" the second was "Weep not for me, my parents dear," upon a wooden tombstone, (why not as well as a glass inkhorn?) much overgrown with nettles; the third was not legible, being appurtenant to a defunct mayor, enriched by smuggling, and consequently hemmed in by iron palisades from vulgar inspection. You now sat you down, Joshua, upon the aforesaid dwarf wall, which girded the cemetery, and you forthwith opened an additional vein of moralizing. You pondered, in good set sentiments, upon the frail tenure under which life is held; and you asked yourself of what use is the ceaseless toil which men undergo in the acquisition of wealth, when, sooner or later, death must level all in the dust. It grieves me much, Joshua, to check such fine feelings by mere computation: but do it I must. Your mathematician is a sore enemy to your moralizer: he is to him what the housemaid's broom is to the web of Arachne. If death were *not* common to all men; or, in other words, if all men who were ever born were permitted to continue to live, I have ascertained, Mr. Pinchbeck, by an arithmetical calculation, that long before the close of the year 1824, this whole globe would be peopled by natives as thickly stowed as the mob at the ensuing Brentford Election. How such a mass of population is to be fed, clothed, and lodged, I leave it to Jeremy Bentham to ascertain. Until that philosopher has surmounted that difficulty, I am perfectly well satisfied to leave things as they are, and to let the dead make way for the living. Not that you and I, Joshua, mean to take our departure quite so early as the rest of mankind: no, there are two exceptions in our favour: I will allow you to reach the age of old Parr, 152: for myself, I mean to be considerably above par; my precedent is Henry Jenkins, who attained 169,—that's my span.

I heartily wish, Joshua, that the modern world produced one hundredth part of the number of kind fathers, indulgent husbands, virtuous wives, and dutiful children, that one meets with in a churchyard. One's virtues have a strange knack of lying perdue till the sexton calls them forth. We are absolutely like so many potatoes, the best part of us is underground. After pondering for half an hour upon these monuments of departed excellence, I will now take you back toward the Roebuck with gilt hoofs and horns, in quest of your mutton chop and French beans. Upon casting, however, a "lingering look behind," at the church clock (over which, by the way, you found the pole of the

weathercock bent by time into the attitude of the Tower at Pisa,) you ascertained that it wanted half an hour to dinner-time. You, therefore, on re-arriving at the mill-dam, took a letter from your coat pocket, and tore it into divers little boats, which you set afloat on the east side of the bridge, and then stept across to see them make their re-appearance on the west. Some few of them arrived safe under the mill, but the majority were engulphed in the black, bubbling, and remorseless eddy. This pastime is much in vogue among regimental lieutenants in country quarters. Whilst at dinner, Joshua, you asked the names of the two families who represented the borough, and found that one of them was in the Tory or blue interest, and the other in the Whig or yellow. The blues and the yellows you found were much at loggerheads about three years ago, when the town stood a contested election; but for this twelvemonth past, you ascertained that both those colours dwelt in contiguous harmony, as they are wont to do on the fly-leaf of the Edinburgh Review. The landlord had small beer, but could not venture to recommend it: his mild ale was alleged to be remarkably good. Dinner despatched, your pint of port swallowed, and the devil's tattoo duly drummed by your left foot under the table, you began to cast your eyes about you in quest of amusement. Again you perused the sampler of Jane Mills, (the landlady's mother who feared the Lord on the 4th July 1764,) the Marquess of Granby in cracked glass, the tally-ho man in scarlet flying over a five-barred gate, His Grace of Queensbury's Sky-scraper, His late Majesty in the third position, Her late Majesty in a high toupee, and Harry Bunbury's Country Club. You now alighted upon an old European Magazine, for the year 1786, crammed into a corner cupboard wherein you found that, unmoved at the interference of the King of Prussia, and the complaints of the Stadtholder, the States of Holland and West Friezeland had declared that they did not find either in the letters from Berlin, or in the Prince of Orange's Manifesto, any argument that could in the least incline them to rescind the resolution complained of: which resolution they alleged themselves determined to put in force. This intelligence might have been highly palatable at the time, but politics may be kept too long in bottle. You accordingly skipped the article, and alighted upon an Ode to Spring, commencing "Come, Fancy, Nature's pleasing child." This was tost aside to make way for "Leaves collected from the Piozzian wreath," and the leaves shortly withered to usher in a critique upon the "Comedy of the Heiress." Flattening your nose against the window-pane, upon which you had previously decyphered "George Frost dined here to his cost, 4th April, 1819."—"What's that to us, you booby?"—and "How I love Arabella Clark!"—your eyes next encountered a huge play-bill skewered upon the back of a dead sheep pendant at the opposite butcher's shop, with red ink capitals, denoting the performance on that very evening of "Macbeth, or the Scottish Murderer," with "The Farmer, or Jemmy Jumps in Jeopardy." You leaped, mast high, at the intelligence, and found the usual complement of six people in the boxes, and twenty-six in the pit. Mr. Truncheon, who performed Macbeth, and Mr. Gag, who personated the staymaker, appeared to you to be so very superior to Kemble and Edwin, in these parts, that you determined to write to Elliston to engage the one and to Charles Kemble to snap up the other; it being your equitable intention to scatter your stars impartially over the two hemispheres. If your two letters be not already despatched, I entreat you, Mr. Joshua Pinch-

beck, to pause ere you commit them to the box at the grocer's bow-window, whereon the words "general post" are imprinted. Messieurs Truncheon and Gag are very great men where they are (many men are very great men in their own county), but, transplanted to the metropolis, I will wager a golden sovereign against one of those shining brass curtain-pins which I have observed to decorate the exterior of the brown-paper parcels in your shop-window in Monument-yard, that, in the shifting of a scene, Mr. Truncheon will sink down from Macbeth to Donalbain, and Mr. Gag will exchange Jemmy Jumps in the Farmer for Dubbs in the Wags of Windsor. On returning to the Roebuck to sleep, the chambermaid (contracted by the waiter to chammaid) has made her appearance with your bed-candle. You have found her to possess one of those faces which Hogarth loved to paint, pert, pale, pugnacious: free from all Salvator Rosa traits of sublimity: still it was feminine; and if you had met it on the plains which trench upon Cape Coast Castle, where white women are scarce, you possibly might have reverenced it.

Euclid has many assumed propositions, but not one more undeniable than that which I am now about to lay down, namely, that on entering your bed you have kept as quiet upon your back as the knight in Westminster Abbey who reposes upon a marble mattress, not a hundred miles from Poets' Corner. One false move will have proved your ruin: the upper sheet will have burst its cerements, and for the whole of the ensuing night nothing but a rough blanket will have been left your bed to brag of. Your uneasy slumber was broken by a rattle at your chamber-door, at half-past four, and a shrill exclamation of "Coach is ready, sir," intended for the man who sleeps in No. 6; at five o'clock you were again aroused by a heavy *clump*, and another shrill cry of "Your boots, sir," meant for the Birmingham rider, who reposes in No. 8; and at a quarter past six, a fat chirping sparrow gave you a twit, twit, twit, that kept you awake until it was time to arise. I know that sparrow of old. When absent from London, he never gives me a moment's quiet: he haunts me, when in quest of a mouthful of country air, as regularly, every morning at five, as the old woman in a box did him who was in quest of the talisman of Oromanes. By the time of despatching your breakfast on the ensuing morning, Joshua, I know very well, though you may be rather shy of owning it, that you began to be heartily sick of your rural scheme, insomuch so, that taking advantage of the return coach to London, you were in seven hours and a half re-deposited with your portmanteau at the Elephant and Castle. A *da capo* most devoutly to be wished by ninety-nine traders out of a hundred. Here then, Joshua, I find you, notwithstanding all the inducements to emigrate which the absence of stair-carpets and the closing of your front-windows in Guildford-street (your wife's doing) can hold forth; and here you will probably remain fashionably *incog;* taking your exercise in the dusk up and down the interior steps of "London's column," which still retains its inscription *malgré* Mr. Charles Butler. I am aware that your wife is on a visit to her father at Hammersmith: and you tell me that you neither like your wife's father nor Hammersmith. Herein, Joshua, you are far from singular. Show me any man who likes either his wife's father or Hammersmith, and I will show you a tortoise-shell tom-cat!

THE CITIES OF THE PLAIN.

The fearful morning dawn'd in "grim repose,"
As Abraham sleepless from the mountain rose:
The earth had been his bed, for luxury then
Had tainted few among the sons of men;
Courts knew it well, but patriarch, youth, and sage,
Were strangers to its power in that young age,
And miss'd it not, and Abraham, just and wise,
Arose and gazed upon the eastern skies,
And trembling at their aspect, saw them glow
In preparation for the work of woe.
The sun's broad disk gleam'd of a sulphurous hue,
Ray-shorn, nor broke the lurid welkin through;
The expanse of Heaven was clogg'd with heavy light,
Till night seem'd following in the rear of night.
Portentous omens to the Patriarch tell
The hour approaches, which he knows too well—
The time of Heaven's hot vengeance, that shall sweep
Cities and nations down oblivion's steep;
He sees them on the distant plain appear
Entire, though dim in the thick atmosphere:
And round them like a garment lies their doom,
And o'er them, and below them :—now the gloom
Brightens with lightnings hurtling here and there,
In their career resistless, through mid air
Shooting their arrowy splendours every side
In fearful havoc upon human pride—
While meteors transverse rush, or hissing fall,
And trail their liquid fires on parapet and wall.
Upon that champaign rich, where yesterday
Man joyous revell'd mid the landscape gay;
Where field and fruitage waved in prospect wide,
And blue lakes sparkled in the bright noon-tide;
Where roof and minaret in grey distance blent—
Rose tranquilly a long and vast extent,
Gathering in force and reddening as they roll'd,
Volumes of flame their quivering wreaths unfold;
A fiery ocean the far scene o'erspread,
While man and nature blazed and vanished!

The Patriarch wept that awful sight to see,—
All men are brethren in mortality;
And 'twas not impious he should shed a tear,
O'er suffering Nature's desolated bier;
Where nought but his was left, where all beside
Extinct, extinguish'd, in that blaze had died.
Now falling prostrate, to his God he pray'd—
The God of vengeance, that his arm would aid
And shield him from the danger, and supply
Courage to meet his coming destiny,
And guide him to some country where might rest
His weary flocks with tranquil plenty blest.
Prayer-strengthen'd thus, his soul felt less dismay,
And soon he saw Lot's wearied family
Approach from Zoar, their refuge, angel-led
Further from danger to the mountain head.
They all were safe, save one, who, looking round
At the red hail that kindled all the ground,

For disobedience stricken, saw and died,
Before the scene of horror petrified.
Ages a stony monument she stood
Of Heaven's fierce wrath and Sodom's burning flood,
Close at the bound where in their vengeful play
The fiery waves shook their red foam away.
For Lot had heard Heaven's messenger declare
The coming wreck, and warn him to beware,
And ere the dawn, the fatal dawn was nigh,
Bid him arouse his little family,
To Zoar escape, and find within its wall
A momentary refuge—thus had all
Been rescued from a far devouring grave,
The flaming sepulchre of lord and slave!

O, when that realm like one wide furnace burn'd,
And wall and column, in the flame o'erturn'd,
Melted like drossy ore, and seethed, and broke
In billowy flame and jets of wreathing smoke,
That with commotion Heaven's high arch divide,
Rolling their volumes dense from side to side
And reddening earth's dark canopy—where then
Lay there a refuge for unhappy men,
Who heard not, thought not, till the moment came,
Of the dire ravage of that flood of flame;—
Who scarcely saw, ere life was scorch'd away,
The wave that on them closed eternally!
Some, while asleep, were chark'd beneath the tide,
With unclosed eyes and without pain they died—
And some there were that waking from a dream
Of hell, knew at the sight its angry gleam
In their own hemisphere—yet hardly knew
Ere they had breathed its air, that hotter grew
And shrivelled their parch'd lungs, and from their veins
Drank dry the life-blood;—scarce their fever'd pains
They felt and they were dead—a wrinkled scroll
They blacken first, then round and round them roll
The fierce red surges, and they disappear
As fuel flung within a furnace clear.
No shriek was ever heard,—they had no space
For suffering's utterance, scarcely had the face
Time to express its death-hue, ere it lay
Dissolved or borne on bubbling fires away.
Thus myriads in a mighty mass expire
Molten with street and dwelling quench'd in fire!
A liquid chaos blending men and things,
Altars and people, palaces and kings—
A universe of ruin! schemes of ill
And crime were dead, and vain desires were still;
And thoughts of virtue, if such thoughts were there,
And hope with fairy face, and wan despair,
And thousand budding joys and high desires,
And youth and age, the children and the sires.
Like a volcano springs the smoke to Heaven,
In eddying whirls by raging fire-storms driven,
Bearing a crowd of souls to judgment sent,
And longer woes and keener punishment.

Within a marble turret's ponderous wall,
A monument of strength, massy and tall,

A few lone inmates mark'd the livid hail
Descend upon their city—they grew pale,
And closed their iron doors; it would not then,
Vainly they hoped, dissever them from men!
A mother and her infant son were there;
He was her treasure even in despair:
She all forgot but him; and when the fire
Began t' ascend, and higher climb and higher,
She mounted step by step from the fierce heat
That burn'd the very air:—at last her feet
Could mount no more, and then she sat her down
Near a slim loophole, thoughtless of the town
And aught but her dear burthen:—higher still
The blazing tide rose awfully, until
Life could be life no longer, and to die
Was her allotment; yet her tearless eye
Lay on her writhing child that gasp'd in pain
Of its hot suffocation—gasp'd in vain,
And perish'd!—but a moment's space alone
The parent lived, for soon the solid stone
Glow'd like an oven, yet it had no power
T' abate her love in that love-trying hour,
But to her death of agony she past,
With the dry corpse clasp'd in convulsion fast
With both her arms; and as she lay, her trunk
Scath'd up and curl'd, and to a mummy shrunk
And redden'd as a cinder, while the tower,
Calcined to dust before th' element's power,
Fell on the lake of flame that lash'd its base,
Nor left one relic of its resting-place!

Within the waste where ruin'd Sodom lay,
Or rather where it flourish'd yesterday,
Now floating dross upon the burning tide—
One massy building long the assault defied;
Above the flame its walls with redness glow'd
Intensely horrible, then in lava flow'd.
It was the palace of the king, replete
With every empty pomp that fools call'd great,
Or rather deem'd to be so, custom led,
Putting vile gauds and show in reason's stead:
With all that profligacy e'er could dream
To pamper royal vice in pleasure's name;
With every tawdry bauble that could kill
The weary time, or toy to please the will.
There gold and purple robes of tints that vied
With the bright hues of glorious eventide,
Wastefully worn, in day's full splendour shone,
For a delighted king to gaze upon,
And talk of, praise, or in procession vain
Admire while glittering in the courtiers' train.
That morn the swollen, weak, and boastful thing,
Most imbecile in soul, an eastern king,
Slumber'd amid his high magnificence,
Drunken with folly and the joys of sense:
That morn on silken couches lay the fair,
The beautiful, the young, the amorous pair,
Satiate in love's fruition—there the maid
Of jetty tresses, train'd desire to aid
By luscious dances at the timbrel's sound;
And there the slave with golden cincture bound,

That bore the perfumed censer, or that fanned
In noonday hours the monarch of the land.
There halls in sculptured richness glossy shone,
And gilded roofs dazzling to gaze upon,
And hoary courtiers lay, and glozing men,
Who dealt in flattery, to be paid again
With interest by the gold from labour wrung.
And there were priests who kindly said or sung
Their own religion—to the courtier gave
An essenced heaven, which they denied his slave.
These and a thousand such secure were there,
Hoping the sunshine of the crown to share.
But in a moment, with no time to pray,
Unwarn'd, unhousell'd, they were borne away,
Leaving no remnant, not an idle name
To cheat mankind upon the roll of fame!
And none were left to mourn them—those who knew
And might perchance have wept them, perish'd too;
Annull'd, annihilated, drown'd in fire,
Whelm'd in the storm of God's avenging ire!

They are, and they are not! short history
Of land renown'd, all that man knows of thee!
None of thy realm survived its tale to tell,
Though, haply, from the centre of that hell
The most remote—though at the utmost verge
Where the red ocean roll'd its angry surge.
For death reach'd far beyond its sanguine bound,
Unseen, but felt. Through many a league around,
And where no flame extended, forests stood
Wither'd and chark'd; rocks soften'd to a flood
Floated along, and granite ridges bare
Smooth'd their rough crags before the fiery air.
The feather'd brood, the eagle high away,
Undazzled, gazing on the solar ray,
Felt unaccustom'd heat, his pinions flagg'd,
Till in the burning vortex powerless dragg'd,
Faint, fluttering, he dropp'd into the flame,
That blotted Nature from creation's frame
In that ill-fated land. Ages have pass'd
And it is still with horrors overcast,
A salt and howling desert. Fruits are there
That well may grow in regions of despair:
Lovely to view, like lawless pleasure's race,
With festering hearts beneath a joyous face—
They hold but bitter ashes. Jordan's sea
Rolls its dead waters now where formerly
The cursed cities stood— deep, deep below
Their ashes lie, beneath the stagnant flow
Of the thick wave bituminous, that creeps
Along the shore where Nature ever sleeps,
And the extinguish'd sulphur marks the bound
Of its black line upon the arid ground.
No creature lives within it—all is dead,
Desolate as those below it! man hath fled
That lonely shore, and voiceless it shall be,
Life's antipode till time lapse in eternity!

THE ASHANTEES.*

Ten years ago the Ashantees were a people scarcely known to Englishmen even by name. As many months ago they were regarded as a tribe of undisciplined savages, capable of being kept in awe by a handful of us cultivated Europeans, and formidable only to themselves, and to the other scarcely more contemptible hordes who might incur their barbarous displeasure. Lately, however, those in authority over us have been taught to rue their blunder, by the loss of not a little valuable British blood, and have now discovered (too late) that the Ashantees are a powerful and warlike nation, able, if they please, to cope with a greater force than we can possibly send against them, and not unlikely to drive us with disgrace from all our African settlements.

It is true that about five years ago Mr. Bowdich published a quarto on the subject of this singular people; in which he treated us with numerous tempting accounts of the "barbaric pomp and gold" which glittered at and glorified the "court" of his Ashantee majesty. But though much of these pomps and splendours were clearly attired, if not absolutely created, by the warmth of a youthful imagination, Mr. Bowdich obtained the avowed object of his mission, in the form of a treaty of perpetual peace and amity between the Ashantee king and the British subjects residing on the Gold Coast. That a "perpetual" treaty of this kind should be broken in pieces in the course of six months, was naturally to be expected; for Mr. Bowdich had not contrived to give this cunning negro any vast notion either of the white men's wisdom, or good faith. This young traveller's report, however, of the extraordinary wealth of the court he had just visited, having reached England, it was speedily determined, by the government here, to send out another envoy, commissioned directly from itself, and furnished with somewhat more of prudence, knowledge, and local experience than the previous self-constituted† ambassador of the African Company had proved himself to possess. Mr. Joseph Dupuis was the gentleman entrusted with this commission; and the volume we are now to notice is the only valuable result which has hitherto attended the measure just alluded to. In saying this, however, it is but fair to add, that the blame of this negative success, and of the disastrous and fatal effects which have followed it, is attributable to any party rather than the government who ordered this commission, and the gentleman who executed it. And, in fact, it cannot for a moment be denied, that if the knowledge obtained by Mr. Dupuis during his mission had been duly weighed, and his suggestions, which were consequent upon it, had been wisely attended to, the late disastrous and disgraceful defeat of the British arms on the coast of Africa would have been totally avoided; and the most important commercial advantages might have been obtained in its place.

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* Journal of a Residence in Ashantee, &c. by Joseph Dupuis, Esq.

† Our readers are probably aware that Mr. James was the envoy appointed by the Company of African Merchants; and that Mr. Bowdich accompanied him as a subordinate agent. But while at Ashantee, Mr. B. contrived to supersede his superior, and get the office confirmed to himself; having previously, however, taken it upon him by force of tongue! See his own account of the matter in his work.

Mr. Dupuis's work consists, first, of an introductory portion, devoted to a somewhat diffuse account of the various obstacles which were thrown in the way of his mission, on his arrival at Cape Coast Castle, the residence of the then Governor-general of the British colonies on the Gold Coast. Any detail of the intrigues and misunderstandings which are attempted (not very successfully) to be developed in this portion of the work, would not be interesting to our readers. Suffice it, that after more than a twelvemonth's delay, partly occasioned by illness and partly by the circumstances alluded to above, Mr. Dupuis, on the 9th of February 1820, departs on his mission; the whole details of which, and of its return on the 24th of March following, are included in the next six chapters; which may, therefore, be considered as the main body of the work, and to which we shall almost exclusively direct our readers' attention.

The subsequent portions consist of a sketch of the events which have happened since Mr. Dupuis's mission; a chapter of historical memoirs of the kingdom of Ashantee; and finally, numerous geographical details connected with the whole of Western Africa.

Mr. Dupuis departs upon his journey under no very enviable or encouraging circumstances, it must be confessed; for his health appears to have been in a most precarious state, and his mission was in direct opposition to the views of those who were to afford him the necessary facilities in prosecuting it. He starts, nevertheless, attended by three subordinate officers, and a large party of natives, as guards, carriers, &c. All the immediate details of the party, the reader is, however, compelled to make out for himself, in the best manner he can; for the great fault of our author, *as* an author—and a *descriptive* one in particular—is, that he labours under the want of a picturesque imagination, and a consequent inability to take the reader with him in his course. Instead of finding ourselves constantly in his company, we are compelled to be perpetually on the watch lest we should lose sight of him altogether, and find ourselves in the midst of a trackless forest, not unlike some of those through which the principal portion of his route lay.

The first noticeable person our author encounters in his first day's journey is not of a character to excite any very pleasing associations in connexion with the state that he is about to visit.

"One of these travellers," he says, "was decorated with a very large necklace of human teeth, interwoven with charms. The teeth had the appearance of recent extraction; an opinion that was afterwards strengthened by the sight of a little ivory blowing-horn, to which he was then in the operation of fastening a human jaw-bone. To my inquiries, how he became possessed of these trophies, I could not obtain a satisfactory answer; a smile of brutal insensibility, however, convinced me the question was of a gratifying nature, inasmuch as it was interpreted into a compliment to his military prowess. This feeling was displayed by various contortions of mockery and exultation, as he directed a sort of conversation to the relic, in a chaunting tone."

At the end of the first day the party halted at a considerable croom, or village, called Doonqua; after having traversed a path of about five and twenty miles, through great plains of underwood; villages more or less ruined by the late wars of the natives with their Ashantee lord;

and, as far as we can gather, open sandy spaces, studded here and there with the *spiral** habitations of the red ant, of no less than ten feet in elevation. At Doonqua the party remained two days; and on the 12th recommenced their journey; almost immediately entering a dense and nearly impassable forest, of which the following description will convey no bad idea.

"Numerous plants and creepers of all dimensions chained tree to tree, and branch to branch, clustering the whole in entanglement; so that it sometimes became necessary to cut an opening as we proceeded."—"The opacity of this forest communicated to the atmosphere and the surrounding scenery a semblance of twilight; no ray of sunshine penetrated the cheerless gloom, and we were, in idea, entombed in foliage of a character novel and fanciful. The deathlike stillness that prevailed was soon interrupted by the occasional shouting of the negroes, to put to flight, as they termed it, the evil spirits of the forest. Now and then a flight of parrots and other gregarious birds interrupted the intervals of silence; but the richness of this vegetable canopy prevented the possibility of gaining even the most imperfect view of these feathered screechers, or indeed of any thing but those objects by which we were immediately surrounded."

Through scenery of a similar kind to the above, and that which has been described as preceding it, the party reached the end of the third day's march. Here, however, at a *croom* called Acomfody, they met with a little night-adventure, comprising the unwelcome inroad of a whole army of rats—who, it seems, were the only remaining inhabitants of the village the party had chosen for its resting-place. This adventure our author relates with even more than his usual circumlocution of style, and concludes it as follows:

"Satisfied, now, of the reality of the nuisance"—(a singular source of satisfaction truly!)—"I again retired to seek repose, but in so doing was compelled to resort to the same weapon (a stick) in defence of my person against hundreds of rats, who, if I attempted to lie down, ran *indiscriminately* over my face and body, in their nocturnal gambols. Thus finding it impossible to sleep, I relinquished the attempt." He adds, with great probability of truth, "Even the Fantees (his negro-attendants) were distressed in this *rat-croom.*"

In this manner the party proceeded on its journey, passing through not less than twenty crooms or villages, more or less considerable, and some of them described as harbouring from eight to ten thousand inhabitants; till at length, on the 28th of the month, it reaches Coomassy, the capital of the kingdom of Ashantee, and the residence of the Negro-king to whom the mission is addressed. It appears that the first view of this royal capital was not very well calculated to prepare the European portion of our party for that somewhat imposing spectacle which was presently to greet them on their nearer approach to the station of the monarch.

"A prospect of the capital (if such it may be called) at last opened in front of us; it was a partial glimpse, at the distance of twenty or thirty paces, of a few mud-built hovels, surrounded in part by plantations, and some straggling walls of the same material, covering a contracted space gained from the surrounding waste."

Such, however, as far as we can gather from the details of this part of the work, was the *city* in which our author presently encountered the following extraordinary scene. After a portentous salute of mus-

* Qu. conical?

quetry, which our author is pleased to term "a royal blunderbuss salutation," the description continues as follows :

"A pause of twenty minutes sufficed for the approaching ceremony, and we again bent forward in orderly ranks to an angle that opened into the place of audience, from whence another salute was fired. A silence, however, like that of the forest, succeeded as the echoes died away; and as the smoke dispersed, the view was suddenly animated by assembled thousands in full costume, seated upon the ground in the form of an extensive semicircle, where the chiefs were distinguished from the commonalty by large floating umbrellas or canopies, fabricated from cloth of various hues. These officers, only, were seated upon stools, that elevated their heads just above those of their attendants. An avenue, not wider than the footway in the forest, was the space allotted for walking in the line of chiefs, leading to the station where the King was seated. The etiquette was of a character corresponding with other ceremonies."

"All the ostentatious trophies of negro-splendour were emblazoned to view. Drums of every size, from five or six inches in length to the dimensions of as many feet, occasionally decorated with human relics, abounded in all directions; and in some, although few instances, the skulls of vanquished foemen, and strings of human teeth, were *glaringly* exposed on the persons of the youthful captains. Ivory horns, similarly ornamented, reeded flutes, calabash rattles, and clanking bits of flat iron, composed the various bands in front of the Caboceers (chiefs.) The salutation, as heretofore, was accompanied by an *impulsive* grasp of the hand with each caboceer of rank, and a waving motion afterwards in compliment to his friends, retainers, and slaves. In the act of approaching these peers of the Ashantee realm, the solemn stillness was invaded at intervals by the full chorus of each band, beating in rotation the peculiar adapted air by which each noble is known from his compeers. A number of select young slaves, boys of fifteen and sixteen years old, stood before the war captains, and other chief-officers, in the *aspect* of a guard of honour, waving short scimitars and knives, which they flourished in a threatening attitude. The deportment of the caboceers was marked with gravity; not a smile nor a courtly glance illumined the asperity of their features, and the salutations were uttered in a low affected tone of voice. The crowd, however, did not consider themselves bound to imitate the dignified deportment of their lords; they *breathed* a welcome in the silent language of the features."—"At last I approached the avenue where the King was seated. The martial instruments surrounding the throne, suddenly burst upon the hearing in heavy peals, and the household slaves advanced, flourishing their scimitars over my head with menacing violence. This threatening ceremony was directed with renovated vigour as I advanced to take the King's hand; but having, as it were, won the contested honour in the late struggle, my opponents* quietly suffered me to enjoy the prize, for the *music* ceased, the guards retired from the presence, and I was quietly permitted to pay my respects. The King extended his hand with great complacency, yet with a dignity that created admiration and respect, for it was even more than national."

We have no room for further extracts relating to the ceremonies of our author's first reception—which lasted without intermission from mid-day till night-fall. But the whole account is highly curious and interesting.

With a due regard to promptitude, our envoy the next day opened what he conceives to be the chief business of his mission; but is very speedily dismissed with a few unmeaning compliments. The next day the King received the various presents sent to him from England, and reiterated his complimentary phrases—adding, however, a few awkward questions about Mr. Dupuis's royal master, Shorshi (as he calls him), to

* What opponents? It does not appear that he had any at the Court of Ashantee.

report which in becoming terms must have puzzled our envoy not a little. He inquires, for example, "the number of his women (*wives*), slaves, &c." He declares, moreover, his entire persuasion that the King of England is very nearly, if not quite, as great a monarch as himself, and that this act of his, in sending out Mr. Dupuis, "has chained his heart to him." Still, however, he studiously avoids a too near approach to the immediate object of the mission—which he seems all along somewhat shy of entertaining. And to say the truth, his sable majesty manages this part of his duty throughout with a very considerable share of cunning, not to say cleverness and address—contriving to gain all that he wants from the mission of the English to his court, without in return according any thing that is sought of him. And the mission, in fact, departs pretty nearly in the situation in which it arrived, as far as regards its political or commercial views. But we are anticipating our abstract of this portion of the work.

It appears that on the 28th of April Mr. Dupuis arrived at the capital of Ashantee. We find him from this time, day after day, making and accepting presents, interchanging little pleasing acts of savage civility, receiving visits from the lords and ladies of the court, and almost every day having an interview with the King himself; but, as far as we can gather, his objects, at the end of a fortnight, being exactly as distant from attainment as they were on the first day of his arrival. We are speaking now of the objects which Mr. Dupuis seemed wholly and exclusively disposed to further. But we cannot help observing here, that, judging by the details contained in the volume before us, it strikes us that, in point of fact, Mr. Dupuis, from the moment he set his foot in the Ashantee capital, seemed to have entirely forgotten the express character in which he was sent there. According to the written instructions of his government—portions of which he gives in the introductory pages of his book—he was despatched to Coomassy, not as an *envoy*, to obtain any express and immediate object connected with the Cape Coast people, but as a *resident Consul*, to further the general commercial views of England in any way that circumstances might from time to time suggest. Instead of which, however, he devotes every moment of his time, and all his efforts, to the attainment of some paltry local or pecuniary object connected with the immediate government of Cape Coast (every portion of which, and its views, he loses no opportunity of vituperating);—and when he finds, after three weeks residence, that there is little chance of obtaining these objects, he makes a solemn demand of permission to depart,—having previously, however, confessed half a dozen times, *to the reader*, that the object in question could not in common justice be sought for! All this does strike us as very extraordinary.—The truth, if it must be spoken, is that Mr. Dupuis either found or fancied himself (*we* should be disposed to think the latter,) in a rather ticklish situation at the "court" of the Ashantee monarch. In fact, he seems to have imbibed a notion that his black majesty had taken so great a liking to him, that he was determined to keep him there, till certain demands of his on the Cape Coast natives were satisfied: for which supposition, however, we cannot detect the slightest ground, in any thing our author relates. Certain it is, however, that after repeated fruitless attempts to make the king agree to certain stipulations of a treaty, no mention of which is made in

the official instructions of the consul,—the latter demands and receives his permission to depart; which departure, however, the negro chief never showed the least disposition to prevent, or even to delay, except from a real liking which he seems to have taken to his visitor.

We shall now merely refer to a few of the co-lateral matters connected with our author's brief residence at the capital of a powerful savage chief.—The most striking point we collect, as to the habits of this people, is the fact of the horrible human butcheries that seem to be almost daily going on within the walls of the "Royal Palace" itself. It appears that these human sacrifices were in some degree concealed, (though by no means studiously or carefully) from the English visitors; but that they were in no degree relinquished in consequence of their presence.—European ears cannot listen without horror to such accounts as the following:

"My entry into Coomassy they (some Moslems who were residing there) affirmed was signalized by the sacrifice of a number of human victims; slaves and malefactors who had been reserved by the King and his chiefs for many days previous. The number of victims offered up at the palace, they added, were nine, and every chief was compelled to furnish an additional quota to the sanguinary offerings; but the king, knowing the abhorrence with which the white men view these butcheries, had conducted the sacrifices in secret, and had prohibited all the chiefs from exercising the like barbarity *in public* during my stay in Coomassy."—Again, "The king (on his return from a successful war) prepared to enter the palace, and in the act of crossing the threshold of the outer gate, was met by several of his wives, whose anxiety to embrace their sovereign lord impelled them thus to overstep the bounds of female decorum in Ashantee."—"But being afterwards told, by some of the superintendents, that they (the said wives) were more or less indisposed from a natural female cause, he was inflamed to the highest pitch of indignation, and in a paroxysm of anger caused these unhappy beings to be cut in pieces before his face; giving orders at the time to cast the fragments into the forest to be devoured by birds and beasts of prey."

We shall only give one more instance of these horrible doings; premising, however, that the facts rest on report alone,—the author himself never having witnessed these butcheries.

"On the 13th, this custom (a grand religious festival) was ushered in by the discharge of fire-arms, and the sound of barbarous instruments. Numbers of victims were offered up to the gods, although secretly, in the palace, and in the houses of the chieftains. The poorer classes sacrificed cattle and poultry. The city itself exhibited the most deplorable solitude, and the few human beings who were courageous enough to show themselves in the streets, fled at the approach of a captain, and barricadoed the doors of their huts, to escape the dangers of being shot or sacrificed. The doleful cries of the women vibrated from several quarters of the city, and the death-horns and drums within the palace seemed to stupify the obnoxious prisoners and foreign slaves with horror, as they contemplated the risk they were exposed to. I wandered about during this awful day, until fatigue and disgust led me to seek my quarters. The Fantees now did not care to stir abroad, and my Moslem acquaintance kept within their houses, as they afterwards assured me, to avoid the sight of the butcheries. The business of the day was not over at my return, and my efforts to gain access to the palace were ineffectual.

"The following day one of a similar train of horrors succeeded, &c."—"By these people (the Moslems) I was given to understand that seventy men and women had been put to death the day previous in the palace only; besides those who were sacrificed in private houses, and in the forest."

Now it will be observed, in regard to this horrible relation, that our

author makes it chiefly on the authority of the Moslems; who, however, give him no evidence as to their means of knowledge. Neither does our author himself give us any collateral proof whatever, that any of these sacrifices took place; with the single exception of the following, which might have related to other victims as well as human. On the next day he was sent for to the palace, and he says,

"On receiving the king's hand, which he presented with the utmost affability, I noticed a streak of dried blood upon his forehead; and this token appeared to be universal, as well among officers of distinction as their slaves and retainers. It denoted their participation in the late sacrifices. The royal death-stool, clotted with the still reeking gore of its victims, stood on one side of the king, under care of the captain executioner, who attended with his band of assistants. At the feet of the sovereign stood a small fire-pot, and a trunk fitted up with a compound medley of relics and charms soaking in blood."

Now all this is horrible enough, no doubt;—but all this blood *may* have been other than human; and we have no absolute proof as to its origin. In fact, we are of opinion that these stories of human sacrifices, which were related to our somewhat credulous envoy by the Moslems exclusively, were greatly exaggerated. But however this may have been, we cannot much wonder that our author, who believed every word of what was told him on this head, was in no mood to make any permanent stay in the purlieus of the human slaughter-house, which he describes the "royal palace" to have been. Accordingly, shortly after having experienced one of those stormy conferences which are probably not uncommon among savage statesmen, since supercivilized ones are but too apt to be occasionally betrayed into them,—our author adds with infinite *naïveté*:—

"I assured the king, I was convinced of his friendly disposition; but as he chose to oppose a settlement of the *palaver* with the natives," (with not one word of which had Mr. Dupuis any direct concern,) "it was not clear to me, that my duty warranted a longer stay in the capital; and therefore I was necessitated to insist upon having a day appointed for my departure."

It seems that this demand was exceedingly obnoxious to the good king; however, the author shortly after was permitted to return to Cape Coast, and thence speedily embarked for England.

We are not able to allow any more space to this highly interesting and curious volume. The latter half of which (for all that we have hitherto referred to is comprised in the first half) consists of various interesting details connected with the journey home—the reception at Cape Coast of the ambassadors sent by his Ashantee majesty to the King of England,—which, however, Sir George Collier (the admiral on the coast) very unaccountably refused to forward—the after correspondence between Mr. Dupuis and his friends relative to Ashantee politics—the subsequent fatal events which took place on Sir Charles Mac Carthy's penetrating the interior to meet the Ashantee troops:—and finally, a long chapter of historical memoirs of Ashantee, and another on the geography of western Africa, as collected from the resources of the Moslem travellers whom the author met at Ashantee. The book has also many plates, from drawings made on the spot by Mr. Dupuis.

SKETCHES OF THE IRISH BAR.—NO. IX.

Mr. North.

I LOOK upon Mr. North to be in several respects a very interesting person. He is immediately so by the great respectability of his character and talents. He is at the same time a subject that less directly invites the attention and speculation of an observer, in consequence of certain predicaments of situation and feeling upon which his lot has cast him, and in discussing which the mind must of necessity ascend from the qualities and the fortunes of the individual to considerations of a higher and more lasting concern. If I were to treat of him solely as a practising barrister possessed of certain legal attributes, and having reached a determined station, the task would be short and simple. But this would be unjust. Mr. North's mind and acquirements, and, it may be added, his personal history, entitle him to a more extended notice, and, in some points of view, to greater commendation, not unmingled, however, with occasional regrets, than his merely forensic career would claim.

It is now about fifteen years since Mr. North was called to the Irish Bar. He was called, not merely by the bench of legal elders performing the technical ceremony of investment, but by the unanimous voices of a host of admiring friends, so numerous as to be in themselves a little public, who fondly predicted that his career would form a new and brilliant era in the annals of Irish oratory. This feeling was not an absurd and groundless partiality. There was, in truth, no previous instance of a young man making his entry into the Four-Courts under circumstances so imposing and prophetic of a high destination. He had already earned the fame of being destined to be famous. In his college course he had outstripped every competitor. He there obtained an *optime*—an attestation of rare occurrence, and to be extorted only by merit of the highest order in all of the several classical and scientific departments, upon which the intellect of the student is made to sustain a public scrutiny into the extent of its powers and attainments. The Historical Society was not yet suppressed. Mr. North was accounted its most shining ornament. It was an established custom that each of its periodical sessions should be closed by a parting address from the chair, reviewing and commending the objects of the institution. The task, as a mark of honour, was assigned to Mr. North. It was the last of his academic efforts, and is still referred to by those who heard him, as a rare and felicitous example of youthful enthusiasm for eloquence and letters, soaring above the commonplaces of panegyric, and dignifying its raptures by the most luminous views, and by illustrations drawn from the resources of a pure and lofty imagination. It was pronounced to be a masterpiece, and the author urged to extend the circle of his admirers by consenting to its publication. But he had the modesty or the discretion to refuse; and the public were deprived of a composition which, whatever might be its other merits, would at least have told as a glowing satire upon the miserable, monastic spirit that soon after abolished the Historical Society as a perilous innovation upon the primitive objects of the royal foundress of Trinity College. It is edifying to add, that John Locke's Treatise on Government was also pronounced to inspire doctrines that

would have met no countenance "in the golden days of good Queen Bess;" and as such was expelled from the college course. These judicious curtailments mark the presiding genius of Provost (now Bishop) Elrington. The goodly consequences will doubtless appear in the minds and conduct of the rising generation; and should any of them, by some strange perversity, turn aside from the contemplation of triangles and the all-important rules of prosody, to indulge in a forbidden sentiment of patriotic ardour, or to try by the test of their own unruly understandings the merits of governments and colleges, and even of bishops, the venerable personage in question is not to be held responsible for such a fatal misappropriation of the human faculties. Well and truly may he exclaim,

"Thou canst not say I did it."

Mr. North's talents for public speaking were further exercised, and with increasing reputation, in the Academical Society of London. The impression that he made there attracted numerous visitors. He had now to stand the brunt of an audience little predisposed to be fascinated by provincial declamation. But the severest judges of Irish oratory admitted that his was copious, brilliant, and, best of all, correct. He was pronounced by some to be fitted for the highest purposes of the senate. It was even whispered that a ministerial member (a fortunate emigrant from Ireland, who had lately proved his capacity for less delicate commissions,) had been secretly deputed from Downing-street to "look in" at the academies and report upon the expediency of tendering a borough and a place to the youthful orator. But whether it was that the honourable and learned missionary had no taste for a style of eloquence above his own; or that he missed that native audacity which he could so well appreciate; or that he had the shrewdness to infer, from certain popular tendencies in the speaker's cast of thought, that he might turn out not to be a marketable man, the experiment upon Mr. North's virgin ambition, if ever meditated, was not exposed to the risk of failure. The murmur, however, ran that such a proposal had been in agitation. Mr. North's growing celebrity had all the benefit of the rumour; and when he shortly after appeared in the Irish Hall, he was considered to have perched upon that bleak and arid waste as upon a mere place of passage, whence, at the expected season of transmigration, he was to wing his flight to a brighter and more congenial clime. This latter event, however, contrary to the calculations and wishes of all who knew him, was for years delayed. It is only the other day that Mr. North has at length been summoned to the senate. In the interval, his progress at the Bar, however flattering it might be to a person of ordinary pretensions, has not realised the auspicious anticipations under which his coming was announced. Wherever he has been tried, he has proved his legal competency. In some of the qualifications for professional eminence, and, among them, those in which a proud but unambitious man would most desire to excel —in a sound and comprehensive knowledge of general principles, and a facility of developing them in lucid and imposing language, he need not shrink from a comparison with a single contemporary rival. In others, and especially in the rarer and higher art of kindling and controlling the passions of an auditory, he has not hitherto answered to the prophetic hopes by which he was "set like a man divine above them all;"

while in respect of that extra-forensic and general importance which a person so gifted might, it was imagined, so rapidly attain, he has been altogether stationary. When he first appeared to public view, he lighted upon a pedestal, and the pedestal and the statue remain where they were. The question is often asked by others, (and I doubt not by himself,) " How has this come to pass?" It is one involving matters of general interest to all who embark in public life; and I shall endeavour, as I proceed, to offer a few such incidental hints, as, when collected, may supply a satisfactory answer.

The early admirers of this accomplished young man were fully warranted at the time in their praises and predictions. His mind was one of rapid growth, and put forth in its first-fruits the same qualities, both in kind and degree, which are the subject of just admiration at the present day. His intellect is singularly sound and clear. For the acquirement of knowledge, it may be said to be nearly perfect. It is vigorous, cautious, and comprehensive. The power of attention, that master-key to science, is under his absolute control. Whatever is capable of demonstration is within his grasp. Give him any system to explore, and no matter how intricate the paths, wherever a discoverer has gone before, he will be sure to follow in his track. His understanding, in a word, is eminently docile; at least so I would infer from the early extent and rapidity of his scientific attainments, and from the habits of order and perspicacity with which he has mastered the less manageable dogmas of our national jurisprudence.

In the power of imparting what he has thus acquired, Mr. North has also much that is uncommon. One qualification of a speaker he possesses in an extraordinary degree. For extemporaneous correctness and copiousness of phrase, I would place him in the very highest rank. All that he utters, wherever the occasion justifies the excitement of his faculties, might be safely printed without revision. Period after period rolls on, stately, measured, and complete. There is a paternal solicitude—perhaps a slight tinge of aristocratic pride, in his determination that the children of his fancy should appear abroad in no vulgar garb. He is not like O'Connell, who, with the improvidence of his country, has no compunction in flinging a brood of robust young thoughts upon the world without a rag to cover them. Mr. North's are all tastefully and comfortably clad. But this extraordinary care is unmarked by any laborious effort. In the article of stores of diction, his mind is evidently in affluent circumstances, and betrays no lurking apprehension that the demands upon it may exceed his resources. There are no ostentatious bursts of unwonted expenditure to keep up the reputation of his solvency. Sentence after sentence is disbursed with the familiar air of unconcern which marks the possessor of the amplest funds.

With qualifications such as these, unequivocally manifested at a very early age, and aided by a graceful and imposing manner and a personal character which stamped a credit upon all he uttered, and these natural excellencies stimulated by a generous ambition to answer the general call that was made upon him to be a foremost man in his day, it was naturally to be anticipated that Mr. North would do great things; but his endowments, however rare, have been greatly marred, as to all the purposes of his fame, by a radical defect of temperament, to the chilling influence of which I can trace the failure of the splendid hopes

that attended his entrance upon public life. Mr. North has abundant strength of intellect, but he has not equal energy of will. His mind wants boldness and determination of character. It wants that hardihood of purpose and contempt of consequences, without which nothing great in thought or action can be accomplished. He is trammelled by a fastidious taste, and by a disastrous deference to every petty opinion that may be pronounced upon him. He sacrifices his fame to his dignity. Fame, he should have remembered, is like other fair ladies, and faint heart never won her. Like the rest, she must be warmly and importunately wooed. He shrinks, however, from the notion of committing himself as her suitor, except upon a classical occasion. I have been often asked "if I considered Mr. North to be a man of genius?" My answer has been, "he would be, if he dared." If it were possible to transfuse into his system a few quarts of that impetuous Irish blood which revels in O'Connell's veins—if he could be brought to bestir himself and burst asunder the conventional fetters that enchain his spirit, he has many of the other qualities that would entitle him to that envied appellation. But as it is, his powers are enthralled in a state of magnetic suspension between the conflicting influences of his ambition and his apprehensions. With all the desire in the world to be an eminent man, and conscious that the elements of greatness are within him, one of its most necessary attributes he still is without—a sentiment of masculine self-reliance, and along with it a calm and settled disdain for the approbation of little friends, and the censure of little enemies, and the murmurs of the tea-table, and the mock-heroic gravity with which mediocrity is ever sure to frown upon a style of language or conduct above its comprehension. Hence it is, that he has never yet redeemed the pledges of his youth. In his public displays, which, from the same scrupulous taste, have been far more unfrequent than they ought, he has been copious, graceful, instructive, and in general almost faultless to a fault. But the lofty spirit of heroic oratory was wanting—"there was no pride nor passion there." He is so afraid of "tearing a passion to tatters," he'll scarcely venture to touch it. He distrusts even light from heaven for fear it should lead astray. I am far from attributing these deficiencies to any inherent incapacity of lofty emotions in Mr. North; I should rather say that he has been in some sort the spoiled child of premature renown. The applause that followed his first attempts taught him too soon to propose himself as a model to himself, and to shudder at the danger of degenerating from that ideal standard. He speculated "too curiously" upon how much character he might lose, without considering how much more might yet be gained. In this respect he arrived too soon at his years of discretion. His mind seems also to have early imbibed an undue predilection for the mere elegancies of life, and for external circumstances as connected with them. In spite of his better opinions on the subject of human rights, I am not sure that his heart would not beat as high and quick at the pageantry of a coronation, as at the demolition of a bastille. In matters of literature, too, I would almost venture to say that what in secret delights him most, is not the bold, impassioned, and agitating, but the gentle and diffuse: that he likes not the shock of those tempests of thought that purify the mental atmosphere, chasing away the collected clouds, and tearing up our sturdiest prejudices by the roots, but rather prefers to repose his

spirit in the midst of those quiet reveries where no favourite opinion is in danger of being shaken. Instead of ascending to the mountain-tops with the hardy speculator, he would rather linger among the charms of the cultivated plain with the meek essayist—where, sauntering along through scenes of security and repose, with all harsher objects excluded from the view, and nothing around but sweet sights, sweet smells, and pleasant noises becalming every sense, the pensive soul, forgetting for the moment the world and its ways, is lulled to rest, and dreams that all is right. Mr. North would have written the most beautiful letters in the world from the Lake of Geneva, and not the less so from the inspiring influence of an elegant residence on its banks. His speeches savour of the particular tastes I have been describing. There is too much of the equanimity of literature about them—too little of the ardour and impetuosity of passion speaking *viva voce.* They rather resemble high-wrought academic effusions, stately, orderly and chaste, and having also the coldness of chastity, than the glowing eruptions of a mind on fire, warming and illuminating whatever comes within its range. To conclude, Mr. North is a proficient in the formal parts of the higher order of oratory—in diction—arrangement—the selection and command of topics—delivery—action—but (to adopt some hackneyed illustrations) in the same degree as moonlight differs from the splendour of the sun, pearl from diamond, silver from gold, the scented and well-trimmed shrubbery from the majestic forest, the placid waters of the lake from the impetuous heavings of "old ocean," so may he be said to fall short of first-rate excellence in the art of speaking.

From my observations upon Mr. North's mind, neutralized as he has permitted it to become, I should say that now his chief strength lies in sarcasm, and in that species of humour which consists of felicitous combinations of mock-heroic imagery and gorgeous diction, descriptive of the feelings and situation of the object ridiculed;—and yet he has employed his powers in this respect so sparingly, that I have some doubts whether he be fully aware of their extent. I have not heard that he gave any early indications of this talent; and though at first view it may appear to be at variance with the leading propensities of his mind, I do not conceive it difficult to account for its existence. On the contrary, it seems natural enough that a person gifted with powers of language and imagination, but of too timid a taste to risk them upon sincere and serious trains of sentiment, should resort to ridicule, and to that particular kind, to which I have just adverted. Such a person feels what an awful thing it is to be accountable to a sneering public, for the appropriateness of every generous thought and glowing illustration into which a well-meaning but too fervid enthusiasm may betray him. The incessant recollection of the proximity of the ludicrous to the sublime, appals and paralizes him; but give him an adversary whose motives and reasonings and language are to be travestied, and the spell that bound his faculties is dissolved. Here, where every exaggeration has a charm, he ventures to give full scope to his fancy. The very temper of mind that renders him sensitive and wary when he speaks in his own person, suggests the boldest images, and the more grotesque they are the better, when by a rhetorical contrivance the whole responsibility of them is, as it were, shifted upon the shoulders of another. I would almost venture to predict, that it is in this way that Mr. North will make

himself most felt in the House of Commons. He has the classic authority of Mr. Canning, for proposing as a subject the Duigenan redivivus of the House; but I have my fears that he will select a nobler mark than Master Ellis. I therefore caution my Opposition friends, and especially Mr. Hume, to be on their guard.

Mr. North's exterior has nothing very striking; his frame is of the middle size and slender, his features small and pallid, and unmarked by any prominent expression, save those habitual signs of exhaustion, from which so few of the occupied members of his profession are exempt. If he were a stranger to me, I should pass him by without observation, but, knowing who he is, and feeling what he might be, I find his face to be far from a blank. Upon examination, it presents an aspect of still and steady thoughtfulness, with that peculiar curve about the lips when he smiles (as he often does,) which imports a refined but too fastidious taste. When the countenance is in repose, I fancy that I can also catch there a trace of languor, such as succeeds a course of struggles where high and early hopes had been embarked, while a tinge of melancholy, so slight as to be dispersed by the feeblest gleam, but still returning and settling there, tells me that some and the most cherished of them have been disappointed. I confess that I respect Mr. North too much to regret those indications of a secret dissatisfaction with his condition; and more especially, because in him they are entirely free from the ordinary fretfulness and acrimony of mortified ambition. He is too considerate and just to wage a splenetic warfare with the world because all the bright visions of his youth have not been realised; and he is still too young and too conscious of his capacity to be irretrievably depressed, when reminded by others or by himself, that hitherto fame has spoken of him only in whispers, and that much must be done both in intellect and action, before the glorious clang of her trumpet shall rejoice his ear.

These allusions to Mr. North's omissions as a public man, are offered in no unfriendly spirit. If I looked upon him as an ordinary person, I should say at once of him, that he has well fulfilled the task assigned him. He has won his way to a respectable station in a most precarious profession; enjoys considerable estimation for general talent, and is cordially honoured by all who know him, for the undeviating dignity and purity of his private life. But from those to whom much is given much is exacted. My quarrel with Mr. North is, that living under a system teeming with abuses, and loudly calling upon a man of his character and abilities to interpose their influence, he should have consented to keep aloof a neutral and acquiescent spectator. For fifteen long years, a liberal and enlightened Irishman, seeing with his own eyes what an English barber could not read of without contempt for the nation that endured, and not to have left a single document of his indignation!—not a speech, not a pamphlet, not an article in a periodical publication—not even, that forlorn hope of a maltreated cause, a well-penned protesting resolution! What availed it to his country that he was known to be a friend of toleration, if his co-operation was withheld upon every occasion where his presence would have inspired confidence, and his example have acted as a salutary incitement to others? What, that his theories upon the question of free discussion were understood to be manly and just, if, after having witnessed the irruption of an

armed soldiery into a legal meeting, and being himself among the dispersed at the point of the bayonet, he had the morbid patience to be silent under the affront to the laws, paying such homage to the times as scarcely to

"Hint his abhorrence in a languid sneer."

His learning too, his literary and philosophic stores, things so much wanted in Ireland,—where has he left a vestige of their existence, so as to justify the most flattering of his friends in saying to him, "You have not lived in vain, and should you unfortunately be removed before your time, your country will miss you?"—This is what I complain of and deplore; and these sentiments are strong in proportion to my estimate of his latent value, and my genuine concern for the interests of his fame; for in the midst of my reproaches, I see so much to admire and respect in him, he is of so meek a carriage, and has about him so much of the gentleman and the scholar, that I cannot divest myself of a certain feeling of almost individual regard. Nor, in putting the matter thus, am I aware that I make any unreasonable exactions. At particular seasons, his profession, no doubt, must demand his undivided care: but there are intervals which, with a mind full as Mr. North's is, might have been, and may still be, dedicated to honourable uses. There are not wanting contemporary precedents to show what the incidental labours of a lawyer may accomplish, in science, in letters, in public spirit. Let him look to Mr. Brougham, to the versatility of his pursuits, and the varieties of his fame—the Courts, the House of Commons, and the Edinburgh Review: to Denman, Williams, and many others of the English Bar, eminent or on the road to eminence in their profession, and patriotic and instructive in their leisure; or, (a more pregnant instance still) let him turn to the Scotch, those hardy and indefatigable workers for their own and their country's renown. There is Jeffrey, Cockburn, Cranstoun, Murray, Montcrief, great advocates every man of them: the first the creator and responsible sustainer of the noblest critical publication of the age; the others ardent and important helpmates, and all of them finding it practicable, amidst their regular and collateral pursuits, to take an active lead in the popular assemblies of the North. These men, whom energy and ambition have made what they are, may be used in other respects as a great example. Under circumstances peculiarly adverse to all who disdained to stoop, they never struck to the opinions of the day, but, confiding in themselves, were as stern and uncompromising in their conduct as in their maxims—yet are they all prosperous and respected, and formidable to all by whom a high-spirited man would desire to be feared.

I see but one plausible excuse for the course of political quietude to which Mr. North so perseveringly adhered, and in fairness I should not suppress it. It was his fate to have commenced his career under the Saurin dynasty. Things are something better now, but some twelve or fifteen years ago, woe betided the patriotic wight of the dominant creed who should venture to whisper to the public that all was not unquestionable wisdom and justice in the ways of that potent and inscrutable gentleman. The opposition of a Catholic was far less resented. The latter was a condemned spirit, shorn of all effective strength, and was suffered to flounder away impotent and unheeded in the penal abyss; but for a Protestant, and more than all, a Protestant

barrister, to question the infinite perfection of the attorney-general's dispensations, was monstrous, blasphemous, and punishable—and punished the culprit was. All the loyal powers of the land sprung with instinctive co-operation to avenge the outrage upon their chief and themselves. The loyal gates of the Castle were slapt in his face. The loyal club to which he claimed admission, buried his pretensions under a shower of black-beans. The loyal attorney suspected his competency, and withheld his confidence. The loyal discounter declined to respect his name upon a bill. The loyal friend, as he passed him in the streets, exchanged the old, familiar, cordial greeting for a penal nod. In every quarter, in every way, it was practically impressed upon him, that Irish virtue must be its own reward. Even the women, those soothers of the cares of life, whose approbation an eminent French philosopher has classed among the most powerful incentives to heroical exertion,—even they, merging the charities of their sex in their higher duties to the state, volunteered their services as avenging angels. The tea-pot trembled in the hand of the loyal matron as she poured forth its contents, and along with it her superfine abhorrence of the low-lived incendiary; while the fair daughters of ascendency grouped around, admitted his delinquency with a responsive shudder, and vowed in their pretty souls to make his character, whenever it should come across them, feel the bitter consequences of his political aberrations. All this was formidable enough to common men. Mr. North was strong enough to have faced and vanquished it. Instead of fearing to provoke the persecuting spirit of the times, he might have securely welcomed it as the most unerring evidence of his importance.

Having said so much, I am bound to add that the foregoing observations have not the remotest reference to Mr. North's conduct at the Bar. There he is entitled to the highest praise, and I give it heartily, for his erect and honourable deportment in the public and (an equal test of an elevated spirit) in the private details of his profession. The most conspicuous occasion upon which he has yet appeared was on the trial of the political rioters at the Dublin theatre. It was altogether a singular scene—presenting a fantastic medley of combinations and contradictions, such as nothing but the shuffling of Irish events could bring together; a band of inveterate loyalists brought to the bar of justice for a public outrage upon the person of the king's representative; an attorney-general prosecuting on behalf of one part of the state, and the other exulting with all their souls at the prospect of his failure; a popular Irish bench; an acquitting Irish jury; and finally, the professional confidant of the Orange Lodges—the chosen defender of their acts and doctrines, Mr. North. It would be difficult to conceive a more perplexing office. He discharged it, however, with great talent and (what I apprehend was less expected) consummate boldness. As a production of eloquence, his address to the jury contained no specimens of first-rate excellence, but many that were not far below it; while his general line of argument, and his manner of conducting it, gave signs of a spirit and power from which I would infer, that, should state-trials unfortunately become frequent in Ireland during his continuance at the Bar, he is destined to make no inconsiderable figure as a leading counsel for the defences. The Williamites were grateful for the effort, and greeted their successful advocate with enthusiastic

cheers on his exit from the court. This was, I believe, the only public homage of the kind that Mr. North had ever received; and, however welcome at the moment, could scarcely fail to be followed by a sentiment of sadness, when he reflected upon the untowardness of the fate which doomed his name to be for the first time exalted to the skies on the yell of a malignant faction that he must have detested and despised.

The preceding views of Mr. North's intellectual characteristics were formed, and in substance committed to paper, before his recent appearance in the House of Commons. Since that event I have seen nothing calling on me to retract or qualify my first impressions. If the effect which he produced then was not all that had been expected, I attribute it far less to any deficiency of general power, than to that want of energy and directness of purpose, which is the besetting infirmity of his mind. Let him but emancipate himself (and he *has* shewn that he can do so) from the petty drags that have heretofore impeded his course, and he may yet become distinguished to his heart's content, and, what is better, eminently useful to his country. He has the means, and nothing can be more propitious than the period. Irish questions press upon the parliament; upon the most vital of them (the Catholic) he thinks with the just, and will not fail to make a stand. Upon the others he can be, what is most wanting in that house, a fearless witness. Wherever he interposes, the purity of his personal character — his position with the Government—even the neutrality of his former course, will give him weight and credit. Nor (as far as his ambition is concerned) will services thus rendered be unrewarded. So prostrate is the pride of Ireland that she no longer exacts from her public men a haughty vindication of her rights. In these times a temperate mediator is hailed as a patriot. This Mr. North can be; but to be so with effect he must distinguish better than he has yet done between false complaisance and a manly moderation. He must give way to no mistaken feelings of political charity towards a generation of sinners, whom flattery will never bring to repentance. If he praise the country-gentlemen of Ireland again, until they do something to deserve it, I shall be seriously alarmed for his renown.

EPIGRAM.

From the French of Montreuil. Born 1620, died 1682.

Three years of humble service paid
To Julia, that most prudish maid,
She gives her finger's tip to kiss;
If to her swain she thus bestow
Each recompense so very slow,
E'en Nestor might despair of bliss.

Then, Julia, think; for though I be
The very pink of constancy,
I cannot for your favours stay:
Proceeding from your finger's tip,
'Twould be a very venial slip
Should Love kiss hands, and fly away.

PHYSIC FOR THE MIND.

"And here I stand both to impeach and purge."
Romeo and Juliet, Act 5, Scene 3.

WHOEVER has read the ingenious lucubrations of Dr. Gustaldy,* must be aware that when a "*vrai Amphitryon*" has provided himself with an "*artiste*," (*i. e.* a French cook,) and a large fortune to expend on his table, he will still be a hundred miles off from a good dinner, unless he engages with mounseer to take an occasional dose of physic, just to keep his organs of taste in proper tone, which from the heat of the kitchen, and a constant ingurgitation of *degustatory* morsels, are apt to get half a note above or below concert pitch, to the utter destruction of all harmony in the "*entrés*" and soups. A true connoisseur, therefore, in noting his "*menu*" with a pencil, as he eats his way through the three courses, if he finds many "too sours," "too sweets," "too much peppers," "insipids," "*fades*," or the like, always concludes with a gentle admonition, and a reference to the "peptic persuaders" of Dr. Kitchiner, the rhubarb and magnesia, or the five grains of calomel, as the case may require. In this practice there is involved much recondite philosophy; and it affords another instance in which the animal instincts of the species do more for civilization, than all the speculative theories imaginable. The idleness of a playful boy produced that improvement in the steam engine which renders it a self-acting machine, and the flying a child's kite led to the invention of lightning conductors. So likewise may this casual experiment made in the chylopoietic functions of a Frenchman by an ultra gastronome, be considered as containing the germ of an entirely new science; which in process of time may effect a total revolution in morals and in political philosophy. In the laboratory of nature, great effects are perpetually flowing from little causes; and there is no fact so trifling, that its discovery may not give birth to vast changes in human affairs. When the attraction developed in a stick of sealing-wax by friction was first noticed, who would have imagined that the discovery involved all which is at once brilliant and solid in the present advanced state of chemical science? To those, therefore, who have made nature their study, the hardiness of my proposition will create neither surprise nor distrust. They will at once perceive that the sympathetic connexion existing between the viscera and the organs of sense, which prevents the "*chef de cuisine*" from doing his duty when his stomach is out of order, is not an insulated fact; but belongs to an extended series of phenomena, important alike to the physiologist and the moralist.

The intimate connexion between moral disposition and physical temperament has been known from the earliest times; and there is not a child who does not couple red hair with a passionate and angry character. Every body too is more or less aware of the influence of particular states of the constitution, over the feelings and actions of the individual. No one, for instance, who has the least "gumption," would think of asking a favour from a hungry man at the instant when the servant has announced the dinner *not* to be ready. I need not mention to my literary brethren, or to any one who has scraped the slightest acquaintance with the "*sacræ camœnæ*," that when the stomach is

* Almanac des Gourmands.

oppressed, it is as difficult to write as to fry; as impossible to dress up an ode or an epigram as to cook a dinner. Dryden always took physic as a preparative for writing; and Apollo is alike the god of medicine and of verse. In fact, an attentive observer might detect in himself a thousand *nuances* of temper, the indulgence of which has been more or less injurious to his affairs, which could be readily traced to an indigestion or a fit of bile. The likening the passions to the attacks of bodily disease is a favourite simile with the poets—

> There heats and colds still in our breasts make war,
> Agues and fevers all our passions are.

But *simile non est idem;* and this likening of two things perfectly identical, instead of being poetical, is a flat *niaiserie*. So strictly is the body dependent on mind, and so truly are all our excesses of passion bodily infirmities, that with a little ingenuity the history of nations might be converted into a course of pathology. There is indeed scarcely an event of any importance, which, if it could be traced to its true causes, would not be found to turn upon the caprice of some individual; and that caprice in its turn would be seen to have arisen out of some hitch in the animal machine, some *poco più* or *poco meno* in the animal fluids, or some morbid irritation of an internal organ. Thus the downfall of monarchy in Rome is an obvious consequence of Tarquin's having suffered from a plethoric distension of the veins; and the execution of Louis the Sixteenth (and therefore the rise and fall of Napoleon, and the triumphs of the Holy Alliance,) as notoriously were occasioned by that monarch's having, while on his journey to Varennes, laboured under bulimia, a disease which, in common language, may be defined an inordinate appetite for mutton chops. "It is but increasing," says an ingenious writer, "or diminishing the velocity of certain fluids, to elate the soul with the gayest hopes, or sink her into the deepest despair; to depress the hero into a coward, or advance the coward into a hero." Now this being the case, who shall say that there was more than a dose of physic of difference between a Whitelock and a Wellington? Who shall say that if Napoleon had slily slipped some medicament into the breakfasts of our grenadiers, on the morning of the battle of Waterloo, —if he had found some "rhubarb, senna, or some purgative drug," to have "drugged their possets" with on that eventful morn, he might not indeed have "scoured these English hence," and turned the tide of his fortunes once more in his favour? So likewise, if some pharmaceutic preparation had caused a metastasis, and removed the velocity from King James's heels to his animal spirits, on the day of the battle of the Boyne, who knows but popery and wooden shoes might not have had a better chance in old England? Where then would have been our glorious constitution, the American war, our national debt, and all other consequences since the great Revolution?

But whatever insights men may have had into the nature of things, they have never yet followed up their discoveries to a practical result. If history be but pathology seen in a particular light, morals and politics must necessarily become resolvable into therapeutics. Generalizing, therefore, the case of the French cook, and varying its application according to the nature of circumstances, it would be possible to supply by art the constitutional deficiencies of heroes, statesmen, and diplomatists; and, by a due course of medicine, to preserve their bodies in that condition in which they could best promote the welfare of the states

committed to their charge, purging away those peccant humours, those bilious and melancholic vapours, which "ascending," as Falstaff has it, "to the brain," are so apt to disturb the peace of Europe. Thus, for example, Mr. Pitt was said uniformly to prepare himself for great debates by eating highly devilled beef-steaks, and drinking a couple of quarts of black strap; and when I think of the fact, I no longer wonder at the many "just and necessary" campaigns into which he plunged the country. If, instead of applying "hot and rebellious fluids," ay, and solids too, to his blood, he had made use of emollients and sweeteners; if, instead of inflaming his passions by inflaming his liver, he had cooled his intellect and his pulse down to a peace establishment by water-gruel and panada, who knows but he might have earned the reputation of his father, and England have been many millions the better in purse and in constitution by the regimen?

Under the strong influence of these verities, I have employed many years in developing my ideas and reducing them by private experiments, to practice, in order to the bringing them before the public on a grand scale, and proposing the formation of a great national hospital, to be appended to a certain other national establishment in Westminster, with an infirmary ward to be applied to the especial use of the inhabitants of Downing-street. Hitherto my success has justified the most sanguine expectations; and in order that my readers may have some notion of what lies before them, I shall proceed to cite a few of my cases, not selected, as the custom is, for making the best of my story; but fairly taken without reference to their results.

Case I.—Timothy Wildfire, Cornet of Dragoons, a blood of the first head, hits the ace of spades at twelve paces, is deep in the fancy, has fought three duels in five weeks, and pulled seven antagonists by the nose. On entering a coffee-house full of the determination to call out a rival fire-eater whose pretensions to bullying crossed his own, I contrived to slip, unperceived, three grains of emetic tartar into his negus, while he was penning his "reproof valiant," and before he could seal the envelope he retired to his barrack, heartily *sick* of the business, and at once *threw up* the affair, at least for the present occasion.

Case II.—Moneytrap Gobbleton, merchant, after a series of civic entertainments, disinherited his eldest son in a paroxysm of bile, on account of what he called an imprudent match. Six weeks at Cheltenham brought his skin to its colour, and his temper to serenity. He agreed to see the young couple, and cancelled his will.

Case III.—Lydia Lovesick, having, by a course of amatory poetry, fallen into an inflammatory diathesis, was on the point of eloping with a married man. Fortunately, however, the disease took another turn. She was seized with inflammation of the lungs; and the loss of thirty ounces of blood saved her from infamy and wretchedness. In two days after the bleeding, followed by other antiphlogistic remedies, she confessed the whole matter to her mother, desired back her picture and her letters, and wondered what had made her in love with a man who was neither young nor handsome.

Case IV.—Robert Sneak, esq. troubled with a constitutional coldness and timidity, has for many years laboured under a vixen wife, who snubs him before company, keeps the house, and occasionally even boxes his ears. By taking only one pint of brandy, he was enabled to

kick his domestic torment down stairs. But like John Moody's master, though he began well "he could na hauld it." After six hours comfortable sleep he awoke as bad as ever, or rather I should say, much weakened by the experiment.

CASE V.—Benedict Snugg, bachelor, aged 65, under a paroxysm of gout, had bespoke a licence for marrying his cook. Being interested for his nephew, I advised, on the plea of general health, the abandonment of a nightly glass of hot brandy and water, and the pretermission of a warming-pan. This regimen was not without its good effects: but the patient resuming his old habits too soon, on the 1st of May 1823, this gentleman, after eating one hundred of oysters, and taking an extra tumbler over night, committed matrimony in the face of his whole parish, and in six months his nephew was disinherited by the birth of a son.

Not to trouble the reader with farther details, I have adduced sufficient evidence to shew that a judicious application of a blister, a dose of calomel, or a stimulant, might on many an occasion have saved Europe from a vast deal of calamity: so that there can be no doubt that a skilful physician attached to congresses and private meetings of sovereigns, might prevent much mischief, by a timely administration of physic to the "high contracting parties." Nor should I despair, by the antiphlogistic regimen, of cooling the courage even of a Charles the XIIth., or of blistering a Henri into a declaration of war. To the immediate application of this system, there are two objections which I will not conceal. One is, that the greater part of the actual race of kings are convicted incurables. What could be done for a Ferdinand or a Francis? Another is, that it is not usual to make experiments on royal and noble patients. On these accounts, therefore, I should prefer following the customary routine of practice, and commencing "*in corpore vili*" to try our hands upon such thieves and murderers as are within the reach of the law. For this purpose Newgate might be divided into two compartments; and while Mrs. Fry carried on her operations in the one, Lawrence or Brodie might undertake the care of the other. Thus in process of time a judicious issue in the neck might supersede the hempen cravat; and a blood-letting from the arm take the place of a scarification on the loins. If these experiments were successful, we might next undertake a certain portion of the press, which every body admits requires purging. Thence the step is not far to public defaulters; though it would certainly require a strong emetic to make such persons disgorge. If any thing like a cure could be boasted in this quarter, we should be encouraged to proceed to the higher servants of the state. A certain law-officer could not but be much improved by giving him something *generous*. The anti-Catholic part of the cabinet might try hellebore; but if that failed, we have nothing to recommend but resignation. The Attorney-general or the members of the Constitutional Society who are offended at *a strong light*, might mend under the use of a green shade; and as the malady of the saints obviously proceeds from weakness, they might be encouraged to a more free use of wine and carminatives to relieve their hypochondria. Thus, then, I flatter myself that I have at last hit off the true balance of power; and discovered the secret of a blessed millenium of peace and good will. We have indeed only to say with Shakspeare "take physic, pomp," and

all forms of government will become indifferent; for, at least in a medical sense,

That which is best *administer'd* is best.

If there is any spirit left in this country, the force of public opinion will not fail to bring this matter to a speedy issue; and, as the plan will supersede radical reform, the House will hardly hesitate, at least, to refer the matter to the College of Physicians, or to a committee up-stairs. When this is done, the Editor of this Journal will be enabled to do me justice, by making known to the public, who is the ingenious personage that writes in the New Monthly Magazine under the signature of

M.

THE ADIEU.

We part—and thou art mine no more!
I go through seas never pass'd before,
Where stars unknown to our native skies
Startle the mariner's watchful eyes.
Our bark shall over the waters sweep,
And rouse the children of the deep;
Around us, midst the silvery spray,
With glittering scales shall the dolphins play.

When scarcely flutters the snowy sail,
Gently waved by the whispering gale,
I shall gaze on the ocean's liquid glass,
And mark the hidden treasures I pass:
The amber and coral groves that glow
In the sparkling sunbeams that dart below,
Whose lucid and spreading boughs between
Countless flitting forms are seen.

Oh! could I beneath the billows dive,
And in that world of splendour live!
Were there a cave for thee and me
Beneath that bright and silent sea,
Which waves conceal and rocks surround,
Like that the island lovers found! *
Strange and solemn was the hour
That saw them reach that secret bower,
Some love-lorn sea-maid's deep abode,
Or palace of the ocean God.
Long had Hoonga's inmost cells
Echoed to the mournful tone
Of the waves among the shells,
And the winds that feebly moan,
But never to music so sad, so sweet,
As the vows they breathed in that lone retreat!

But ah! our bark glides swiftly on,
And my vision of that cave is gone:
As all the fleeting dreams have flown
That bade me hail thee as my own,
I have look'd the last on my native shore,
We part—and thou art mine no more!

M. E.

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* See, for an account of the Cavern of Hoonga and romantic history of the lovers, Mariner's "Tonga Islands."

THE NATIONAL MUSEUM, AND ITS EFFECTS.

The English people generally have little feeling for the higher classes of painting and sculpture. This is a fact confirmed by every-day experience. Those branches of the fine arts which are immediately useful, those which flatter self-love and are convenient for embellishing the apartments of our fragile houses, are in good request; but these are not regarded for the sake of art itself. In forming private collections, ostentation goes a great way; and thus far art may be benefited. Many individuals, on obtaining an accession of fortune, or having just come of age, hear that my Lord so and so, or Mr. A. or B. is much extolled for his grand collection of paintings, and having a desire to attain the same notoriety, and a strong inclination to pass for *cognoscenti*, they pick up a competent agent to make purchases for them; or, if it so happen that a collector is deceased, purchase in the lump the whole of his gallery, which, perhaps, forms the *nucleus* for a yet more extensive collection. They buy some convenient house in town, or alter their own so as to display their pictures to the best advantage, allow a few persons by special permission to visit them, never refusing the request from " a gentleman of the press;" and in a short time the superb gallery is trumpeted from mouth to mouth. Such a treasure could not have been in the possession of any one, select as it is said to be, without immense cost. The devotion to the fine arts, and the unsparing magnificence displayed in these purchases, give the reputation of exorbitant wealth, the possession of which, in England, takes precedence of every thing else. Then self-love is flattered by the praises bestowed upon the exquisite taste in art of the possessors, judging from their pictures; and they become at once, in name at least, patrons of artists, (a term now, thank God, without a meaning in our literature); deficient as many of them may be in every qualification required to form a correct judgment of painting, and consequently without one particle of true discriminating feeling for art itself. Academicians flock to the tables of such; and they are vain of the compliments and eulogies which some artists know so well how to lavish upon great men, to the derogation of the dignity of art, and at the expense of their own independence. Not to be thought too sweeping in my censures, I must observe that there are distinguished exceptions among noblemen and gentlemen who possess collections in this country; that I advert only to a proportion; and that I thus discriminate, because the possession of works of art may not be thought, as it too generally is, a proof of a genuine and correct feeling for it. Every good collection of painting and sculpture, when the public can have access to it, even occasionally, does good. It makes the eye accustomed to the truth of nature, to correct forms, and to images of beauty, which will ultimately tell well. There is a fashion, while making collections, productive of great benefit, and that is, the rage for paintings by great masters, or the desire to have great names without regard to the excellence of the execution, whether the best or worst, finished or unfinished, of such masters. This has had the effect of bringing here an immense number of fine subjects, in every state of finish, for the study of the artist. Sir John Leicester, I believe, has almost the only choice collection by British masters alone, and has enabled us to contrast it

with the numerous foreign collections we possess—a most judicious and patriotic use of his wealth. Government, from watching the progress of this spirit for private collections, might add, at a comparatively small expense, to its late noble purchase of Mr. Angerstein's pictures, by arranging the buildings now raising, or to be raised in the Museum, so as to have a suite of rooms to receive collections bequeathed by individuals; each of these rooms, when the collections were worthy of it, to bear the name of the donor, and to be ornamented with his bust or statue. For instance, if the Marquis of Stafford were to present his magnificent collection to the public, a room sufficiently ample should be devoted to its reception, and bear the name of the "Stafford Gallery," and so on. In this way, playing upon human vanity, where patriotism might have little sway, accessions of immense value might be gained at a small expense to the public. A grand national gallery in this country is essential to aid the great work of refinement, to benefit our manufactures, and establish that true taste and feeling in the public from which alone great things can arise.

The infusion of a true feeling for art among a commercial people will be a work exceedingly slow in achievement. The wealth of the merchant enables him to obtain possession of pictures; but his children and descendants will receive most profit from them on the score of improvement. A vast proportion of our higher and middle classes are yet to be trained in and habituated to the principles of the correct and beautiful, before the proper feeling can be established in the nation which will lead to grand results in art—works that may rival the best of other times and nations. Let not the reader suppose that I would depreciate the knowledge and illumination of mind which these classes now possess far beyond those of any other nation in the world; I only intend my observations to apply to the arts of sculpture, painting, and architecture; in a true discernment of which, with isolated exceptions, it must be allowed they are not equal to their attainments in other respects. To prove this to be correct, it is sufficient to examine what department of painting, for example, is most common and carried to the highest perfection, and, consequently, most encouraged; for in despite of the arguments which have been so much used of physical and constitutional inability in the people of a northern climate to excel in the higher walks of art, which are mere idle declamation, it may be considered that wherever there is an extensive knowledge of any peculiar branch of art, that branch will attain a great degree of excellence. This, in England, is portrait-painting; our present skill in and execution of which has never been surpassed in any age or nation. Personal vanity and wealth have effected this; and the artist being encouraged and emulous, has gone on increasing in power and skill. It was not the public regard for art which carried it up to its present perfection; for the same causes would not, perhaps, produce the same effects in any other order of painting, because the desire of possessing a landscape, (unless it be one's own country seat,—and such views, painted for their owners, have done no little for landscape-painting in England,) a scripture scene, or a battle piece, do not originate in *amour propre*, but must spring from the principles of taste and an admiration of the work for its own sake; and cannot, therefore, become general till the mass can feel and discriminate their value. Where it is not so, the

buyer of pictures is no better, as regards his love of the arts, than the buyer of a toy, a carpet, fine chairs, or a china screen.

There has always appeared to be a concatenation of causes favourable to the production of the greater artists; for they have, in modern ages at least, appeared as it were in groups. In the darkest times a mighty star of literature has shone out here and there at intervals; but it has not been so with the arts, which seem to depend more upon society, a kindly feeling towards them among the more discerning of the people and among the great, upon wealth, patronage, and fashion. The times of the Medici and of Leo X. were without a preceding example of the kind, and have never since, perhaps never will again, be equalled. The taste for the fine arts seems to have kept pace with the luxury and wealth of Italy, which were never so great as in 1490. Commerce, improved agriculture, and a government well adapted to the character of the people, existed at that moment. Between the years 1452 and 1494, were born Leonardo da Vinci, Titian, Giorgione, Michel Angelo, Raphael, Andrea del Sarto, Julio Romano, Correggio, and others. Yet it is remarkable, that for fifty years after the last-mentioned period, turbulence prevailed throughout that country; the tranquillity in which these great men had been born, and some of them reared, was no more. But did not the world owe the developement of their talents to the auspicious period which preceded 1790? This question is worth examining. It is most just to suppose that the era of tumult commencing when many of those artists had arrived at the conclusion of their first studies, it could not have contributed to that high regard for art which must have existed before, and for which the Medici prepared the country, and which it was a work of considerable time and a variety of causes to effect; indeed Leonardo da Vinci was full thirty-eight years old in 1490, Michel Angelo nearly twenty; and soon after that time first-rate artists disappeared, and an inferior race arose.

If a feeling for the higher order of art generally existed in England, it would expand itself now, when external circumstances seem so favourable to it. Our national history and that of neighbouring countries, have furnished for ages subjects of no ordinary interest. The recurrence to Scripture for subjects, every saint and patriarch having been painted over and over again, does not seem agreeable to the national taste; but other subjects of interest have not been wanting; and where they have been occasionally tried, as in the death of General Wolfe, by West, they have succeeded. The establishment of a national gallery at this moment is peculiarly auspicious for British art. It will excite the phlegmatic, and attract the idle and wealthy to a subject most essential to our national greatness. At last, for we are sluggish in our movements, we have begun, and let us not turn back. The present period of peace, which it is hoped may be long, may allow us to become as glorious in art as we have been in literature, war, and commerce, if we properly improve it. The first step is to make the bulk of the people feel the impression of the great and beautiful, to prevent gaudiness of colouring, and bad drawing from escaping detection, blocks of allegorical and nondescript marble and image-making from being looked upon as sculpture, and brick walls with plaster ornaments, or Grecian porticoes, covered with turrets and spires, from being deemed sublime

chefs-d'œuvre of architecture.* Then our bad sculptors, painters, or architects would begin to mend, our good ones be more encouraged, and the meed of talent be paid where it is due. Interest would be of no avail, nor petty intrigue for the erection of monuments and public buildings operate against sterling merit, as it frequently does now.

That a feeling for the elegant and beautiful in art should be infused into the mass of the people, in order to promote a pure taste, even in the most humble of our manufactures, will be admitted as highly desirable. The Roman culinary utensils discovered in Herculaneum are of the most chaste forms, in bronze, and ornamented exquisitely. It is not for the mere pleasure of looking at works of true taste, or of admiring them alone, however great the gratification they thus afford may be, that we should estimate them. There is a sympathy, a union between mental and external or material things—between that which we see and feel, which takes a colour of refinement from the finish and beauty of objects around us. If we dwell amidst elegance and fashion, our ideas will invariably derive a colouring from them; though a gentleman may have no better perception of external objects than a clown, he will not describe them as the latter does. The effect of living in more polished society causes this difference; and so the mind accustomed to see only shapes of beauty will, from insensible habit, become accustomed to them, and imbibe their correct impressions and a portion of their refinement. It is not enough that a part only of the community, the rich, in their utensils, in their saloons, in their dinner-tables, or in their gardens, should dwell among fine forms, but, as Etruscan or similar forms may be manufactured with as much facility in the common earthenware used by the lowest classes, as the present coarse and clumsy models, they should be invariably adopted, in order that no eye may miss them, from the lord to the peasant. This generation of feeling for external beauty will contribute to the creation and perfection of taste. As well might a Haydn or Mozart tolerate a discord in their melody, as a master in painting or sculpture applaud the figure of a Dutch boor, or ornaments and figures of ugly and disproportioned outline. A story is told of an Italian artist, (whose attachment to the Romish religion there is no reason to disbelieve) that when he was nearly at the last hour of life, an ecclesiastic held before him a crucifix of such ill-favoured workmanship that he could not bear to behold it, but pushed it away from him even *in articulo mortis*. That the feeling for the high and beautiful is natural may be judged from all nature's works, which are sublime, beautiful, and full of figures noble and harmonious when in union, and graceful and pleasing when separated.

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* In architecture we seem to retrograde, though we can shew the noblest streets in the world in brick and plaster. The churches of Queen Anne beggar beyond all comparison those which have been lately erected. Of the latter, near London, the gothic church at Chelsea is an exception, and the new church at Brixton shews that the architect would have done better had he been allowed to place the belfry in a different part of the churchyard, apart from the church. Unfortunately, a place of worship of the establishment is considered not to be orthodox without a tower and belfry; and as this seems a point of faith, it is in vain to endeavour to change it. St. Martin's in the Strand is worth all that our church-building architects have done, from the compounded toy of St. Pancras to the extinguisher and turret in Langham Place. Waterloo Bridge is the only public building of our time worthy the nation.

It is then in the infusion of a taste for high art into the bulk of the nation, that the national collection which has been begun by Government, will do most for art. It is the public who may be induced to visit the Gallery, to make the visiting it a fashion, and to imbibe from it a discriminating judgment and a knowledge of what is correct, that will effectually encourage art by the taste it may acquire from the establishment. Artists may travel and see collections of the first paintings. They may study at Rome, and return with all the professional knowledge they can imbibe, but on arriving in their own country they will find no remuneration for their incessant toil, unless the mass of the people can see and feel the excellence of their productions, which at present only a few, comparatively a very few, are capable of doing. It is to the public rather than to the artist, in the higher walks of art especially, that we must look for the beneficial results of this national undertaking. There can be no fear of the progressive improvement of the artist if he have an adequate stimulus to urge him on. This need not be the love of fame only,—the instances are very rare where artists, solely for the love of art and the hope of a future name, have laboured through life, contented with no other reward. In one respect it is evident that even excellence in art cannot be obtained by the most enthusiastic student in poverty and obscurity; high art has this disadvantage, that even to learn its rudiments requires expense. Models which must be incessantly studied will be paid; travelling from country to country demands a purse of no light weight; the artist must in the early part of life see and know all he can see and know relative to art, and this cannot be done for nothing. The great Italian artists did not want it so much; they were in the centre of the circle in which all of art that had survived from antiquity, and the best that living nature could furnish, were to be found; still they never refused the just profit of their labours. How then are young men in northern countries, with very limited means, to reimburse themselves for their little all, expended in travelling and in study, but by receiving a proper price for their works? There are enthusiastic and wild students, who talk of fame and glory as a satisfactory reward. Though this may be fine in theory, yet even on the principle of reciprocity it is most fallacious in practice. The art must ingross the whole man and his pecuniary means. Artists must not set up for philosophers, and pretend to despise what the philosopher may, but they cannot do without, either as artists or members of that society in the midst of which they must labour. Nothing can be more odious than a grasping love of money in one by whom money, like marble to the sculptor, should be looked upon only as an instrument towards attaining excellence. But while an ingrossing thirst for money must be condemned, the acquirement of what is necessary for the comforts of life by the chisel or the pencil, is neither derogatory to the dignity of the artist nor of his art, the latter being but the fruit of a refined species of labour of hand, linked with high intellect, and by no means above pecuniary compensation even in the best. To look on money as a necessary mean in life and for study, is the way a high artist should regard it—to love money is beneath him. Barry's disregard of it was noble, yet who but Barry would live as he did?—greater men than he would not if they had the power to live otherwise! The poet and the philosopher may live out of society if they please to do so, in solitude, in the

humblest cot, or in the cave of the desert, their labours being entirely intellectual; but what could the young painter or sculptor do in art if his residence were fixed on the rock of St. Kilda, among the forests of Canada, or the ruins of Palmyra? The artist is the creature of society, he flourishes only in an advanced stage of civilization, and his lot being so cast, it is absurd for him to expect that he must not adapt himself in some respect to its conventional customs.

The necessities of the fortuneless artist, at present, seem to be the cause of his looking up to a patron or to patronage, in other words, to dependance on the support of some wealthy personage. The contemplated national gallery will tend to make the public the patron of the artist, which it is not now, because it does not yet possess sufficient taste, feeling, and regard for his pursuit. Patronage is a species of degradation, which, bestowed often with the most honourable motives, is fatal to the high sense of independence which the artist should feel. The institutions of England require that her artists should take higher ground than those of other nations have ever done, because they are more advanced in that freedom which at present elevates the national character to a high point of civilization, glory, and power. The school of England, which is yet to be formed, should alone be distinguished by an original, bold, unshackled style of art. A refined public is the great patron for the British artist, who, while he advances the national glory under its fostering auspices, is cheered on by an applause that cannot be partial, and of which he may be justly vain. I would not here disparage the motives and kindness of those noblemen and gentlemen, by whose aid (often most discriminating and always honourable to themselves) the fine arts have arrived at the stage in which they now are in this country. I only mention what experience has proved to be correct, as far as respects our literature, which was once to a certain degree dependent upon patronage, that what British artists will do for the national glory cannot be estimated until a national feeling for art raises them to a perfect independence of all but public encouragement, and until the public is qualified to become their judge, and they can look upon public opinion as an unerring guide. This state of things, I firmly believe, will one day arrive, and the empire of art in England will be a republic as well as that of letters, and the English school of art take its place as high as that of Italy. Already we see, except in the labours of minor chiselers and painters, the marble monsters of sculpture, and the allegories of painting of the like character, diminishing before the censorship of the public, and more adherence exhibited to truth and nature. The base flatteries of the best artists of the age of Louis XIV. far as the present man-degrading serviles of the French court will go, would hardly pass current there now; and in England would long ago be scorned and scouted by the good sense of every rank. The route to the formation of a pure national feeling for art is tedious and slow of ascent, but it is probable that it will ultimately lead to an eminence in this country more lofty and commanding, than the proudest nations of past time have attained, in proportion as it is more free. The jargon that under a despotism the arts are always most flourishing, is utterly unworthy of notice. Greece was a republic, and in the great age of modern art the government was mild for the age. Commerce, wealth, as has been observed already,

and the support of nobles, merchants, and ecclesiastics, elicited a blaze which was indeed of unparalleled splendour for a moment, and declined under a succeeding tyranny and barbarism, fatal to a continuation of the race of great artists antecedently produced—I refer, as before, to Italy between 1452 and 1530.

With these plain facts before us, it is surprising that any should be found who censure the conduct of Government, in purchasing Mr. Angerstein's collection; it is rather censurable for not having made similar purchases before. Many cannot see how high art will benefit a community, who can expend thousands in the most groveling objects. Where understanding is not given by nature, it is useless to endeavour to produce an impression by argument. Such, it is to be hoped, are but few, obscure in society, shallow in intellect, gross in feeling, and narrow in influence. By ourselves the event is hailed with unmingled satisfaction; we look upon it as the harbinger of greater things, that will confer additional glory upon this country,—to whose real glory he must be fallen low indeed who is indifferent,—and raise a mighty superstructure of national celebrity which the lapses and changes of time can never deteriorate. In spite of the reserved manners of the members of some modern governments—of their pretended indifference to praise or dispraise, or their coy reception of popular commendation,—it is in reality with the better portion of them a secret source of pleasure—a sensation of delight which they know how to value highly, and which is the most honourable and the proudest testimony they can receive for the fulfilment of their duties. In the present instance, Ministers have acted, we are sure, in union with public opinion, in the proper sense of the term, and have felt gratified in having so acted—the beneficial results will by and by manifest themselves. L.

THE VILLAGE CHILD.

'Scaped from his cottage threshold see how wild
The village boy along the pasture hies,
With every smell and sound, and sight beguiled,
That round the prospect meets his wondering eyes;
Now stooping, eager for the cowslip peeps
As though he 'd get them all—now tired of these
Across the flaggy brooks he eager leaps,
For some new toy his happy rapture sees;
Now tearing 'mid the bushes on his knees
Or woodland banks for blue-bell flowers he creeps;
And now while looking up among the trees
He spies a nest, then down he throws his flowers,
And up he climbs with new-fed ecstasies,
The happiest object in the summer hours.

P.

THE MESSAGE.

When thou shalt see my friend again,
And hear the voice I cannot hear,
And when that smile, so sweet and bright,
Once more thy favour'd soul shall cheer—

Then ask her what, for one she loved
Most dearly, would her wishes be?
And, when her lips have breath'd them forth,
Say, " These, and more, I bring to thee."

And tell her how I strove to check
The envious thought which sometimes came,
To think thine eye should see her thus,
Thine ear should hear her name my name.

Ask her if ever thought of me
Hath come, o'ershaded by a fear,
Lest present things and passing joys
Should make her memory less dear.

And if it hath—thou know'st me well,
I say not, chide her for that thought;
But tell her all thou canst of me,
And charge her that she wrong me not.

And if she ask thee, what report
Thou bring'st of these my passing hours,—
Tell her I never look'd to find
The path of life bestrew'd with flowers.

Yet say in duty's path, though rough,
Is sweetness. She hath found it true;
And tell her more and more my heart
Admits, believes, and feels it too.

Nor let her fear a boastful thought
With thoughts like this is close entwined;
She knows the heart may acquiesce
When "practice grovels far behind."

More would I say—of hopes to meet
Some distant day on earth again,
To number up our blessings past,
And count the joys that still remain;

And more—of hopes yet brighter—hopes
That when the work of life is done,
Our differing paths, diverging wide,
At last may meet, may blend in one.

But thou may'st tell her all thy heart,—
And I may cease my own to tell;
Go then, with blessings on thy path,
To her I love—go,—fare thee well! E. T.

CONVERSATIONS OF LORD BYRON.*

This work possesses three sources of attraction, either of them sufficient to insure a general circulation. First, it concerns Lord Byron, the minutest details of whose "whereabouts" are anxiously sought after by every body; secondly, the book is discursive and full of anecdotes, and its pages teem with all the great names of the age: and last, though not least, it spares neither friend nor foe. When first we heard the promise of such a publication, we were a little startled. We were somewhat acquainted with the style and matter of Lord Byron's familiar conversations. We knew that he was noble, and had been habituated by his *caste* to idle gossiping about persons; we knew that his feelings were quick and susceptible, and therefore that he was likely to be unguarded in speech; we knew too that he was prone to change his "favour" according to the accidental light in which he regarded an object at the moment, and therefore might be tempted to say things of his best friends, that he would be sorry to have repeated, much less "set down in print" against them. Different from Dr. Johnson, he courted not extensive circles of admiring auditors; he spoke not "*per far effetto*,"—his colloquy was not an harangue, in which the thought was as "*apprêté*" as the language. Dr. Johnson's discourses to the club, and at the tea-table of Mrs. Piozzi, were a sort of publication: and Boswell in printing them gave them but a second edition. But Lord Byron's conversations, the conversations of a man whose whole life was but one "*laissez aller*," who spoke as he wrote, and who sought in society nothing beyond its own intrinsic enjoyments!† how could this be done without high treason to friendship, without scandalizing all the subjects of his casual remarks? As far, however, as Lord Byron is concerned, we are, on perusal, satisfied that the author has acquitted himself with tolerable felicity, and we are persuaded he may sleep in peace without any fear of a visitation from his Lordship's offended ghost. The noble poet was too frank and facile in his literary intercourse with the world, was too apt to display the weaknesses, no less than the strength of his mind, with an almost cynical indifference to his reader, to care much about this species of exposure; and though there are many details more especially of matters of opinion, which we are persuaded he uttered more out of wantonness than that he even at the time thought as he spoke,—details which he would have been sorry to pass current as the expression of his real sentiments; yet, as far as he was himself concerned, we have no doubt he would have been more grateful than displeased at the publication. If credit may be given to this journal, Lord Byron was most desirous for the posthumous printing of his memoirs; and he seems, indeed, to have intrusted them to Mr. Moore, as a safeguard against that very accident into which the high-wrought notions of delicacy of the trustee, and his deference to relations and friends, eventually betrayed them. Lord Byron seems to have been aware of the prudery of his own immediate connexions, and in the way in which he bestowed the MS. to have consulted at once his generous disposition towards a friend, and his desire of security against mutilation

* Journal of the Conversations of Lord Byron: noted during a residence with his Lordship at Pisa, in the years 1821 and 1822. By Thomas Medwin, Esq. 4to.

† See Journal, p. 50.

or suppression.' On this subject, the Journal makes Lord Byron speak as follows:—

"I am sorry not to have a copy of my Memoirs to show you. I gave them to Moore, or rather to Moore's little boy." *

"I remember saying, 'Here are 2000*l.* for you, my young friend.' I made one reservation in the gift,—that they were not to be published till after my death.

"I have not the least objection to their being circulated; in fact they have been read by some of mine, and several of Moore's friends and acquaintances; among others, they were lent to Lady Burghersh. On returning the MS. her Ladyship told Moore that she had transcribed the whole work. This was *un peu fort,* and he suggested the propriety of her destroying the copy. She did so, by putting it into the fire in his presence. Ever since this happened, Douglas Kinnaird has been recommending me to resume possession of the MS., thinking to frighten me by saying that a spurious or a real copy, surreptitiously obtained, may go forth to the world. I am quite indifferent about the world knowing all that they contain. There are very few licentious adventures of my own, or scandalous anecdotes that will affect others, in the book. It is taken up from my earliest recollections, almost from childhood,—very incoherent, written in a very loose and familiar style. The second part will prove a good lesson to young men; for it treats of the irregular life I led at one period, and the fatal consequences of dissipation. There are few parts that may not, and none that will not, be read by women."

In this particular, Lord Byron's fate has been singular; and a superstitious person might be startled at the coincidence of so many causes all tending to hide the secret of his character from the public. That scandal and envy should have been at work with such a man is not very extraordinary; but the burning his Memoirs and the subsequent injunction on the publication of his Letters to his Mother, seem as if something more than mere chance had operated to preserve unconfuted the calumnies of the day for the benefit of future biographers. Of these letters we were fortunate enough to obtain a glimpse; and never, we will venture to say, was more innocent, and at the same time more valuable matter so withheld from the world. It is but an act of cold justice to Lord Byron's memory, to state that they appear the reflections of as generous a mind as ever committed its expression to paper. The traces of his temperament, and of his false position in society, are indeed there: but the sentiments are lofty and enthusiastic; and every line betrays the warmest sympathy with human suffering, and a scornful indignation at mean and disgraceful vice.

To the sacrificed Memoirs and the incarcerated Letters, the present Journal is a sort of supplement; and it is avowedly published as an attempt to supply some portion of the information, of which the public have been, as Mr. Medwin thinks, so injuriously deprived. Indeed, both from the matter, and the *sostenuto* style of some of the passages, we have been almost tempted to think them a leaf rescued from the flames. All men, however, are apt to speak much of themselves; and great men often do this well: it is not, therefore, very unlikely that Lord Byron's conversations might frequently be mere fragments of his written life, at least as far as concerns the sequence of thoughts; and we

* Moore's son was not with him in Italy; there is consequently some trifling inaccuracy in this. It is, nevertheless true, as we happen to know, that this was the turn which Lord B. gave to his present, in order to make it more acceptable to his friend. REV.

are convinced that upon some points the most material facts are thus preserved for the benefit of society. Of this description is his account of his own connexion with Lady Byron, their loves, marriage, and separation.

His account of his situation immediately before his leaving England is sufficiently melancholy: he closes it by saying,—

"In addition to all these mortifications, my affairs were irretrievably involved, and almost so as to make me what they wished. I was compelled to part with Newstead, which I never could have ventured to sell in my mother's life-time. As it is, I shall never forgive myself for having done so; though I am told that the estate would not now bring half as much as I got for it. This does not at all reconcile me to having parted with the old abbey. I did not make up my mind to this step, but from the last necessity. I had my wife's portion to repay, and was determined to add 10,000*l.* more of my own to it; which I did. I always hated being in debt, and do not owe a guinea. The moment I had put my affairs in train, and in little more than eighteen months after my marriage, I left England, an involuntary exile, intending it should be for ever."

From the darker part of this great man's autobiography we turn with very different and pleasant sensations to the history of his boyish days.

"I lost my father when I was only six years of age. My mother, when she was in a rage with me, (and I gave her cause enough,) used to say, 'Ah, you little dog, you are a Byron all over; you are as bad as your father!' It was very different from Mrs. Malaprop's saying, 'Ah! good dear Mr. Malaprop, I never loved him till he was dead.' But, in fact, my father was, in his youth, any thing but a 'Cœlebs in search of a wife.' He would have made a bad hero for Hannah More. He ran out three fortunes, and married or ran away with three women, and once wanted a guinea, that he wrote for; I have the note. He seemed born for his own ruin, and that of the other sex. He began by seducing Lady Carmarthen, and spent for her 4000*l.* a-year; and not content with one adventure of this kind, afterwards eloped with Miss Gordon. His marriage was not destined to be a very fortunate one either, and I don't wonder at her differing from Sheridan's widow in the play. They certainly could not have claimed the flitch.

"The phrenologists tell me that other lines besides that of thought, (the middle of three horizontal lines on his forehead, on which he prided himself,) are strongly developed in the hinder part of my cranium; particularly that called philoprogenitiveness. I suppose, too, the pugnacious bump might be found somewhere, because my uncle had it.

"You have heard the unfortunate story of his duel with his relation and neighbour. After that melancholy event, he shut himself up at Newstead, and was in the habit of feeding crickets, which were his only companions. He had made them so tame as to crawl over him, and used to whip them with a wisp of straw, if too familiar. When he died, tradition says that they left the house in a body. I suppose I derive my superstition from this branch of the family; but though I attend to none of these new-fangled theories, I am inclined to think that there is more in a chart of the skull than the Edinburgh Reviewers suppose. However that may be, I was a wayward youth, and gave my mother a world of trouble,—as I fear Ada will her's, for I am told she is a little termagant. I had an ancestor too that expired laughing, (I suppose that my good spirits came from him,) and two whose affection was such for each other, that they died almost at the same moment. There seems to have been a flaw in my escutcheon there, or that loving couple have monopolized all the connubial bliss of the family.

"I passed my boyhood at Marlodge near Aberdeen, occasionally visiting the Highlands; and long retained an affection for Scotland;—that, I suppose,

I imbibed from my mother. My love for it, however, was at one time much shaken by the critique in 'The Edinburgh Review' on 'The Hours of Idleness,' and I transferred a portion of my dislike to the country; but my affection for it soon flowed back into its old channel.

"I don't know from whom I inherited verse-making; probably the wild scenery of Morven and Loch-na-garr, and the banks of the Dee, were the parents of my poetical vein, and the developers of my poetical *boss.* If it was so, it was dormant; at least, I never wrote any thing worth mentioning till I was in love. Dante dates his passion for Beatrice at twelve. I was almost as young when I fell over head and ears in love; but I anticipate. I was sent to Harrow at twelve, and spent my vacations at Newstead. It was there that I first saw Mary C———. She was several years older than myself: but, at my age, boys like something older than themselves, as they do younger, later in life. Our estates adjoined: but, owing to the unhappy circumstance of the feud to which I before alluded, our families (as is generally the case with neighbours who happen to be relations) were never on terms of more than common civility—scarcely those. I passed the summer vacation of this year among the Malvern hills: those were days of romance! She was the *beau idéal* of all that my youthful fancy could paint of beautiful; and I have taken all my fables about the celestial nature of women from the perfection my imagination created in her—I say created, for I found her, like the rest of the sex, any thing but angelic.

"I returned to Harrow, after my trip to Cheltenham, more deeply enamoured than ever, and passed the next holidays at Newstead. I now began to fancy myself a man, and to make love in earnest. Our meetings were stolen ones, and my letters passed through the medium of a confidante. A gate leading from Mr. C———'s grounds to those of my mother, was the place of our interviews. But the ardour was all on my side. I was serious; she was volatile. She liked me as a younger brother, and treated and laughed at me as a boy. She, however, gave me her picture, and that was something to make verses upon.

"During the last year that I was at Harrow, all my thoughts were occupied on this love-affair. I had, besides, a spirit that ill brooked the restraints of school-discipline; for I had been encouraged by servants in all my violence of temper, and was used to command. Every thing like a task was repugnant to my nature; and I came away a very indifferent classic, and read in nothing that was useful. That subordination, which is the soul of all discipline, I submitted to with great difficulty; yet I did submit to it: and I have always retained a sense of Drury's kindness, which enabled me to bear it and fagging too. The Duke of Dorset was my fag. I was not a very hard task-master. There were times in which, if I had not considered it as a school, I should have been happy at Harrow. There is one spot I should like to see again: I was particularly delighted with the view from the Church-yard, and used to sit for hours on the stile leading into the fields;—even then I formed a wish to be buried there. Of all my schoolfellows, I know no one for whom I have retained so much friendship as for Lord Clare. I have been constantly corresponding with him ever since I knew he was in Italy; and look forward to seeing him, and talking over with him our old Harrow stories, with infinite delight. There is no pleasure in life equal to that of meeting an old friend. You know how glad I was to see Hay. Why did not Scroope Davies come to see me? Some one told me that he was at Florence, but it is impossible.

"There are two things that strike me at this moment, which I did at Harrow: I fought Lord Calthorpe for writing 'D—d Atheist!' under my name; and prevented the school-room from being burnt during a rebellion, by pointing out to the boys the names of their fathers and grandfathers on the walls.

"Had I married Miss C——, perhaps the whole tenor of my life would have been different. She jilted me, however, but her marriage proved any thing but a happy one. She was at length separated from Mr. M——, and proposed an interview with me, but by the advice of my sister I declined it.

I remember meeting her after my return from Greece, but pride had conquered my love; and yet it was not with perfect indifference I saw her.—For a man to become a poet (witness Petrarch and Dante), he must be in love or miserable. I was both when I wrote the 'Hours of Idleness;' some of those poems, in spite of what the Reviewers say, are as good as any I ever produced. For some years after the event that had so much influence on my fate, I tried to drown the remembrance of it and her in the most depraving dissipation; but the poison was in the cup! *

In these conversational sketches given to his intimate friends, his youthful amours have not been omitted; and the Journal enables us to verify many scandalous reports, which have long been abroad, and passed current in society as the *on dits* of the time. They indeed fully justify what he himself observes: "I have seen a great deal of Italian society, and have swum in a gondola, but nothing could equal the profligacy of high life in England, especially that of —— when I knew it." For these communications many persons will thank the author. The more scrupulous respecter of confidential conversations would have been better satisfied if such passages had been omitted. It is but fair, however, both to Lord B. and his friend, to add that they might have said on this occasion, with a trifling alteration of the poet,

And all that passes *inter nos*
Has been proclaim'd at Charing Cross.

There is certainly no betrayal of secrets.—His feelings on his early excesses and dissipation may be gathered from the following extract.

"Don't suppose, however, that I took any pleasure in all these excesses, or that parson A. K. or W—— were associates to my taste. The miserable consequences of such a life are detailed at length in my Memoirs. My own master at an age when I most required a guide, and left to the dominion of my passions when they were the strongest, with a fortune anticipated before I came into possession of it, and a constitution impaired by early excesses, I commenced my travels in 1809, with a joyless indifference to a world that was all before me." "Well might you speak feelingly," said I: "there is no sterner moralist than pleasure."

The parties who will be least contented with the present publication, will be the literary friends of Lord Byron. The work is full of criticism and of anecdotes; many of which, without being (in a private room) offensive to friendship, are (in publication) a little mortifying to those little vanities, to which authors, of all men, are the most liable. We suspect the Reverend Mr. Bowles will not be pleased to have it known that he could be "a good fellow for a parson," and entertain an after-dinner company with "good stories." Neither will Sir Walter like its being "*let out*," that he inadvertently acknowledged Waverley to Lord Byron.*

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* So thinks the writer of this article. I am of a different opinion. I suspect Sir W. Scott will not feel a moment's displeasure at his being known to be the author of Waverley,—all scepticism on the subject having long ago become stale.—And why should Mr. Bowles dislike its being known that he is "a good fellow for a parson," and that he can entertain *an after-dinner* with good stories? Every one who is acquainted with Mr. Bowles's general character, knows that he is remarkable for any thing but indelicate conversation; so that if his stories after dinner be good, they are not likely to be so in the sense which either Mr. Medwin or the reviewer palpably mean to insinuate. We shall be told perhaps, that we have Lord Byron's testimony for all this gossiping about living characters. Softly,—we have only Mr. Medwin's. And without disputing

Lord Byron, indeed, carried his frankness in friendship to a fault, and he more than once got his friends into a scrape, by showing letters and repeating speeches, just as he would have told the same parties his own sentiments on the transaction in question.

There are several singular situations in which he was placed during his travels or residence abroad mentioned in this volume. They show the fearlessness of his character, and the disregard of consequences in every case which so much distinguished him. One of them will be found at page 33, in the mention of a murder committed by order of the police on an officer opposite his palace at Ravenna. A second we cannot refrain from giving here; and a third will be found in page 177.

"A circumstance took place in Greece that impressed itself lastingly on my memory. I had once thought of founding a tale on it; but the subject is too harrowing for any nerves,—too terrible for any pen! An order was issued at Yanina by its sanguinary Rajah, that any Turkish woman convicted of incontinence with a Christian should be stoned to death! Love is slow at calculating dangers, and defies tyrants and their edicts; and many were the victims to the savage barbarity of this of Ali's. Among others a girl of sixteen, of a beauty such as that country only produces, fell under the vigilant eye of the police. She was suspected, and not without reason, of carrying on a secret intrigue with a Neapolitan of some rank, whose long stay in the city could be attributed to no other cause than this attachment. Her crime (if crime it be to love as they loved) was too fully proved; they were torn from each other's arms, never to meet again: and yet both might have escaped,—she by abjuring her religion, or he by adopting hers. They resolutely refused to become apostates to their faith. Ali Pacha was never known to pardon. She was stoned by those dæmons, although in the fourth month of her pregnancy! He was sent to a town where the plague was raging, and died, happy in not having long outlived the object of his affections!

"One of the principal incidents in 'The Giaour' is derived from a real occurrence, and one too in which I myself was nearly and deeply interested; but an unwillingness to have it considered a traveller's tale made me suppress the fact of its genuineness. The Marquis of Sligo, who knew the particulars of the story, reminded me of them in England, and wondered I had not authenticated them in the Preface:—

"When I was at Athens, there was an edict in force similar to that of Ali's, except that the mode of punishment was different. It was necessary, therefore, that all love-affairs should be carried on with the greatest privacy. I was very fond at that time of a Turkish girl,—ay, fond of her as I have been of few women. All went on very well till the Ramazan for forty days, which is rather a long fast for lovers: all intercourse between the sexes is forbidden by law, as well as by religion. During this Lent of the Mussulmen, the

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Mr. M.'s intention to be accurate, we must recollect that the best memories are not infallible. It is possible that a man of pure mind and character may forget himself in a social moment, and tell a story which may be good only with reference to the taste of its convivial hearers. If such were the fact, any candid person would certainly sooner forgive the story-teller, than the relater of tittle-tattle, who should publish the fact. But as all human memories are fallible, and as "tittle-tattle" is apt to be pursued in convivial moments, it is not impossible that this may have been *an after-dinner* anecdote of Lord Byron's, or inaccurately reported by Mr. Medwin.

There is a good deal of flippant matter about Mr. Rogers, which will probably offend Mr. R.'s friends more than himself. As far as Mr. Rogers may be anxious to have stood favourably in Lord Byron's opinion, he seems upon the whole to have stood so. About the stranger's estimation of him, whom Mr. Medwin mentions as beginning and carrying on the conversation detailed in the present work, the author of the "Pleasures of Memory" cannot be nervously uneasy. Editor.

women are not allowed to quit their apartments. I was in despair, and could hardly contrive to get a cinder, or a token-flower sent to express it. We had not met for several days, and all my thoughts were occupied in planning an assignation, when, as ill fate would have it, the means I took to effect it led to the discovery of our secret. The penalty was death,—death without reprieve,—a horrible death, at which one cannot think without shuddering! An order was issued for the law being put into immediate effect. In the mean time I knew nothing of what had happened, and it was determined that I should be kept in ignorance of the whole affair till it was too late to interfere. A mere accident only enabled me to prevent the completion of the sentence. I was taking one of my usual evening rides by the sea-side, when I observed a crowd of people moving down to the shore, and the arms of the soldiers glittering among them. They were not so far off, but that I thought I could now and then distinguish a faint and stifled shriek. My curiosity was forcibly excited, and I despatched one of my followers to inquire the cause of the procession. What was my horror to learn that they were carrying an unfortunate girl, sewn up in a sack, to be thrown into the sea! I did not hesitate as to what was to be done. I knew I could depend on my faithful Albanians, and rode up to the officer commanding the party, threatening in case of his refusal to give up his prisoner, that I would adopt means to compel him. He did not like the business he was on, or perhaps the determined look of my body-guard, and consented to accompany me back to the city with the girl, whom I soon discovered to be my Turkish favourite. Suffice it to say, that my interference with the chief magistrate, backed by a heavy bribe, saved her; but it was only on condition that I should break off all intercourse with her, and that she should immediately quit Athens, and be sent to her friends in Thebes. There she died, a few days after her arrival, of a fever—perhaps of love."

Lord Byron's attachment to his daughter seems to have been very strong, and she occupied much of his thoughts.

"Here he opened his writing-desk, and showed me some hair, which he told me was his child's. During our drive and ride this evening, he declined our usual amusement of pistol-firing, without assigning a cause. He hardly spoke a word during the first half-hour, and it was evident that something weighed heavily on his mind. There was a sacredness in his melancholy that I dared not interrupt. At length he said: 'This is Ada's birthday, and might have been the happiest day of my life; as it is ———!' He stopped, seemingly ashamed of having betrayed his feelings. He tried in vain to rally his spirits by turning the conversation; but he created a laugh in which he could not join, and soon relapsed into his former reverie. It lasted till we came within a mile of the Argive gate. There our silence was all at once interrupted by shrieks that seemed to proceed from a cottage by the side of the road. We pulled up our horses, to inquire of a *contadino* standing at the little garden-wicket. He told us that a widow had just lost her only child, and that the sounds proceeded from the wailings of some women over the corpse. Lord Byron was much affected; and his superstition, acted upon by a sadness that seemed to be presentiment, led him to augur some disaster. 'I shall not be happy,' said he, 'till I hear that my daughter is well. I have a great horror of anniversaries; people only laugh at, who have never kept a register of them. I always write to my sister on Ada's birthday. I did so last year; and, what was very remarkable, my letter reached her on my wedding-day, and her answer reached me at Ravenna on my birth-day! Several extraordinary things have happened to me on my birthday; so they did to Napoleon; and a more wonderful circumstance still occurred to Marie Antoinette."

On the subject of politics, he observed to Captain Medwin, that he was not made for a politician at home—that he should never have adhered to a party, taken part in the intrigues of a cabinet, or the petty factions and contests of political men. That Castlereagh was almost

the only one whom he had attacked, and whom he would continue to attack—whom he detested. He observed respecting his love of freedom:

"Perhaps if I had never travelled—never left my own country young, my views would have been more limited. They extend to the good of mankind in general—of the world at large. Perhaps the prostrate situation of Portugal and Spain—the tyranny of the Turks in Greece—the oppressions of the Austrian Government at Venice—the mental debasement of the Papal States, (not to mention Ireland,)—tended to inspire me with a love of liberty. No Italian could have rejoiced more than I, to have seen a constitution established on this side the Alps. I felt for Romagna as if she had been my own country, and would have risked my life and fortune for her, as I may yet for the Greeks.* I am become a citizen of the world. There is no man I envy so much as Lord Cochrane. His entrance into Lima, which I see announced in to-day's paper, is one of the great events of the day. Maurocordato, too, (whom you know so well,) is also worthy of the best times of Greece. Patriotism and virtue are not quite extinct."

"I told him that I thought the best lines he had ever written were his Address to Greece, beginning 'Land of the Unforgotten Brave!' I should be glad, said he, to think that I have added a spark to the flame. I love Greece, and take the strongest interest in her struggle."

We cannot pass over the following beautiful stanzas from the Poet's pen, addressed to the Countess Guiccioli, on his leaving Venice:—

"River that rollest by the ancient walls
Where dwells the lady of my love, when she
Walks by the brink, and there perchance recalls
A faint and fleeting memory of me;

What if thy deep and ample stream should be
A mirror of my heart, where she may read
The thousand thoughts I now betray to thee,
Wild as thy wave, and headlong as thy speed?

What do I say?—a mirror of my heart,
Are not thy waters sweeping, dark and strong?
Such as my feelings were and are, thou art;
And such as thou art, were my passions long.

Time may have somewhat tamed them, not for ever;
Thou overflow'st thy banks, and not for aye;
Thy bosom overboils, congenial river!
Thy floods subside; and mine have sunk away—

But left long wrecks behind them; and again
Borne on our old unchanged career, we move;
Thou tendest wildly onward to the main,
And I to loving *one* I should not love.

The current I behold will sweep beneath
Her native walls, and murmur at her feet;
Her eyes will look on thee, when she shall breathe
The twilight air, unharm'd by summer's heat.

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* "And I will war, at least in words, (and—should
My chance so happen,—deeds,) with all who war
With Thought. And of Thought's foes by far most rude
Tyrants and sycophants have been and are.
I know not who may conquer: if I could
Have such a prescience, it should be no bar
To this my plain, sworn, downright detestation
Of every despotism in every nation!"

Don Juan, Canto XI.

She will look on thee; I have look'd on thee,
Full of that thought, and from that moment ne'er
Thy waters could I dream of, name or see,
Without the inseparable sigh for her.

Her bright eyes will be imaged in thy stream;
Yes, they will meet the wave I gaze on now:
Mine cannot witness, even in a dream,
That happy wave repass me in its flow.

The wave that bears my tears returns no more:
Will she return by whom that wave shall sweep?
Both tread thy banks, both wander on thy shore;
I near thy source, she by the dark-blue deep.

But that which keepeth us apart is not
Distance, nor depth of wave, nor space of earth,
But the distraction of a various lot,
As various as the climates of our birth.

A stranger loves a lady of the land,
Born far beyond the mountains, but his blood
Is all meridian, as if never fann'd
By the bleak wind that chills the polar flood.

My blood is all meridian; were it not,
I had not left my clime;—I shall not be,
In spite of tortures ne'er to be forgot,
A slave again of love, at least of thee.

'Tis vain to struggle—let me perish young—
Live as I lived, and love as I have loved;
To dust if I return, from dust I sprung,
And then at least my heart can ne'er be moved."

That Lord Byron should have joined to his religious scepticism some superstitious weaknesses, will surprise many: to us it seems no incompatibility. There is little or no connexion between reason and sentiment, and all imaginative persons are liable to this disease: for superstition is the malady of man himself, only as he is an imaginative animal. He once consulted a conjurer, more out of sport than curiosity. He was told that two years would be fatal to him, his twenty-seventh and his thirty-seventh. In the first he married, in the second he died. Lest, however, this coincidence should appear something supernatural, we may add that the witch was mistaken in other particulars. Whoever feels strongly must be subject to those depressions of spirits which engender the notion of forebodings: no true lover will doubt this, and few of us all but will recollect instances in which we have flattered or teased ourselves with such trifles, when much moved by passion. The subject of religion Lord B. seems always to have viewed with a poet's eye; and however much he may have been offended with the abuses of establishments, and jealous of priestly assertions of authority in such matters, he seems to have regarded the subject more as an author than a man; much, however, of what is related of him in the Journal on this head, may have been mere idle indulgence of mood, repeated without reflection, and forgotten as soon as said. Of the work itself, it is needless to add more. Every body will read it, as every body reads whatever appears concerning Lord Byron. Mr. Medwin's acquaintance with his hero commenced through the introduction of Shelley; and he seems to have obtained a prompt admission into the confidence of the confraternity. What this opportunity afforded him of knowing, he apparently has collected with industry, and reported with fidelity. There can be little doubt that such a book must be at once interesting and amusing in no common degree.

LAUS ATRAMENTI, OR THE PRAISE OF BLACKING.

A New Song.

Our Sires were such pedagogue blockheads of yore,
  That they sent us to college instruction to seek,
Where we bother'd our brains with pedantical lore,
  Law, logic, and algebra, Latin and Greek;
But now wiser grown, leaving learning alone,
And resolving to shine by a light of our own,
Our cares we transfer from the head to the foot,
Leave the brain to be muddied, and polish the boot.

On the banks of the Isis, ye classical fools!
  Who with Lycophron's crabbedness puzzle your ear,
And ye who learn logarithmetical rules
  At Cambridge, from tables of Baron Napier,
Renounce Aristotle, and take to the bottle,
That wears "Patent Blacking," inscribed on its throttle;
For Napier and Greek are by few understood,
While all can decide when your blacking is good.

When a gentleman dubb'd by the knight of the brush,
  Who has set up your foot in Corinthian style,
For the rest of your wardrobe you care not a rush,
  Secure of the public's distinguishing smile,
Though your dress may be dusty, and musty and fusty,
You 're whitewash'd by blacking and cannot be rusty;—
Such errors as these are but venial and small,
People look at your boot, which atones for them all.

And ye who are struggling your fortunes to make
  By the brief or the bolus, law, commerce, or trade,
Your pitiful schemes of ambition forsake,
  And be makers of blacking, by taunts undismay'd,
For what is auguster than giving a lustre
To those who without you would hardly pass muster,
And, by selling your "brilliant and beautiful jet,"
A name and a fortune together to get?

Day and Martin now laugh as they ride in their coach,
  Till they 're black in the face as their customers' boots;
Warren swears that his blacking 's beyond all approach,
  Which Turner's advertisement plumply refutes;
They hector and huff, print, publish and puff,
And write in the papers ridiculous stuff,
While Hunt who was blacken'd by all, and run down,
Takes a thriving revenge as he blackens the town.

Their labels belibel each other——each wall
  With the feuds of these rivals in blacking is white;
But the high polished town seems to patronise all,
  And the parties get rich in each other's despite;
For my own part I think, I shall mix up my ink,
In a bottle with lamp-black and beer to the brink,
And set up at once for a shiner of shoes,
Since I never shall shine by the aid of the Muse.

AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF THEOBALD WOLFE TONE.*

"The club [of United Irishmen] adopted the declaration of their brethren of Belfast, with whom they immediately opened a correspondence. It is but justice to an honest man who has been persecuted for a firm adherence to his principles, to observe here, that Tandy, in coming forward on this occasion, well knew that he was putting to the most extreme hazard his popularity among the corporation of the city of Dublin, with whom he had enjoyed the most unbounded influence for near twenty years; and, in fact, in the event his popularity was sacrificed. That did not, however, prevent his taking his part decidedly. He had the firmness to forego the gratification of his private feelings for the good of his country. The truth is, Tandy was a very sincere republican, and it did not require much argument to shew him the impossibility of attaining a republic by any means short of the united powers of the whole people. He, therefore, renounced the lesser object for the greater, and gave up the certain influence which he possessed, and had well earned, in the city, for the contingency of that influence which he might have, and which he well deserved to have, in the nation. For my part I think it right to mention, that at this time the establishment of a republic was not the immediate object of my speculations: my object was to secure the independence of my country under any form of government, to which I was led by a hatred to England so deeply rooted in my nature, that it was rather an instinct than a principle. I left to others better qualified for the enquiry, the investigation into the merits of the different forms of government; and I contented myself with labouring on my own system, which was luckily in perfect coincidence, as to its operation, with that of those men who viewed the question on a broader and juster scale than I did at the time I mention. But to return. The club was scarcely formed before I lost all pretensions to any thing like influence on their measures—a circumstance which at first mortified me not a little; and, perhaps, had I retained more weight in their councils, I might have prevented, as on some occasions I laboured unsuccessfully to prevent, their running into indiscretions which gave their enemies but too great advantages over them. It is easy to be wise after the event. So it was, however, that I soon sunk into obscurity in the club, which, however, I had the satisfaction to see daily increasing in numbers and consequence. The Catholics, particularly, flocked in crowds, as well as the Protestant members of corporations most distinguished for their liberality and public spirit on former occasions; and, indeed, I must do the society the justice to say, that I believe there never existed a political body which included for its members a greater portion of sincere, uncorrupted patriotism, as well as a very respectable portion of talents. Their publications, mostly written by Dr. Drennan, and many of them admirably well done, began to draw the public attention, especially as they were evidently the production of a society utterly disclaiming all party views or motives, and acting on a broad original scale, not sparing those who called themselves patriots more than those who were the habitual slaves of the government—a system in which I heartily concurred, having long entertained a more sincere contempt for what is called the *Opposition*, than for the common prostitutes of the treasury bench, who want at least, the vice of hypocrisy. At length the Solicitor-general, in speaking of the Society, having made use of expressions in the House of Commons extremely offensive, an explanation was demanded of him by Simon Butler, chairman, and Tandy, secretary. Butler was satisfied, Tandy was not; and after several messages, which it is not my affair to detail, the Solicitor-general at length complained to the House of a breach of privilege, and Tandy was ordered in the first instance into custody. He was, in consequence, arrested by a messenger, from whom he found means to escape; and immediately a proclamation was issued, offering a

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* Continued from page 347.

reward for retaking him. The Society now was in a difficult situation, and I thought myself called upon to make an effort, at all hazards to myself, to prevent its falling, by improper timidity, in the public opinion. We were, in fact, committed with the House of Commons on the question of privilege; and, having fairly engaged in the contest, it was impossible to recede without a total forfeiture of character. Under these circumstances, I cast my eyes on Archibald Hamilton Rowan, a distinguished member of the Society, whose many virtues, public and private, had set his name above the reach of even the malevolence of party, whose situation in life was of the most respectable rank, (if rank be indeed respectable); and, above all, whose personal courage was not to be shaken—a circumstance, in the actual situation of affairs, of the last importance. To Rowan, therefore, I applied. I shewed him that the current of public opinion was rather setting against us in the business, and that it was necessary that some of us should step forward and expose themselves at all risks, to shew the House of Commons, and the nation at large, that we were not to be intimidated or put down so easily; and I offered, if he would take the chair, that I would, with the Society's permission, act as secretary, and that we would give our signatures to such publications as circumstances might render necessary. Rowan instantly agreed; and accordingly on the next night of meeting, he was chosen chairman and I secretary in the absence of Tandy; and the Society having agreed to the resolutions proposed, which were worded in a manner very offensive to the dignity of the House of Commons, and, in fact, amounted to a challenge of their authority, we inserted them in all the newspapers, and printed 5000 copies with our names affixed. The least that Rowan and I expected in consequence of this step, (which under the circumstances was, I must say, rather a bold one,) was to be committed to Newgate for a breach of privilege; and, perhaps, exposed to personal discussion with some of the members of the House of Commons; for he proposed and I agreed, that if any disrespectful language was applied to either of us in any debate which might arise on the business, we would attack the person, whoever he might be, immediately, and oblige him either to recant his words or give battle. All our determinations, however, came to nothing. The House of Commons, either content with their victory over Tandy, who was obliged to conceal himself for some time, or not thinking Rowan and myself objects sufficiently important to attract their notice; or, perhaps, (which I rather believe,) not wishing just then to embroil themselves with a man of Rowan's firmness and courage, not to speak of his great and justly merited popularity, took no notice whatsoever of our resolutions; and in this manner he and I had the good fortune, or, if I may say, the merit, to rescue the Society from a situation of considerable difficulty, without any actual suffering, though certainly with some personal hazard on our parts. We had, likewise, the satisfaction to see the Society, instead of losing ground, rise rapidly in the public opinion by their firmness on the occasion. Shortly after, on the last day of the session, Tandy appeared in public, and was taken into custody, the whole Society attending in a body to the House of Commons. He was ordered by the Speaker to be committed to Newgate, whither he was conveyed, the Society attending him as before; and the Parliament being prorogued in half an hour after, he was liberated immediately, and escorted in triumph to his own house. On this occasion Rowan and I attended, of course, and were in the gallery of the House of Commons. As we were not sure but we might be attacked ourselves, we took pains to place ourselves in a conspicuous situation, and to wear our whig-club uniforms, which were rather gaudy, in order to signify to all whom it might concern, that there we were. A good many of the members, we observed, remarked us, but no farther notice was taken; our names were never mentioned; the whole business passed over quietly, and I resigned my pro-secretaryship, being the only office I ever held in the Society, into the hands of Tandy, who resumed his functions. This was in Spring 1792. I should

observe, that the day after the publication abovementioned, when I attended near the House of Commons in expectation of being called before them to answer for what I had done, and had requested my friend, Sir Laurence Parsons, to give me notice in order that I might present myself, the House took fire by accident, and was burnt to the ground.

"The Society of United Irishmen beginning to attract the public notice considerably in consequence of the event I have mentioned, and it being pretty generally known that I was principally instrumental in its formation, I was one day surprised by a visit from the barrister, who had about two years before spoken to me on the part of the Whig leaders,—a business of which I had long since discharged my memory. He told me he was sorry to see the new line I was adopting in politics; the more so, as I might rely upon it that the principles I now held would never be generally adopted, and consequently I was devoting myself without advancing any beneficial purpose. He also testified some surprise at my conduct, and insinuated pretty directly, though with great civility, that I had not kept faith with the Whigs, with whom he professed to understand I had connected myself, and whom in consequence I ought to have consulted before I took so decided a line of conduct as I had lately done. I did not like the latter part of his discourse at all: however I answered him with great civility on my part, 'that as to the principles he mentioned, I had not adopted them without examination—that as to the pamphlet I had written in the Catholic cause, I had not advanced a syllable I did not conscientiously believe, and consequently I was neither inclined to repent nor retract.' As to my supposed connexion with the Whigs, I reminded him that I had not sought them: on the contrary, they had sought me. If they had on reflection not thought me worth cultivating, that was no fault of mine. I observed also that Mr. George Ponsonby, whom I looked upon as principal in the business, had never spoken to me above a dozen times in my life, and then merely on ordinary topics: that I was too proud to be treated in that manner: and if I was supposed capable of rendering service to the party, it could only be by confiding in and communicating with me, that I could be really serviceable, and on that footing only would I consent to be treated; that probably Mr. Ponsonby would think that rather a lofty declaration, but it was my determination, the more so, as I knew he was rather a proud man: finally, I observed, he had my permission to report all this, and that I looked upon myself as under no tie of obligation whatsoever; that I had written a pamphlet, unsolicited, in favour of the party; that I had consequently been employed in a business professionally, which produced me eighty guineas; that I looked on myself as sufficiently rewarded, but I also considered the money as fully earned; that I had at present taken my party; that my principles were known; and I was not at all inclined to retract them. What I had done, I had done, and I was determined to abide by it.—My friend then said, he was sorry to see me so obstinate, and protesting that his principal object was to serve me, in which I believed him, he took his leave, and this put an end completely to the idea of a connexion with the Whigs. I spoke rather haughtily in this affair, because I was somewhat provoked at the insinuation of duplicity, and besides I wished to have a blow at Mr. G. Ponsonby, who seemed desirous to retain me as a kind of pamphleteer in his service, at the same time that he avoided industriously any thing like communication with me; a situation to which I was neither so weak nor so mean as to suffer myself to be reduced; and as I well knew he was one of the proudest men in Ireland, I took care to speak on a footing of the most independent equality. After this discussion I for the second time dismissed all idea of Ponsonby and the Whigs, but I had good reason a long time after to believe that he had not so readily forgot the business as I had; and indeed he was very near having his full revenge upon me, as I shall mention in its place.

"I have already observed that the first attempts of the Catholic Committee, after the secession of their aristocracy, were totally unsuccessful. In 1790 they could not even find a member of parliament who would condescend to

present their petition. In 1791, Richard Burke, then their agent, had prepared on their behalf a very well written philippick, but which certainly was no petition, which after considerable difficulties, resulting in a great degree from his want of temper and discretion, was, after being offered to and accepted by different members, at length finally refused, a circumstance which by disgusting him extremely with all parties, I believe determined him to quit Ireland.

"After his departure another petition was prepared and presented by ——, but no unfortunate paper was ever so maltreated. The Committee in general, and its most active and ostensible members in particular, were vilified and abused in the grossest manner. They were called a rabble of obscure porter-drinking mechanics, without property, pretension, or influence, who met in holes and corners, and fancied themselves the representatives of the Catholic body, who disavowed and despised them. The independence and respectability of the sixty-eight renegadoes who had set their hands so infamously to their act of apostacy, were extolled to the skies, while the lowest and most clumsy personalities were heaped upon the leaders of the Committee, particularly Edward Byrne and John Keogh, who had the honour to be selected from their brethren and exposed as butts for the small wit of the prostitutes of the Government. Finally, the petition of the Catholics, three millions of people, was by special motion of David La Touche, taken off the table of the House of Commons, where it had been suffered to remain for three days and rejected. Never was an address to a legislative body more unpitifully used. The people of Belfast, rapidly advancing in the career of wisdom and liberality, had presented a petition on behalf of the Catholics, much more pointed than that which they presented for themselves; for their petition was extremely well guarded, asking only the right of elective franchise and equal admission to grand juries, whereas that of Belfast prayed the entire admission to all the rights of citizens. This petition was also, on motion of the same member, taken off the table, and rejected, and the two papers sent forth together to wander as they might.

"There seems from this time a special providence to have watched over Ireland, and to have turned to her profit and advantage the deepest-laid and most artful schemes of her enemies. Every measure adopted, and skilfully adopted, to thwart the expectations of the Catholics, and to crush the rising spirit of union between them and the Dissenters, has, without exception, tended to confirm and fortify both; and the fact I am about to mention, is, for one, a striking proof of the assertion. The principal charge raised in the House of Commons, in the general outcry against the General Committee, was, that they were a self-appointed body, not nominated by the Catholics of the nation, and consequently not authorized to speak on their behalf. This argument, which in fact was the truth, was triumphantly dwelt upon by the enemies of the Catholics; but in the end, it would, perhaps, have been more fortunate for their wishes if they had not laid such a stress upon the circumstance, and drawn the line of separation so strongly between the General Committee and the body at large; for the Catholics through Ireland, who had hitherto been indolent spectators of the business, seeing their brethren of Dublin, and especially the General Committee, insulted and abused for their exertions in pursuit of that liberty, which, if attained, must be a common blessing to all, came forward as one man from every quarter of the nation. with addresses and resolutions adopting the measures of the General Committee as their own, declaring that body the only organ competent to speak for the Catholics of Ireland, and condemning, in terms of the most marked disapprobation and contempt, the conduct of the sixty-eight apostates who were so triumphantly held up by the hirelings of Government as the respectable part of the Catholic community. The question was now plainly decided; the aristocracy shrunk back in disgrace and obscurity, leaving the field open to the democracy, and that body neither wanted talent nor spirit to profit of the advantage of their present situation.

"The Catholics of Dublin were at this period to the Catholics of Ireland, what Paris at the commencement of the French revolution was to the Departments. Their sentiment was that of the nation, and whatever political measure they adopted was sure to be obeyed. Still, however, there was wanting a personal communication between the General Committee and their constituents in the country; and as the Catholic Question had now grown to considerable magnitude, so much, indeed, as to absorb all other political discussion, it became the first care of the leader of the Committee to frame a plan of organization for that purpose. It is to the sagacity of M—— K——, of K——brook, in the county of Leitrim, that his country is indebted for the system in which the General Committee was to be framed in a manner that should render it impossible to bring it again in doubt whether the body were, or not, the organ of the Catholic will. His plan was to associate to the Committee, as then constituted, two members from each county and great city, actual residents of the place which they represented; who were, however, only to be summoned upon extraordinary occasions, leaving the common routine business to the original members, who, I have already related, were all residents of Dublin. The Committee thus constituted, would consist of half town and half country members, and the election for the latter, he proposed, should be held by means of primary and electoral assemblies; held, the first in each parish, the second in each county and great town. He likewise proposed that the town members should be held to correspond regularly with their county associates, these with their immediate electors, and these again with the primary assemblies. A more simple, and at the same time a more comprehensive organization, could not be devised: by this means the General Committee became the centre of a circle embracing the whole nation and pushing its rays instantaneously to the remotest parts of the circumference. The plan was laid in writing before the General Committee by M—— K——; and after mature discussion, the first part, relating to the association and election of the county members, was adopted, but with some slight variation; the latter part, relating to the constant communication with the mass of the people, was thought, under the circumstances, to be too hardy, and was accordingly dropped *sub silentio*.

"About this time it was that the leaders of the Committee cast their eyes upon me to fill the station left vacant by Richard Burke. It was accordingly proposed by my friend John Keogh to appoint me their agent, with the title of assistant secretary, and a salary of 200*l*. a year during my continuance in the service of the Committee. This was adopted unanimously: John Keogh and John Sweetman were ordered to wait on me with the proposal in writing, to which I acceded immediately by a respectful answer, and I was that very day introduced in form to the Sub-Committee, and entered upon the functions of my new office.

"I was now placed in a very honourable, but a very arduous situation. The Committee having taken so decided a step as that of proposing a general election of members to represent the Catholic body throughout Ireland, was wel aware that they would be exposed to attacks of all possible kinds, and they were not disappointed. They were prepared, however, to repel them, and the literary part of the warfare fell of course to my share. On reviewing the conduct of my predecessor Richard Burke, I saw the rock on which he split was an overweening opinion of his own talents and judgement, and a desire, which he had not art enough to conceal, of guiding at his pleasure the measures of the Committee. I, therefore determined to model my conduct with the greatest caution in that respect. I seldom or never offered my opinion, unless is was called for, in the Sub-Committee, but contented myself with giving my sentiments without reserve in private to the two men I most esteemed, and who had in their respective capacities the greatest influence on the body—I mean John Keogh, and Richard M'Cormick, secretary to the General Committee. My discretion in this respect was not unobserved, and I very soon acquired, and I may say without vanity I deserved, the entire confidence and

good opinion of the Catholics. The fact is, I was devoted most sincerely to their cause, and being now retained in their service, I would have sacrificed every thing to secure their success, and they knew it. I am satisfied they looked upon me as a faithful and zealous advocate, neither to be intimidated nor corrupted; and in that respect they rendered me but justice. My circumstances were at the time of my appointment extremely embarrassed, and of course the salary annexed to my office was a considerable object to me; but though I had an increasing family totally unprovided for, I can safely say, that I would not have deserted my duty to the Catholics for the whole patronage of the Government, if it were consolidated into one office and offered me as the reward. In these sentiments I was encouraged and confirmed by the incomparable spirit of my wife, to whose patient suffering under adversity (for we had often been reduced and were now well accustomed to difficulties,) I know not how to render justice. Women in general, I am sorry to say it, are mercenary, and especially if they have children, they are ready to make all sacrifices to their establishment. But my dearest love had bolder and juster views. On every occasion of my life I consulted her. We had no secrets one from the other, and I invariably found her think and act with energy and courage, combined with the greatest prudence and discretion. If ever I succeed in life, or arrive at any thing like station or eminence, I shall consider it as due to her counsels and to her example. But to return. Another rule which I adopted for my conduct was, in all the papers I had occasion to write, to remember I was not speaking for myself, but for the Catholic body, and consequently to be never wedded to my own compositions, but to receive the objections of every one with respect, and to change without reluctance, whatever the Committee thought proper to alter, even in cases where, perhaps, my own judgement was otherwise; and trifling as the circumstance may seem, I am sure it recommended me considerably to the Committee, who had been on former occasions more than once embarrassed by the self-love of Richard Burke, and indeed even of some of their own body, men of considerable talents, who had written some excellent papers on their behalf, but who did not stand criticism as I did, without wincing. The fact is, I was so entirely devoted to their cause, that the idea of literary reputation, as to myself, never occurred to me; not that I am at all insensible on that score, but the feeling was totally absorbed in superior considerations; and I think I can safely appeal to the Sub-Committee, whether ever on any occasion they found me for a moment set up my vanity or self-love against their interests or even their pleasure. I am sure that by my discretion on the points I have mentioned, (which indeed was no more than my duty) I secured the esteem of the Committee, and consequently influence in their councils, which I should justly have forfeited had I seemed too eager to assume it; and it is to the credit of both parties that from the first moment of our connexion to the last, neither my zeal and anxiety to serve them, nor the kindness and favour with which they received my efforts, were ever for a single moment suspended. Almost the first business I had to transact was to conduct a correspondence with Richard Burke, who was very desirous to return to Ireland once more and to resume his former station, which the Committee were determined he should not do. It was a matter of some difficulty to refuse without offending him, and I must say he pressed us rather forcibly; however, we parried him with as much address as we could, and after two or three long letters, to which the answers were very concise and civil, he found the business was desperate, and gave it up accordingly.

"This was a memorable year in Ireland (1792). The publication of the plan for the new organizing of the General Committee, gave an instant alarm to all the supporters of the British government, and every effort was made to prevent the election of the country members; for it was sufficiently evident that if the representatives of three millions of oppressed people were once suffered to meet, it would not afterwards be safe, or indeed possible, to refuse their just demands. Accordingly, at the ensuing Assizes, the Grand

Juries universally throughout Ireland, published the most furious, I may say frantic resolutions against the plan and its authors, whom they charged with little short of high treason. Government likewise were but too successful in gaining the Catholic clergy, particularly the bishops, who gave the measure at first very serious opposition. The Committee, however, was not daunted, and satisfied of the justice of their cause, and of their own courage, they laboured, and with success, to inspire the same spirit in the breasts of their brethren throughout the nation. For this purpose their first step was an admirable one. By their order I drew up a state of the case, with the plan for the organization of the Committee annexed, which was laid before Simon Butler and Beresford Burston, two lawyers of great eminence, and what was of consequence here, King's counsel, to know whether the Committee had in any respect contravened the law of the land, or whether by carrying the proposed plan into execution the parties concerned would subject themselves to pain or penalty. The answers of both the lawyers were completely in our favour, and we instantly printed them in the papers and dispersed them in handbills, letters, and all possible shapes. This blow was decisive as to the legality of the measure. For the bishops, whose opposition gave us great trouble, four or five different missions were undertaken by different members of the Sub-Committee into the provinces, at their own expense, in order to hold conferences with them, in which, with much difficulty, they succeeded, so far as to secure the co-operation of some and the neutrality of the rest of the prelates. On these missions the most active members were John Keogh and T—— B——, neither of whom spared purse or person, when the interests of the Catholic body were concerned.

"I accompanied Mr. B—— in his visit to Connaught, where he went to meet the gentry of that province at the great fair of Ballinasloe. As it was late in the evening when he left town, the postilion who drove us having given warning, I am satisfied, to some footpads, the carriage was stopped by four or five fellows at the gate of the Phœnix-park. We had two case of pistols in the carriage, and we agreed not to be robbed. B——, who was at this time about 65 years of age, and lame from a fall of his horse some years before, was as cool and intrepid as man could be: he took the command, and by his orders I let down all the glasses, and called out to the fellows to come on, if they were so inclined, for that we were ready, B—— desiring me at the same time '*not to fire till I could touch the scoundrels*." This rather embarrassed them, and they did not venture to approach the carriage, but held a council of war at the horses heads. I then presented one of my pistols at the postilion, swearing horribly that I would put him instantly to death if he did not drive over them, and I made him feel the muzzle of the pistol against the back of his head. The fellows on this took to their heels and ran off, and we proceeded on our journey without farther interruption. When we arrived at the inn, B——, whose goodness of heart is equal to his courage, and no man is braver, began by abusing the postilion for his treachery, and ended by giving him half-a-crown. I wanted to break the rascal's bones, but he would not suffer me, and this was the end of our adventure."

THE HARP OF TEARS.

Love, once on a time, with Sorrow * his bride,
Was amid the Nine bright Sisters' choir,
And, as Sorrow was brushing a tear aside,
It fell on the strings of a Muse's lyre.

Oh the golden chords had a *soul* before,
But the warm drop gave them a *heart* beside;
And Love has hallow'd the sweet harp more,
Ever since it was wet by his tearful bride.

J.

* See Mrs. Barbauld's beautiful allegory of "Pity."

HORRORS FOR NOVEMBER.

"On horror's head horrors accumulate."—SHAKSPEARE.

To an active and inquisitive mind, easily satiated with what is old and known, and ever craving for the excitement of something new and wonderful, particularly if it have the additional recommendations of being terrible or supernatural, there is, perhaps, no sensation so horrible as that of remaining for any length of time unprovided with a good horror. It is so soothing to be agitated, so delightful to be shocked, so animating to be frightened to death, and moreover so sweet to have a perpetual excuse for gossiping and shuddering, with an occasional one for fainting away or going into fits, that it seems as if few communities could long support the tedium and stagnation of existence, unless they took care to provide themselves with the means of being periodically horrified. The moderns are unfortunately reduced to the greatest difficulty in keeping up a regular supply of this indispensable ingredient in our happiness, and after all we are sometimes obliged to put up with a very spurious commodity. In the good old classical times there could be no lack of marvellous terrors, for not only were the woods, waves, and plains, tenanted with supernatural beings, frequently in a state of hostility with man, but even the accidental sight of them was supposed to induce a particular species of madness, known by the name of Nympholepsy, a disease which was not unfrequently generated by the mere power of imagination. Spinsters, in those spirit-stirring and miraculous days, were obliged to keep a sharp look-out when they went a Maying, lest the Fauns and Satyrs, or Pan himself, should take a fancy to become better acquainted with them. While gathering a nosegay of daisies and daffidowndillies, the king of the infernal regions would sometimes burrow upwards from his tunnel, and canter away with them in his Stygian curricle; or if they only took an innocent ride upon a bull's back, ten to one but before the end of his journey he offered them his paw in the way of marriage, and turned out to be Jupiter making love in his own behoof. Animate and inanimate objects, men and superhumans, birds and beasts, all contended for their favours by all sorts of fearful metamorphoses, and as we have every reason to believe that the young and old ladies of Arcadia and Bœotia were at least as garrulous as the Syracusan gossips of Theocritus, we may be well assured that there was never any deficiency either of scandalous anecdotes or tales of terror.

Oh! if they had but left us a single one of the numerous monsters of which there was such a glorious glut in those enviable times! We have no interesting Gorgons like the three authentic sisters of Libya, with snaky ringlets, brazen hands, golden-coloured wings, bodies covered with impenetrable scales, and teeth longer than the tusks of a wild boar, who had moreover the power of turning into stone all those on whom they fixed their eyes. We have no three-headed dog chained at the gate of Tartarus to startle the visitants by his trilinguar latrations; no chimæra vomiting forth flames; no monster-minotaur demanding a yearly tribute of men and maidens for his voracious maw; no anthropophagous Cyclops. Nor have we any of the miraculous implements with which their assailants were furnished, such as the scythe of Per-

seus and his enchanted mirror; the winged cap and shoes of Mercury; the helmet of Pluto, which rendered the wearer invisible; the Stygian river, which provided those who were immersed in it with an invulnerable coat of mail; or the thousand other charms and magical wonders of that happy epoch.

For all these grim and potent stimulants we possessed indeed no mean substitute at a later period in the fortunate prevalence of witchcraft. What could startle us with a more harrowing thrill than the belief that every old woman we encountered, especially if she happened to possess a black cat, had unhallowed dealings with the prince of darkness, with whom in her midnight conjurations she concocted every species of unutterable abomination; that she had imps whom she secretly suckled, was incapable of repeating the Lord's Prayer (except backwards), and unable to weep more than three tears, and those only out of the left eye? How profound an interest attached to the different and most judicious modes of trial, either by weighing her against the church Bible, by swimming her cross-bound in a deep pond, or by direct torture; and how fine must have been the crowning horror of the scene, when the miserable victim was slowly and publicly burnt to death! In spite of King James, and all the judges of the land, this laudable practice has been discontinued, and we are now endeavouring to excite a poor and posthumous sympathy by recalling the ingenious devices of the old Witch-finders, and publishing novels upon the subject. Horace, however, informed us long ago that we are much less powerfully affected by hearsay than by ocular demonstration; and, alas! there is little chance that any of us shall again behold the faggots raised, and an old lady involuntarily enacting the part of Dido, because she could not shed more than three tears out of her left eye!

In the modern mania for enlightening mankind and subjecting every thing to the test of reason and philosophy, we have also lost all the manifold advantages to be derived from the practice of sorcery. Every body knows that, so late as the seventeenth century, one Evans, having raised a spirit at the request of Sir Kenelm Digby and Lord Bothwell, and omitting the necessary process of fumigation, was seized by the spectre he had conjured up, torn from the magic circle, and carried from his house in the Minories into a field near Battersea Causeway. We have no such doings in our days; we are no conjurers. Pretenders, indeed, lay claim to that august appellation; but their spirits are of the still; they deal with cards instead of the devil; their incantations are of no deeper mystery than the old hocus-pocus, with which every schoolboy is familiar; and in the absence of more legitimate information, we are obliged to content ourselves with reviving the old *diablerie* of Dr. Faustus and the Freyschutz of the Germans.

Where will all this imagined advancement of reason end, and how far will our philosophical scepticism carry us in the renunciation of all our pleasing horrors? We have no longer any interesting goblins or spectres, spirits or apparitions, to harrow up our feelings; our ghosts have "turned their backs upon themselves" and given up the ghost. That of Cock-lane and its kinsman of Sampford, (so strenuously patronised by the author of Lacon,) have each been duly exorcised and transported to the Red Sea; Lord Lyttelton's has been quoted and remembered till it is forgotten; and the times regretted by Macbeth,

that "when the brains were out the man would die," have at length returned to us. Nothing provokes the buried portion of this sluggish generation to "burst their cearments," neither the discovery of the murder which sent them prematurely from the world, nor the desire of removing their bones to consecrated ground, nor the revealment of hidden treasures, nor the procurement of justice to the defrauded widow or orphan. We encounter nothing now, particularly of the female sort, that cannot speak till it be spoken to; our candles no longer burn blue; it is Christmas eve with us all the year through; and we have no other consolation than to sit round the fire of a winter's night relating true and circumstantial stories of these supernatural visitants as they appeared in the olden time, or singing to one another the authentic ballads of William and Margaret, and Giles Scroggins's ghost.

Nor are we better provided with animal monstrosities. Where shall we search for an incubus to give birth to another enchanter Merlin, who, as Spenser expressly informs us,

> ——— "Was not the sonne
> Of mortal syre, or other living wight,
> But wondrously begotten and begonne
> By false illusion of a guileful sprite
> On a faire lady Nonne."

How can we expect magicians in the land, when we have neither incubi nor nuns to breed them? Arthur Pendragon and Cunobeline the Briton made sad havock with the Hydras and Pythons which still infested our island in those days. Moore of Moore Hall, by the assistance of his very judicious armour, provided

> "With spikes all about
> Not within but without,"

extirpated the famous dragon of Wantley, the last of his species. "The laidly worm," described with such appalling minuteness in old ballads, was finally destroyed by a Cornish Apollo; Guy, Earl of Warwick, and Tom Thumb, have each been the death of a stupendous and preternatural cow, since when the race has not been revived; and Jack the giant-killer, dissipated the last of the ogres who was any way formidable; for it is well known that the modern Irish giants are a very harmless breed, who may at any time be tamed by a shilling given to their keeper. We have the night-mare, indeed, left to us, but it is a grim, shadowy abstraction, only visible in Fuseli's picture; and we occasionally exhume the bones of the mammoth and megatherion; but we are miserably in want of a good, living, tangible, and horrible monster. The American sea-serpent will not be coaxed into eyesight of any thing more trust-worthy than a Yankee captain, and though it must be confessed that we were latterly gratified with the exhibition of a mermaid, she was soon detected to be an impostor, and it is much to be apprehended that the merman, now submitted to the public, will not prove of more legitimate birth.

Nothing has occurred of late years more interestingly revolting than the story of the pig-faced lady, which in these dull days of common place, should not really be allowed to slip into oblivion. Her relations were publicly mentioned, the house in which she resided at Chelsea, with the blinds perpetually drawn down, was pointed out to every pas-

senger; the high salary paid to her lady companion was upon record; the tradesman who made the silver trough, out of which she took her victuals, was universally known; several of the neighbours had repeatedly heard her squeaking and grunting, and one having unwarrantably placed some choice hogwash under her window, declared that its odours had no sooner reached her snout, than there was such a riotous scampering, snorting, and snuffing upstairs as if a whole herd of swine had scented out their approaching dinner. And shall such "special wonders overcome us like a summer's cloud and pass away?" Forbid it, ye lovers of the marvellous; forbid it, ye journalists and caterers to the public taste of every thing that is hideous and appalling.

During the dog-days of last summer, the town was happily enabled to "sup full of horrors," of the most harrowing and transcendant nature, by the prevailing dread of the hydrophobia, and the terrific narratives which bristled in our newspapers. Goldsmith, in his Citizen of the World, says, "that the English are subject to epidemic terrors which periodically take possession of all ranks;" and this alarm affords a striking illustration of his assertion. One of our journals gravely assured us that an individual under the influence of this disease, not only barked and howled like a dog, but joined a pack of hounds in full cry, outstripped them all, and caught the hare they were hunting with his teeth; adding that even his clothes were so caninely affected by the malady, that upon some one throwing him a bone the tail of his coat wagged backward and forward, just like that of a dog. This, however, is no subject for waggery. To this pantophobia all the dogs found in our streets have been sacrificed, and the panic so bewildered the imagination of several of our fellow creatures, that they have been seized with an ideal hydrophobia, and actually fallen victims to their dread of a dread of water.

The gloomy month of November has now arrived, when the minds of our blue-devilish and hypochondriacal countrymen are peculiarly predisposed to the reception of whatever is hideous and melancholy, and as we are all in a profound peace, the country flourishing, the ministry popular, and the metropolis singularly unprovided with monstrosities of any sort, I call upon your readers, Mr. Editor, to exert themselves in the getting up of some good stimulating horror, one that may interestingly fill the long columns of our newspapers during the vacation of Parliament, and afford us a good shudder at our firesides during the long evenings of the approaching winter. H.

SPRING.

The landscape laughs in Spring, and stretches on
Its growing distance of refreshing dyes;
From plover-haunted flats the floods are gone,
And like a carpet the green meadow lies
In merry hues; and edged with yellow flowers
The trickling brook veins sparkling to the sun;
And, like young May-flies dancing with the hours,
The noisy children mid the young grass run,
Gathering, with village dames, from baulk and lee
The swarming cowslips in commingling play,
Who make praise-worthy wine and savoury tea
To drink a winter-memory of May,
When all the season's joys have ceased to be,
And flowers and sunny hours have pass'd away. P.

LETTERS FROM THE EAST.—NO. IX.

Mount Sinai.

We left Cairo on the 29th of October, in the afternoon, and after proceeding a few miles from the city, our conductors stopped an hour or two near a small caravan that had halted close to some barren hills. Three of our camels were loaded with skins of water, sacks of charcoal, and an excellent tent. The sensation is singular at first finding yourself on the back of the camel; the situation is sufficiently elevated, and not the most soft or comfortable, and the trot of the animal shakes you almost to a mummy, till you get somewhat accustomed to it. The general rate of travelling is a long walk of three miles an hour, which is the caravan pace. At sunset we went on for about four hours, and then stopped for the night in the midst of the desert. A fire was lighted and supper cooked, but, on putting up the tent, the pole broke, and this obliged us to sleep in the open air. The tent was repaired at Suez, but we never used it during the whole journey, being generally so fatigued on halting for the night, and exposed to start again at such uncertain hours, that we did not care to be at the trouble of fixing and taking it down. The next day passed without any thing deserving notice, save that our route, as far as the eye could reach, was utterly barren—a vast plain of sand with little undulation of surface. The third day we were to set out very early. I chanced to awake before it was light, and perceiving the Arabs seated round a good fire, could not help joining them. This was one of the scenes that one often loves to picture. Jouma, the chief, had just kneaded and placed a flat cake among the embers, and the Arabs were seated in a group around, smoking and sipping coffee, and enjoying themselves highly, for the deserts were to them as a home. There is surely a charm in this wild and wandering life, for one soon grows attached to it. These Arabs were very lively and civil, but a wild race, living among the rocks near Mount Sinai in tents. They always carry their coffee, and a pot to boil it in, with them; having first roasted it in a small pan, they pound it with a stick, and a bag of flour to make cakes is their sole provision for a journey besides, for they seldom eat any flesh; they each carried a musquet with a matchlock. There was not the least verdure to be seen till we arrived near Adjerud, a wretched village about four miles from Suez. Here a few scattered trees were visible, but the village was concealed behind a range of rocky hills, at the foot of which we took up our abode for the night. This part of the country was the haunt of robbers, and our guides were very unwilling to halt here, and, fearful lest we might be attacked in the night, they kept watch throughout the whole of it, but all passed off quietly. Mr. W. however, who was conveying a large chest of Bibles to Mount Sinai, was extremely agitated, lest the robbers, on attacking us, should carry away his chest, as in that case all the hopes of his journey would perish, but the Bedouins would probably quite as soon have left it behind. The next day we arrived at Suez in the forenoon, and having a letter for the Consul for our nation there, who was a Greek, we were received by his son, who spoke some English. The father, a very fine old man, with a white beard, soon made his appearance. Some cakes and wine, the latter from Jerusalem, were brought, and dinner ordered to be ready in

an hour. In the mean time we walked down to the shore of the Red Sea. This can only be called a corner of it, as it is narrow and shallow, and its termination is about three miles above. A range of mountains forms the shore on the right ; the opposite coast of Arabia is flat and sandy. Suez is a wretched town, and surrounded by a low wall. The old consul gave us an excellent dinner, and at night we returned to our rude resting-place without the walls : yet it was not without its comforts, for, having procured some delicious fish out of the Red Sea, we formed a circle on the sand, supped in high spirits, and sipped our coffee with greater zest than we should have done in a luxurious drawing-room at home. Having passed round the termination of the sea the next morning, we bent our course towards the wilderness of Sinai, and came in a few hours to four or five pools of water, called the Fountains of Moses, but at which it is not probable he could ever have been.

The weather continued beautiful, scarcely a cloud to be seen in the sky, and not a living thing on earth ; and this deep solitude and silence, with the uncommon purity of the air, have a strong effect on the imagination. You feel as if you ruled in this vast and inanimate scene, and possess a buoyant and joyous spirit amidst its savage sands and rocks, and feel the truth of a remark of Lord B.'s of a young French renegade, who resided many years in the East, and who said that often when riding alone in a boundless desert, he has felt a delight that was indescribable. On the morning of the third day our water-skins were exhausted, and we had to push on for five or six hours ere we arrived at the next fountain; it was situated at the edge of the wilderness of Paran. One of the Arabs had gone on before to the spot, and it being by this time very hot, we sprang from our camels, boiled our coffee, and though the water was rather brackish, no breakfast was ever more welcome. The desert now assumed a bolder character. Hitherto it had been a waste of sand, generally hard, and varied with some hills and high rocks towards the horizon. These were now increased to mountains, which rose also on each side the path, and gave it a fine and romantic character. Mr. W.'s servant, Franco, afforded us some amusement. He was very artful, and a great glutton, though he persuaded his master he half-starved himself; and when he came to a meal, generally cast on it such a look as the good St. Bruno did on his bread mixed with ashes, when he wept at the thought that man should take such trouble about the body; but when Franco found himself alone, cheese, rice, and coffee disappeared like magic. He had a nose and chin like a hatchet, and settling himself on the camel's back in the position of one of the granite statues of Memnon, used to sing pious German psalms through the desert half the day long. Towards evening, Franco was generally most melodious, but the tunes were mostly mournful ; his voice had a sort of nasal twang, and the rugged German cadence used to strike the Arabs with dismay. It was good sport afterwards to desire Franco to sing in a numerous circle of these people ; he had hardly finished three or four stanzas before some laughed, others vehemently desired him to stop, with many expressions of displeasure.

Leaving the valley of Paran, the path led over a rocky wilderness, to render which more gloomy the sky became clouded, and a shower of rain fell. By moonlight we ascended the hills, and after some hours' progress, rested for the night on the sand. The dews had fallen heavy

for some nights, and the clothes that covered us were quite wet in the morning; but as we advanced, the dews ceased. Our mode of life, though irregular, was quite to a wanderer's taste. We sometimes stopped for an hour at mid-day, or more frequently took some bread and a draught of water on the camel's back; but we were repaid for our fatigues, when we halted for the evening, as the sun was sinking in the desert, and, having taken our supper, strolled amidst the solitudes, or spent the hours in conversation till dark. But the bivouac by night was the most striking, when, arriving fatigued long after dark, the two fires were lighted, I have frequently retired to some distance to gaze at the group of Arabs round theirs, it was so entirely in keeping. They were sipping their coffee and talking with expressive action and infinite vivacity; and as they addressed each other, they often bent over the flame which glanced on their white turbans and drapery and dark countenances, and the camels stood behind, and stretched their long necks over their masters. Having finished our repast, we wrapped ourselves in our cloaks, and lay down round the fire: and let not that couch be pitied, for it was delightful, as well as romantic, to sink to rest as you looked on that calm and glorious sky, the stars shining with a brilliancy you have no conception of in our climate. Then in the morning we were suddenly summoned to depart, and the camels being loaded, we were soon on the march. Jouma frequently chaunted his melancholy Arab song, for at this time we were seldom disposed to converse, and were frequently obliged to throw a blanket over our cloak, and walk for some hours, to guard against the chillness of the air. The sunsets in Egypt are the finest, but to see it rise in its glory, you must be in the desert,—nothing there obscures or obstructs it. You are travelling on chill and silent, and your looks bent toward the East; a variety of glowing hues appear and die away again, and for some time the sky is blue and clear; when the sun suddenly darts above the horizon, and such a splendour is thrown instantly on the wide expanse of sand and rocks, that if you were a Persian adorer, you would certainly break out like the Imaun from the minaret, in praise and blessing.

The way now became very interesting, and varied by several narrow deep valleys, where a few stunted palms grew. The next morning we entered a noble desert, lined on each side by lofty mountains of rock, many of them perfectly black, with sharp and ragged summits. In the midst of the plain, which rose with a continual yet gentle ascent, were isolated rocks of various forms and colours, and over its surface were scattered a number of shrubs of a lively green. Through all the route we had met few passengers. One or two little caravans, or a lonely wanderer with his camel, had passed at times and given us the usual salute of "Peace be unto you." While at Suez, we were fortunate enough to purchase a few pounds of excellent tea, and it now proved of inestimable use to us. It was a good piece of advice of Dr. C. the traveller, to those who visit the East, to provide themselves with this luxury. It was impossible to procure animal food on such a journey. Some rice and bread and coffee, constitute your chief subsistence. We passed this evening a small place of graves at the foot of a high precipice; they were the tombs of Arabs who had died in their journey through this wilderness. They were erected by their companions, and consisted of rude pieces of rock fixed in the sand. A few of these burial-places are seen scattered amidst these deserts, and they are

generally situated in some secluded spot, or beneath the shade and protection of a mountain. Although Mohammedans, the Arabs appear to have very imperfect notions of religion. Our escort was but little given to prayer, and the tribes we afterwards fell in with, got on without it altogether. Mr. W. made many attempts to enlighten the minds of Jouma and his comrades; but Franco was of another stamp; he used to slip aside of an evening and pray very devoutly to the Virgin Mary. Idolater that he was, his master's efforts to convert him to the bosom of Protestantism, proved in vain : but it was not till after supper that his mind was given to aspiration. This night, our place of halting was in a very wild valley, inclosed by naked and precipitous mountains, on whose sides the moonlight fell vividly. In the midst of the glen below, the Arabs and their camels formed an animated group. The dress of these people is picturesque, being of a coarse white colour, and consisting of a turban, a tunic, sash, a shiluah, or loose pantaloon, that reaches just below the knee, like the Highland kilt, and sandals. We sent Jouma and Michal on before to the convent of Sinai, to give notice of our approach. Long before sun-rise the following day, we set out, and stopped in a most romantic valley; and the morning being chill, we collected a large quantity of shrubs for fire, and made our breakfast.

The Israelites, during their wanderings of forty years in these deserts, must have lived but insipidly, even with manna and quails, having nothing but water to drink, after a cold night's encampment, or amidst the burning heats of the day. You feel careless what you eat in such a region, but to be debarred coffee, tea, or now and then a little lime-juice, would be misery; without the former, it is certain the Arabs could not endure existence; they are satisfied with a little coarse bread or unleavened cake twice a-day, but coffee is more than manna to them.

A few hours more we got sight of the mountains round Sinai. Their appearance was magnificent; when we drew nearer and emerged out of a deep pass, the scenery was infinitely striking, and on the right extended a vast range of mountains as far as the eye could reach, from the vicinity of Sinai down to Tor. They were perfectly bare, but of grand and singular form. We had hoped to reach the convent by daylight, but the moon had risen some time, when we entered the mouth of a narrow pass, where our conductors advised us to dismount. A gentle, yet perpetual ascent, led on mile after mile up this mournful valley, whose aspect was terrific, yet ever varying. It was not above two hundred yards in width, and the mountains rose to an immense height on each side. The road wound at their feet along the edge of a precipice, and amidst masses of rock that had fallen from above. It was a toilsome path, generally over stones, placed like steps, probably by the Arabs, and the moonlight was of little service to us in this deep valley, as it only rested on the frowning summits above. Where is Mount Sinai? was the inquiry of every one. The Arabs pointed before to Gabel Mousa, the Mount of Moses, as it is called, but we could not distinguish it. Again, and again, point after point was turned, and we saw but the same stern scenery. But what had the softness and beauty of Nature to do here? Mount Sinai required an approach like this, where all seemed to proclaim the land of miracles, and to have been visited by the terrors of the Lord. The scenes, as you gazed around, had an unearthly character, suited to the sound of the fearful trumpet that was once heard there. We entered at last on the more open valley,

about half a mile wide, and drew near this famous mountain. Sinai is not so lofty as some of the mountains around it, and in its form there is nothing graceful or peculiar to distinguish it from others. Near midnight we reached the Convent of St. Catherine, at the foot of the mountain, and surrounded by a high wall, to guard it against the Arabs. Jouma was lying fast asleep at its foot, wrapped in his cloak, beside the embers of his fire, but he instantly arose and welcomed us. Michel was safely housed in the convent. After calling loudly for some time, a window was opened at the top of the wall, and a rope thrown down; fastening this round the body, and grasping it fast, we were drawn up one after another by the monks, and received in through the window, which was the only place of entrance. Our baggage came up afterwards, and then we were conducted up several flights of steps and passages to our chambers. Michel, who spoke Modern Greek like a native, and who was our only interpreter with these monks, had allotted a room for Mr. C. and myself, and another for Mr. W. and his servant. These apartments are very small, and covered with a handsome carpet and cushions, with part of the floor raised in the eastern style, and a neat lamp was suspended from the ceiling and already lighted. There was real voluptuousness in all this to our feelings, after the passage through the desert. After all, happiness is in a great measure derived from the contrast of situations; and is, in this respect, perhaps, not unlike eastern scenery—plains and valleys blooming like Paradise, amidst naked mountains and wilds. No calm, comfortable, luxurious life in England could ever afford those vivid and transporting feelings which were ours during those journeys in the East. These recluses are of the Greek church, and are about twenty in number, mostly elderly men. The convent was founded by Justinian, fourteen hundred years ago. It is large, and kept remarkably clean. They brought us a frugal supper, and some brandy made out of dates, and we then walked in the corridor without, situated in the loftiest part of the convent. The precipices of Sinai encircled and hung over the convent, and the moonlight now rested on them. The next morning we heard the voices of the monks at their prayers very early, and they invited us to breakfast with them in the refectory at nine o'clock. This meal is the only one they have during the day; though, if any one is much in want afterwards, he is allowed a little bread and cheese in his own cell about sunset. The breakfast consisted of a small loaf of fine white bread, a dish of pea, or barley-soup, a few radishes, and a small glass of brandy to each person,—for they never eat animal food. The refectory is a long, and very good room, with a large picture of Hell and Paradise at the higher end, that they may not indulge too much in the good things of this world at breakfast. The damned are writhing in all sorts of grotesque postures, and the righteous rejoicing at the very edge of the flames. In a small pulpit near the door stood a monk, who read out of the gospels all the time of the repast, and there were many occasional crossings and cessations of eating among the good fathers at different periods of the lecture. Now the dish of soup was so substantial, that it really required a day's journey through the desert to get on with it at all; but the spoons of the good fathers never ceased solemnly going, till all was devoured, and the loaf and salad bore company with it. They then rose and turned to the altar, and after sundry gesticulations, we all adjourned to the corridor without, where coffee was handed round, two cups to each monk. These

fathers are an exceeding harmless set of men, and in general very ignorant. Many of them had lived here a long time, and, though bent nearly double, bore witness to the uncommon healthiness of the climate; as their cheeks were florid, and their look cheerful and vigorous. One is surprised to find here a large and elegant church, with a floor of beautiful marble, and a pulpit profusely adorned with gold. This edifice has three lofty aisles. You pass from one into a small apartment, where, beneath a little niche adorned with filigree work of gold, and lighted dimly by three small lamps, is shewn the spot where once stood the burning bush. Pictures of the Virgin and her Son and many saints were placed round the sides of this singular spot. In a recess in another part of the church is the tomb of St. Catherine, the patroness of the monastery; it is of white marble, emits a most agreeable perfume, and is covered with rich silk, and placed beneath a canopy supported by pillars. The monks confessed it was not the real body of St. Catherine that was inclosed in the tomb, but only an image of wax, that was a good resemblance of her. The irreparable loss of the body of that excellent lady was occasioned by the villany of the Catholics, who, burning with envy to see the Greeks in possession of such a treasure, that was sure to work the most astonishing miracles, stole it by night a few days after her death; and having lugged it on their shoulders through the ravines and over the precipices around, had gained the summit of Mount St. Catherine, and were exulting in the idea of its being theirs for ever, when the angels, who beheld all this with infinite interest, descended suddenly and carried the good lady up to Heaven, and left the Catholics filled with rage and mortification. A part of one of the walls of the church consisted of many exquisite and various sorts of marble, sent as a present from St. Sophia at Constantinople. The great altar is very beautiful, being inlaid, as well as the pillars which support it, with pieces of mother-of-pearl and tortoise-shell. The superior is a man of very dignified appearance and polite manners, and seems to know the world well: he was very inquisitive about the affairs of Greece, in which he took a deep interest. After breakfast he invited us to his apartment, where he produced some fruit and a bottle of excellent white wine. He said that in their library, about a century ago, was a curious manuscript that had remained there for ages, till the Grand Signior sent from Constantinople to have it delivered up to him. Mohammed, in his troubles and wanderings, had sometimes found shelter in the convent of Sinai, and out of gratitude had given to the convent an assurance of his and his followers' protection, which being unable to write himself, having dipped his hand in ink he had stamped it with the impression. It is certain the monks of Mount Sinai are regarded with peculiar respect by the Turks; and those of other Greek convents, when travelling in different parts of the East, or in hazardous situations, say they belong to the convent of Sinai. The life led by these recluses is a most dreary and monotonous one; they never dare to venture into the desert for fear of the Arabs, who bear a deadly hatred to them, and would enjoy as much pleasure in putting them out of the world as they would so many wild beasts. About six years ago these fellows climbed up the precipices that overhang the convent, and, firing down, shot two of the fathers who happened to be at the door of their apartments. The

monks enter their garden only by a subterraneous passage, which is secured at the end by a very strong door. The garden, which is surrounded by a high wall, is a rich and beautiful spot, created entirely by the great industry of these people. You see there the palm, the cypress, and poplar, with a profusion of vegetables, and vines bending with large bunches of grapes, in a more forward state even than they were at Cairo. The cultivating this garden is the only resource and amusement they have. During Bonaparte's residence at Cairo he ordered the convent wall to be built higher, and sent two pieces of cannon for its defence; but these men of peace never use them, although one discharge would send the Arabs over the desert in a moment: but these fellows know very well they keep excellent white bread in the convent, and they come and fire their musquets at the walls, with loud threats, till the fathers open the window at the top and throw out a quantity of cakes of bread to the Arabs, who gather them up with avidity, and depart. The convent is supplied with rice and flour by the Greek monastery at Cairo; and the Bedouins allow these supplies to pass safely, knowing it will be the best way to demand their contributions subsequently. Among the few luxuries here, were excellent almonds and dates, and good cheese, which they had improved out of the coarse article used in Egypt.

BROKEN VOWS.

Dark was the sky, the wind blew wild,
The mother closer clasp'd her child—
She closer clasp'd her child, and drew
Round its frail form her mantle blue:
While, as if conscious of its case,
It smiled into its mother's face,
And shrunk and clung to her embrace.
The air was keen, the night was near,
Where could the lonely pilgrim steer?
Without a home to shield her head,
By her own father banished—
An exile from her parents' door
Behind her closed—the world before—
The cold unfeeling world that spares
Nought to the agony of tears!

Oh she had loved, as woman will,
With all her soul,—and she loved still
Even the spoiler, to whose art
Was sacrificed a noble heart—
A heart where passion glowed, and truth,
And the confiding trust of youth.
Her love she cherish'd, though betray'd—
Her all of life a shipwreck made,
'Twas the last plank she grasp'd to keep
Her soul from sinking in the deep;
And now it bore her up to go
Seek out the man that caused her woe,
Tell her lorn tale, and crave a shed
To shelter her unfriended head:
She dared not think he would deny
So slight a boon and leave her die.

The moon lay mantled by a cloud,
Like beauty sleeping in its shroud;

Her weariness was great, and soon
The snow-storm darken'd on the moon,
And the white sleet was drifting fast
Before the pitiless northern blast.
She was ill form'd to brave its power,
For such an end, at such an hour—
An hour of wintry rigours full,
Too hard for one so beautiful,
So soft and fragile, to sustain,
Without her load of mental pain:
And she had sunk but for the charm
Of love maternal on her arm—
Her babe, whose safety made her dare
What else her frame might never bear.
Shivering, worn out with weariness,
She reach'd his hall, where her distress
O'ercame her strength—she struck the gate,
And fell to earth inanimate!

The gate unclosed, a figure stood
Holding it wide,—his air was rude,
To chide whoever came so late
Intruding at that lordly gate:
He question'd—all was silent there—
He look'd!———
——— Some that obdurate are
To words of pity, honour, sense,
Pleading with all their influence,
Yield if the scene of misery
Burst sudden on the startled eye—
He look'd—he saw the spoil his own—
Her whom he'd loved, by him undone;
He heard an infant's little cry,—
'Twas his—"I am a murderer, I!"
Whisper'd his heart, and safe within
He bore them from the tempest's din,
And his repentant hand supplied
The succour he had once denied.
The mother struggled long, and lay
Love's victim in a young decay—
A tranquil ruin, in that dress
Of more than human loveliness,
Sometimes put on ere time be past
To shew the loveliest may be last.
She died, and dying she forgave
Him who had led her to the grave,
And even bless'd him as she died—
Her love was her delight, her pride,
Unchanged in contumely and woe,
And in her death she shew'd it so.

Could he his cruelty forgive? Oh no!
Remorse track'd all his future steps below:
The scorpion sting that festers in the heart
With a relentless, an undying smart—
The canker of the soul, that drop by drop
Drains life away until its pulses stop,
Were his, with an existence lengthen'd more
To suffer, loathe himself, condemn, deplore—
The love betray'd exacting vengeance dear,—
Making his hell in earth's bright atmosphere.

HEBDOMADARY OF MR. SNOOKS, THE GROCER.

"No wonder they were caught by South Sea schemes,
Who ne'er enjoy'd a guinea, but in dreams;
No wonder they their third subscriptions sold,
For millions of imaginary gold;—
If to instruct them all my reasons fail,
Be they diverted by this moral tale."

Swift's Epistle to Mr. Thomas Snow.

Monday.—Received a visit from Mr. Macnab, the attorney, who paid me nine hundred pounds, being the amount of the legacy left to my wife by Farmer Mumpford, of Ipswich, her late uncle, for which we gave him our joint discharge. Took him into the parlour behind the shop, when Mrs. S. had returned up-stairs, and consulted him as to the employment of this large sum; when he informed me that all the world were making fortunes in South American Securities, and recommended me to try my luck; for which purpose, he offered to introduce me to his particular friend Mr. Manasseh Mordecai, a remarkably prudent young gentleman, who had recently entered the Foreign Stock Exchange, and, as he assured me, was already comfortably *tiled in*, as the phrase is. Put on my best coat, told Jem to look after the shop, and accompanied Macnab to Mr. Mordecai's counting-house, whose tilbury was at the door, a bright pea-green picked out with red, and brass mouldings, piebald horse, and harness covered with brazen ornaments; a boy-groom in the gig, in a sky-blue livery, with silver shoulder-knots, varnished hat, silver lace, and cockade; altogether the genteelest and smartest equipage I had ever seen. Went up-stairs, and found young gentleman aforesaid damning his clerk's eyes, because he had forgotten to order the turtle soup and pine-apples to be sent to his country-house the day before, when Ben Bubbleton dined with him. Took us into an inner room about six feet square, and upon being informed the nature of our errand, declared with an oath that every man was a cursed ass, if he had a little money in his pocket, not to make his fortune as he had done: that it was plain sailing, a hollow thing, clear as daylight, and sure as a gun; for Ben Bubbleton had called in New Court, and ascertained that Nathan meant to make an immense purchase in Poyais, which he had no doubt would run up ten or twenty per cent. in consequence, and was *out-and-out* the cheapest thing in the market for a buyer. Desired him accordingly to invest my nine hundred pounds in that stock; when he exclaimed, with a contemptuous look, "Psha! what will you get by that? If it runs up twenty per cent. there is but a paltry hundred and eighty profit. No, if you are a fellow of any spirit and talent, you will lodge this money with me as a security, and let me buy you a lot for the end of the month, before which time I shall probably be able to sell it again with a profit of some thousands." Thought it a pity not to be a fellow of spirit and talent, and consented accordingly to his proposition; when he inquired whether I had any other *dibbs*, any more *blunt*, or *stumpy*, which Macnab explained to mean any more *money*; and I replied that I had saved nearly six hundred pounds in business, which I kept in Exchequer bills.—"Exchequer bills!" exclaimed Mr. Mordecai: "what folly! Make up the fifteen hundred pounds, lodge the whole sum with me as a security, since I have not the pleasure of knowing you, though, as the friend of Mr. Macnab, I doubt not you are perfectly respectable, and I will buy

for you fifty thousand Poyais Scrip for the end of the month." Fifty thousand Poyais!! what a magnificent sound! there was no resisting it, so I deposited the fifteen hundred pounds, and received the broker's memorandum, "Bought by order and for account of Simon Snooks, *Esquire*," &c. The first time I had ever been dubbed Esquire, but thought it the least that could be appended to the proprietor of fifty thousand Poyais Scrip.

Returned home, when my wife scolded me for wearing my Sunday coat: told me there was a loaf of sugar to break up for Alderman Dewlap, and handed me my white apron, which I indignantly threw behind the counter, exclaiming "Damn white aprons! I shall never put on another."—Mrs. Snooks insisted; and though I make a point of always being master in my own house, I thought I might as well humour her, since she is a very worthy woman, and hang it before me—but as I was determined to show my independence, I took it off the moment she went up-stairs, and desired Jem to finish breaking the sugar for the Alderman.

Tuesday.—Went to Capel Court immediately after breakfast—all in a bustle—Poyais Stock rising every minute, all buyers no sellers; the knowing ones laying bets that it will be up 10 per cent. this week; price already 2 per cent. higher. Two per cent. on my fifty is a thousand pounds profit. Wear an apron indeed! A clever fellow has no occasion for any such appendage. Resolved to take time by the forelock, and make my fortune at once, now that my hand was fairly in. Met my neighbour Mr. Dry, and asked his opinion of South American Securities, when he observed they might be excellent things to purchase, but doubted whether they were so good as the Chinese Turnpike Bonds, which had been lately introduced into the market; and as it was whispered there was shortly to be a general election in China, which by the additional travelling would prodigiously increase the toll-money, he had no doubt prices would rise considerably. He recommended also to my attention the new Patagonian Loan, of which I had heard nothing, informing me that the agent whom they had sent over was nearly nine feet high, that the contract was drawn up on a sheet of foolscap, above two yards square, that the Scrip Receipts were nearly three feet long, and that of course the profits would be proportionably large. Made a Mem. to speak to Mr. Mordecai on the subject. Asked his opinion about the tunnel under the Thames, when he told me he doubted whether the scheme would hold water, and that to wait for your profits till a hole was burrowed under the river, must at all events be a great bore. Said the Thames would serve the contractors right if it gave them a good sousing, adding, that he would do the same if they got under *his* bed.

Wednesday.—Capel Court again—greater hubbub than ever—the Bears all frightened out of their wits, and the Bulls quite cockahoop. Four per cent. on my fifty is two thousand pounds profit. Recommended by a friend to sell; not such an ass. No doubt they will be up twenty per cent. before the account, and twenty per cent. upon my fifty will be *ten* thousand pounds. Went upon the Royal Exchange, and saw the great man, said to be worth two millions, higgling with a broker for an eighth per cent. upon a bill of a hundred pounds. Looked up to him with suitable reverence, and thought him quite handsome enough for a great capitalist. Don't see why I should

not ultimately be as rich as he is, and come to have a house myself in New Court, Swithin's Lane, since I have begun with a much better start than he did. On my return home met Mr. Alderman Dewlap, who saluted me with his usual condescension—"Good morning, Snooks;" but instead of taking off my hat, and bowing with my customary "Thank ye, Mr. Alderman," I was determined to let him see that times were altered; so, egad! I gave him a familiar nod, and exclaimed, "How goes it, Dewlap?" Saw he was offended, but what do I care? A fellow with ten thousand pounds in his pocket is not to have his hat perpetually in his hand, like the city Sir Walter. Afterwards met my old acquaintance Jerry Fayle, who I suppose had got some inkling of my successes, for he touched his hat as he accosted me, and called me *Sir,* which I thought quite unnecessary, for after all I am still nothing more than a plain citizen. Thank God! I have no pride, though I am perfectly aware that a man with ten thousand pounds in his pocket, is not to be addressed with the same familiarity as a common shopkeeper. —Jerry told me he had just been ruined, completely cleaned out by an unsuccessful speculation in the funds. Serve him right!—It requires some talent to make a hit in this manner. Such simpletons as he is had much better stick to the shop, and work hard to support their wife and family, and so I told him. Thought he looked as if he wanted to borrow money, so pretended to see a friend, and bolted down Finch Lane.

Thursday.—Dreamt last night that I saw the Cacique of Poyais, a dignified-looking copper-coloured personage, with a bow and arrow in his hand, golden shoes, silver gloves, and a tall plume of peacock's feathers upon his head, who, after giving me an order for a pound of eightpenny Muscovado sugar, and a quarter of eight shilling Souchong, made me a grant of twenty thousand acres of land, the surface of which was so rich in gold and silver ore that it perfectly dazzled my eyes. A customer came into the shop while I was pondering upon my dream, and inquired whether I had any rice, when I replied, "Yes, Sir, a rise of five per cent. already."—"Psha!" continued the gentleman, "I mean Carolina rice,—have you any ground?" "Ground!" I ejaculated, "yes, Sir, twenty thousand acres in Poyais!" when the stranger, thinking probably that I was crazy, walked out of the shop. Same day Mr. Deputy Dump's servant brought me back a bill, wherein I had put down to his master's account fifty thousand loaves of sugar! Ludicrous enough, but how can one attend to these paltry affairs when the money comes rolling in by thousands?—Indeed I shall probably give up the shop altogether after this account.

Friday.—The rise continuing, and it being now certain that I must realize a handsome property, I communicated the whole affair to my wife, who had hitherto known nothing of the transaction; when she rated me soundly for deciding upon any measure without first consulting her, but admitted that it had been a most clever and fortunate speculation, and instantly stipulated for four things,—first, that we should do no more washing at home—second, that she should wear white gowns upon the week day—third, that we should never have hashed mutton for dinner—and fourth, that we should give Mr. Davison, our lodger, notice to quit immediately, as she was determined to have as grand a party as Mrs. Tibb's, and we should of course want the first-floor for the purpose; to all which propositions I willingly yielded my

consent. Mrs. Snooks was decidedly of opinion, that I should wait till there was thirty per cent. profit, which would be fifteen thousand pounds gain, and which, added to the money deposited with the broker, would constitute a very handsome independence; and she informed me she had always set her heart upon a country-house at Homerton, with a white front, green door, and brass plate, having our name engraved in large capitals. She is certainly a woman of taste,—indeed, she has a right to be so, since her connexions are of the first respectability, and her uncle's wife's sister would have been Lady Mayoress, had not her husband died of a surfeit at a Grocers' Hall dinner, only one week before the ninth of November; but for my own part, I must say I particularly hate Homerton. Finding her, however, inflexible, I withdrew my opposition, not by any means out of deference to her opinion, for every man should be the master in his own house, but because I think people of property and respectability should never be seen wrangling and jangling like vulgar folks. Upon the same principle, I abandoned the idea of our setting up a gig, like Mr. Mordecai's, and yielded to her wish of having a one-horse chariot, like Mr. Lancet the apothecary, which she observed was truly keeping a carriage; and she resolved that her first visit should be to Mrs. Tibbs, on purpose to mortify her.

She herself now laughed heartily at the idea of my ever again putting on a white apron, and though she admitted Alderman Dewlap to be one of our best customers, she thought I had treated him quite right, since her family was as good as his any day in the year, and people whose heads are a little up in the world, have no occasion to keep their nose to the grindstone. This day we mutually agreed that in order to distinguish ourselves from a herd of poor relations in very groveling situations, it was absolutely necessary to change our name, and as our money was made in the city, I proposed to take the addition of *ville*, observing that Snooksville had a very familyish sound; but my wife thought that a termination in *veal* of any sort would only suggest the idea of a butcher. In confirmation of this, she reminded me that cousin Tom, who had been to Calais in the steam-boat, had there seen a large building, called the Hotel de Veal, because, as he was credibly informed, all the calves were slaughtered therein. I then hinted that we might append to my patronymic appellation the word scrip, which was the foundation of our fortune, and would form the very pleasing compound of Snookscrip; but as Mrs. S. thought that the founder of our prosperity ought to take precedence, it was finally agreed that we should be thenceforth called Scripsnooks, which, as she shrewdly remarked, was no change of the initial letter, and would consequently require no alteration in the marks upon our linen.

Saturday.—Found Capel Court this morning in what is technically called a panic—Poyais Scrip falling one per cent. every five minutes—all sellers and no buyers: the knowing ones who had been laying bets that it would be up ten per cent. this week, proving to have been secret sellers, and banging the market without mercy; while the Bulls were running about in great consternation seeking in vain for purchasers. All my imaginary profits having disappeared in about half an hour, I determined at all events not to sacrifice the money I had deposited with Mr. Mordecai, and scampered to his office in great perturbation of mind, that he might sell my Scrip at any price he could get. Not finding him at the counting-house, I hurried back in a profuse perspi-

ration to the Stock Exchange, and after repeating this process five or six times without catching a glimpse of him, had at last the unspeakable mortification of being informed that he was a lame duck, and that he had not only waddled but bolted; or in other words, that this "remarkably prudent young gentleman" had run away, after having lost every thing, and had left nothing whatever to his numerous creditors, but his bright pea-green tilbury, upon which, however, an attachment was lodged by the groom in the sky-blue livery with silver shoulder-knots, for arrears of wages!

Sneaked homewards, calling in my way to countermand a pipe of port, which I had been ass enough to order upon anticipation. Entered my shop as if I were going to be hung; took up a dirty apron of Jem's which I tied round me, and began cutting up a sugar-loaf with great humility and compunction of spirit. My wife breaking into the shop as she beheld this apparition from the back parlour, I began to break to her our misfortune while I was breaking the sugar, when she flew into such a rage that I verily thought she would have finished by breaking my head. She would not have minded it so much, she said, but that she had lost the opportunity of mortifying Mrs. Tibbs, and that our best customer, Mr. Alderman Dewlap, had sent for his bill, declaring his intention of giving his custom to another shop. This she attributed to my impertinence, and insisted upon my writing him a submissive apology, which I sturdily refused doing, declaring I would be the master of my own house, and that though I was ruined, I would not be humbled or hen-pecked. Very angry words ensued, but I carried my point with a high hand, for instead of writing to the Alderman as she ordered, I called upon him, and made him a very humble apology in person.

STANZAS.

"When shall we two meet again?"—
  Oh ask the breeze that bears me on
Over yon blue and pathless main,
  And it will tell how soon!

Go ask the waves that roar
  Round my bark as she holds her way,
And as they wildly pour
  On the beach where thy footsteps stray—

While the rude wind whistles loud,
  And their crests are white with foam,
They may tell that, without a shroud,
  I have sought my last cold home.

And will those bright eyes shed
  A tear on the sullen wave,
When it tells that I have sped
  To a cheerless lonely grave?—

"When shall we two meet again?"
  And must I answer thee?
Can the pilot tell thee when
  Tempests shall vex the sea?

Though his bark sail smoothly on,
  And the port seem just in view,
Yet their rage may burst anon
  And o'erwhelm his gallant crew.

I have watch'd yon clear blue sky,
  I have mark'd the glassy main,
And have told when storms were nigh,—
  But I cannot tell thee when!

"When shall we two meet again?"—
  And must I answer thee?—
Oh ne'er! oh ne'er! till when
  Our spirits are set free!

Then the evils being over
  That around us now are cast,
Together they may hover
  And smile upon the past.

"And when shall we two meet?"
  There is something in the tone
That asks, though passing sweet,
  Telling me I am lone.

Go ask the destined wretch,
  If from the upas-tree
He still has hopes to fetch
  Its fruitage, and be free:—

And if a smile shall beam
  Upon his pallid face,
Through which his soul may seem
  To thee to answer "Yes;"—

Oh let thine eyes impart
  That ray of hope to me,
And then this aching heart
  Shall bless, and cling to thee—

As one, whom waves have torn
  From his reeling vessel's side,
To the plank on which he is borne
  Afloat o'er the waters wide.

"When shall we two meet again?"—
  Oh in that question all
That tell of grief and pain
  Upon my spirit fall!

In childhood first we met,
  When our hearts were free from care,
And I remember yet
  How those days were bright and fair;

And hadst thou ask'd me then,
  As we sported merrily,
"When shall we meet again?"
  I could have answer'd thee.

But those words have now a tone
  So sad, so drear to me,
For they speak of days long gone,
  And can I answer thee?

As the passing bell that tolls
  To the prisoner doom'd to die,
When each echo as it rolls
  Through his cell tells his hour is nigh;

So sound those words to me,
  Like that heavy and slow death-bell,
And I only can answer thee
  In that one wild word, "Farewell!"

Π. Σ.

THE COLONIAL PRESS.

Experience often shews us that the extreme of opposite qualities may be united in the same person or thing. It is thus, that while England has been justly styled the country of reason, she has exhibited at the same time as much prejudice as any other. While she has kept the glorious flame of freedom alive in the world, and while foreign nations struggling for liberty have derived energy from her example, and conquered back what Nature designed as a universal heritage, England has been seen in time past giving her assistance to their enemies, allying herself with the foes of freedom and humanity, and covertly or openly labouring against the propagation of those principles, the adoption of which elevated her beyond the other nations of the earth, and she has generally discovered her error when too late. At present, when a more liberal system of policy than we have for a long time experienced characterizes the government; when party hate, except among the mercenary in motive, the vulgar in thought and language, and the inveterate devotees of old habit, has declined, and the consideration of the common welfare has begun to occupy the place of effervescence and irritation—when a wise conciliation seems to be adopted by government, and the spirit of party softens its asperities, it will be thought not a little anomalous should this conduct be confined to the mother-country alone; and that Englishmen, when within the limits of the United Empire, if beyond the judicial authority of the Lord Chief Justice, should be as despotically governed and have real redress of outrage as little in their power as they would have in nations in Europe the most uncongenial to their feelings in character. The system of government in some of our colonies seems so oppressive and so contrary to the spirit exhibited at home—the exercise of brief authority by the underlings, who are omnipotent there, is frequently so wanton and subversive of every thing like sense or reason, that it cannot pass much longer without animadversion in parliament. The press and the property it involves are, without law or the shadow of justice, sacrificed more particularly to the arbitrary despotism of petty tyrants, of men destitute of every thing but blind power, with just enough of intellect to see how useful an instrument it may be if devoted to their own purposes, but determined to suppress by force every thing that may be deemed offensive to themselves or their minions; utterly regardless of those principles of equity of which their country expects them to be conservators. Wherever the flag of England waves on the soil of the empire, Englishmen have a right to expect their property and privileges shall be protected by law, and by the same law as at home. It is sickening to hear the absurd cant uttered in palliation of the present course of proceeding, which generally centres in expediency, unsupported by fact and common sense. Expediency is in all such cases the refuge of wilful error or voluntary blindness. What a government like that of England wills it performs; and it is unjust towards its people that in those colonies, at least, in which the will of the Crown is absolute, and which Englishmen contribute to support from their pockets, or where they are abused and swindled by the existence of monopolies similar to that of the East India Company, or compelled to import and consume the produce of West India slavery and crime, in preference to that which may not be so tainted, they shall

not set their foot upon the soil which they are so burdened to support, but they forfeit their native rights, and resign into the hands of some obscure and arbitrary individual, in a remote part of the world, all which they hold most dear to them in this. The dangers which have been pretended as an excuse for such restrictions, are mere bugbears to serve the purpose of the interested: they inflict a positive evil, and are a disgrace to the character, intellect, and liberality of the nation. It is in vain that a minister may urge that the governor of this or that colony is of opinion such a step is inexpedient, or that the control of the press by law, instead of his *ipse dixit*, is not agreeable to his view of things. The minister is unworthy of his place who cannot judge for himself on such great and broad questions* (when, too, little or no local information is necessary,) as well or better than a soldier bred up in the arbitrary ideas of his calling, and whose ideas of right and wrong are grounded upon his own habits. On minute local questions residents are capable of judging, and their opinions and advice (not from all on one side, but from every side) are indispensably necessary. Even the opinion of General Demerara Murray might be highly useful respecting the fortifications of a colony, or upon questions in the common routine of business; but what would it be worth upon the broad question of slave emancipation, the great right of personal freedom, and the impartial administration of justice?

Lawyers, whose lips overflow with wise saws which signify nothing in practice, tell us that "there is no wrong without a remedy." Thus if a man be robbed of his money, his remedy is found in robbing himself in addition (as an Irishman would say), by feeing a lawyer to get the thief hung. This is what the law calls a remedy. Moses had a different idea upon the subject; with him justice meant compensation for a wrong to the party injured, and an additional penalty for the outrage—his was a law of *quid pro quo.* Modern law sages differ with Moses upon this subject, and when hard pushed, set up fiction in defence,—suffering the injustice to remain as affecting the individual, and plundering him farther on the plea that it is society that has suffered the wrong. In truth, if the man who has sustained the injury be not a Hampden or a Sidney, having the *pro patria* uppermost, the death of the thief may have satisfied his revenge, but leaves the wrong enlarged rather than diminished. When shall we recur to simple matter-

* The high state of intellect and the present degree of perfection to which art and science have been brought, have put it in the power of a minister, if he possess sufficient discernment, to avail himself of it to become acquainted with every thing in a distant colony as minutely and clearly as on his own estate. The statistics, state of agriculture and commerce, the site and size of every dwelling and estate in a foreign settlement, might be rendered as familiar to him as those around his own residence. A free press would in addition give him information as to opinion, check the garbling of reports and proceedings of courts-martial, and the communications from officials in the usual course might be thus considered with a better power of judgment. The latter are often partial, and not grounded upon what the writer has actually seen. It would be important to be able to question the details. The receiving the reports of those in office in distant colonies, and the believing them always true as the Gospel, may be perfectly consistent with the routine of office, and may be all that a minister of every-day talents would do: but he who possesses genius, has high notions of his duties, and is gloriously ambitious for his country's welfare, will not be so easily satisfied.—Herein is the difference between the *great* minister and the *creature* of office.

of-fact principles? These remarks may exemplify the law remedy for the injustice committed against an English subject by an authority in a foreign colony; at least the "remedy for the wrong" has a strong similitude. He may appeal to parliament; but has such an appeal any chance of success against the individual who may have held the power of oppression from the minister who governs the parliament, and what chance would an individual without interest in such a case possess? Suppose the law courts of his country will entertain his appeal for justice—the noblest fortune must be ruined to bring witnesses, who may not be compelled to come, from the other side of the globe to England, and to meet other expenses; and if he has no fortune, he has no remedy at all, even in name. But supposing by the sacrifice of his all, an individual may get his case heard in a law court; as the court, necessarily perhaps, has regard to the minutest forms and technicalities, some triviality may give him all his work to go over again. Why not then fix the reign of law in our colonies as at home, and prevent wrong being inflicted upon any without the power of defence or redress, or regard to the rights of property or personal liberty? At present, an individual, for giving the slightest offence to an official, may be abstracted from his property and sent thousands of miles without the possibility of avoiding utter ruin, though he had been guilty of no crime; or rather, perhaps, had deserved the thanks of the community. This state of things demands an alteration, or a remedy a little more substantial than law fictions allow at present. It is satisfactory to know that commissioners have been sent to one colony, the Cape of Good Hope, whose information will doubtless be of considerable effect in enabling Government to change many things for the better in that ill-managed and ill-governed, but fine settlement. We hope it will be the means of doing every thing that ought to be done; but if it should not, we shall be grateful for all which it may chance to effect. A revision of every thing relative to our colonies, and the abolition of every thing inconsistent with reason and justice, is required. The expenses of the colonies to the nation are far beyond what is necessary. They are all, more or less, very far behind the remotest districts of the mother country in manners and morals; the cause of which is to be found, in a great measure, in the bad system of their government, and the delay which has taken place, and the want of firmness in probing existing evils to the bottom. It is preferable, in questions like the present, to consider what ought to be done to prevent the recurrence of past evils, rather than to enumerate examples of them. That which is wrong should not be suffered to remain, whether instances of its bad effects can be enumerated or not. We live in days when but few will deny the existence or character of a thing because they have never happened to come in contact with it. It may suffice to mention that the Governor of the Cape of Good Hope has lately exemplified his notions of the freedom of the press, the sacredness of property, and the maxim that no Englishman shall suffer detriment, but by due process of law—British law.* He would, perhaps, object, that no colonial law for-

* The newspapers of the day state, that a person named Edwards has been sentenced to seven years' transportation for writing an unpublished letter to Lord Somerset, arraigning his conduct! Of this case, it is true, particulars are not yet before the public. It has a strange sound, however, to British ears.

bade his acting as he did in the case of Mr. Greig; or that the colonial law sanctioned it. This only proves, if true, what we are all along advocating, that on such broad questions as the liberty of the press, British law should reign paramount in a British colony, at least as far as Englishmen are concerned. Let us examine what sort of liberty of the press exists out of the pale of the law we are recommending; what idea of a free press a colonial viceroy, and those in authority under him, feel inclined to tolerate. From what has transpired at the Cape and in India, at which latter place no Turkish oppression is more grinding than that upon the press, a person named Adam appears to have been zealous in favouring us with data, on which to form a judgment on this subject, as Lord Somerset has done at the Cape. It appears that a newspaper, called the South African Commercial Advertiser, was placed under censorship by the Fiscal of the colony, which had been originally published by permission, whether agreeable to any local law so requiring or affecting British-born subjects we are ignorant. The crime alleged to have been committed was the publication of extracts from a work printed and published in the colony by Mr. Bird, the comptroller of the customs, and assessor of the Court of Appeals, that was displeasing to his mightiness the Fiscal, named Dennyssen, who demanded two securities amounting to ten thousand rix dollars, that nothing *offensive*, (we presume to the before-said Fiscal, not what a court of law might deem a libel) should appear in a future number. The proprietor of the journal, seeing that to accede to so monstrous a proposition was utter ruin, as the wisest course suppressed his journal. Orders were, notwithstanding, issued by the Governor to *seal up his presses*, and he was commanded to quit the colony in a month, or he should be sent out of it.* In India the beforenamed Mr. Adam, happening to become *locum tenens* in the government for a time on the departure of the Marquis of Hastings, directly overturned what the noble Marquis had done, so creditable to his talents, his extensive views, and his regard for the interest of humanity, by establishing the freedom of the press. This individual, in consequence of the editor of a journal mentioning a notorious piece of jobbing in the appointment of a Scottish parson to be a clerk of stationery, and enquiring if such an appointment was correct, (by which means the news of the job ultimately reached England,)—had him arraigned and tried for the libel, if it were one even there?—no! he was ordered out of the country, and a most valuable property which he possessed was ruined; even the agent left in charge of it having been equally persecuted, and subsequently ordered away in a similar manner. The very charge for which the editor† suffered this infliction of despotic authority, was a

* At Algoa Bay Settlements printing is wholly prohibited, lest the Caffres and Hottentots, we presume, should become acquainted with any thing contrary to social order!

† The case of Mr. Buckingham has long since been before the public, and as a glaring instance of oppression for performing a public service. It appears that such is the worse than Austrian tyranny exercised in India against all connected with the press, on the authority of the English newspapers, that the Quarterly Review, on the covers of which Mr. Buckingham's Appeal on his case was advertised, is stated to have been carefully concealed, lest it should be seen, and the possessors, in consequence, be marked as offensive to the government, or, as it might not be incorrectly styled—*Adamised.*

proof of the benefit of a free press, which the local government and this Mr. Adam, for obvious reasons, laboured to render non-effective. While, however, Mr. Adam was endeavouring to prevent effectually similar disclosures for the future, he with the worthy members of the Bengal government, in consistency with their mean and narrow views, was insinuating a charge of jobbing against the Marquis of Hastings —they who had just been jobbing with the aforesaid parson! The Marquis of Hastings, in establishing a free press, observed, "My removal of restrictions from the press has been mentioned in laudatory language. I might easily have adopted that procedure without any length of cautious consideration, from my habit of regarding the freedom of publication as a natural right of my fellow-subjects, to be narrowed only by a special and urgent cause assigned. The seeing no direct necessity for these invidious shackles might have sufficed to make me break them. I know myself, however, to have been guided in the step by a positive and well-weighed policy. If our motives of action are worthy, it must be wise to render them intelligible throughout an empire, our hold on which is opinion. Further, it is salutary for supreme authority, even when its intentions are most pure, to look to the control of public scrutiny: while *conscious of rectitude*, that authority can lose nothing of its strength by its exposure to general comment; on the contrary, it acquires an incalculable addition of force. That government which has nothing to disguise, wields the most powerful instrument that can appertain to sovereign rule. It carries with it the united reliance and effort of the whole mass of the governed; and let the triumph of our beloved country in its awful contest with tyrant-ridden France, speak the value of a spirit to be found only in men accustomed to *indulge* and *express* their *honest sentiments*." This liberal and enlightened language was of itself enough to make the noble Marquis obnoxious to the narrow-minded agents of the Court of Directors in India, and the participation of the latter in the same sentiments can excite no wonder in this country.*

Let us consider the character of a colonial journal belonging to the most renowned, the most intellectual, the freest, and richest nation in the world, or what a journal vegetating under the gracious and condescending permission and auspices of such men as Lord Somerset and Mr. Adam would be permitted to do—what might be supposed to constitute and really does constitute the *beau-ideal* of a newspaper under their impartial government; and if it should approximate a little in resemblance to those which Leopold of Austria honours with his gracious patronage—we beg his pardon, *paternal* care—it arises from genuine similitude of outline. Such a journal, then, must not presume to comment or interfere with the policy of the government, in any other way than in that of unqualified commendation—it must record no objections made by any portion of the population, high or low, to existing things of what nature and kind soever they may be. As in England the king can

* When Warren Hastings was in authority in India, he sent as a present of inestimable value to the Directors at home, two hundred Darius's, which these sagacious persons ordered to be melted down for the worth of the gold. This would hardly happen now, though the views of the Directors at present exhibit a prostration of intellect and an illiberality of policy not much advanced from what it then was.

do no wrong, so his representatives and functionaries, from supreme to subaltern, are to be considered as endowed with the same virtue abroad, and any mal-practices, acts of oppression, and jobbing, which they may carry on, it is to be left to their own discretion to keep secret from the authorities at home, to continue or suppress as they may deem most agreeable to themselves. Their supposed unvarying rectitude of conduct is to be uniformly asserted, it being a necessary safeguard of "social order," and no business of a journalist. In cases where the local government is opposed to the mass of the people, and addresses are got up, stating the perfect satisfaction of *all* the *reputable* part of the inhabitants with existing affairs, the characters of functionaries, &c. the part of such functionaries is to be supported from respect for authority, from principles of duty, and from gratitude at the permission given for the existence of the journal itself. No theoretic notions for bettering the condition of the lower classes, on the right of man-selling, or the importation of eunuchs into India as servants, or the exportation of women to Arabia, or in short, any thing which really exists, and is therefore permitted by authority—no attempts to raise the Black to an equality with the White in physical or moral qualities—no instances of ruffianly oppression of the slave, and, more than all, advocating the instruction of men of colour, and making them as wise as the authorities themselves, is to be permitted, unless the censors or the authorities for the time being may happen to agree on this subject with his Majesty's ministers at home; but as the latter are likely to take wrong views, and to dictate from a sense of their own power rather than in unison with colonial *views* and *feelings*, permission must be first obtained. It must be an invariable rule in such political comments as may be tolerated in the settlement, that nothing can be better than the actual state of things there, that they cannot be improved, and that the future prospects, judging from the past, are equally conducive to the happiness of the lowest individual. Officials are uniformly to be represented as perfect, every slave-owner considerate and merciful, every overseer a pattern of meekness and gentleness, every priest laborious and devout—to the contrary notwithstanding, as the lawyers say. Every person in office to be mentioned with due humiliation and respect, and with all his lawful titles. Only such portions of proceedings in the law courts, councils, or public meetings, as cannot give offence to persons in authority, the confidential friends of such magistrates, or landholders of respectability, who possess interest of any kind, may be printed. All punishments of slaves, in particular, are to be given, that they may operate by the terror of the relation upon others; but a peculiar discretion is to be exercised in detailing the fines and penalties of law, when such may chance to take place against a white inhabitant. Advertisements for runaway slaves, sales of slaves, commercial auctions, deaths, marriages, births, descriptions of natural history and scenery in the colony, poetry, (satirical and political excepted,) accidents, receipts, charades, and riddles, in short, every other department of the journal with the trivial reservations aforesaid, to be left to the editor's discretion. Such is the liberty of the press in most of the colonies of Great Britain; such is the character of a journal that basks there in the sunshine of favour, that is as useful, loyal, and patriotic, in the sense these terms are understood where it flourishes, as its tolerators can desire. Such is the instrument that renders the dim-

sighted blinder, mystifies the inhabitants of the mother country, and assists in keeping down the intellect and degrading the character of those among whom it exists—yet most of our colonies have only such, and that which is a blessing in England, operates upon them as a curse.

Under a press so degraded in purpose, how is it possible any of those good effects can be produced by it, on the morals and manners of the colonies, which we witness among the inhabitants of the mother country? The knowledge that a writer dares not speak the truth, utter his comments freely, or give an account of facts, unless such accounts are first garbled, is fatal to the spread of knowledge and intellectual illumination; it is better to have no colonial press at all, than one which cannot be independent. But there never has been one solid, one rational objection, made to the existence of a free press in the colonies. Its enemies have begged every question, and used only assumptive arguments respecting it; they have alleged as consequences what could never possibly happen, conjured up phantoms and bugbears, to alarm the timid and vacillating, and threatened the boldest with insurrection, tumult, and bloodshed, which they did not themselves believe could by any chance of possibility ensue. The truth is, they feel the press is a powerful instrument in their own hands, which it is politic to keep so, that by its means they may colour or suppress a thousand acts which would have a very dubious effect on the public mind at home, and in England, if placed in a true light. It is a wish to keep their own power, however unhallowed, secure, and to conceal truth, that makes the enemies of a free press cling so strongly to their present hold upon it. Had a free press existed in Demerara, the orders of Lord Bathurst would have been printed on their arrival in the country, and any misapprehension of them on the part of the slave population been prevented by a general explanation. In all events, the governor could not have kept them back, and suffered them to be first communicated from distant sources,—thus by his own conduct contributing to the irritation of mind among the slaves which it is said caused the revolt—though for our own parts, we believe the true causes of that revolt and the sanguinary display of colonial power which followed it, are at present unknown. Had the English newspapers been circulated as freely in the colonies for the last twenty or thirty years, and been made as accessible to all who could read them as they were at home, which could not have been the case with the enormous expenses (until lately) attached to their transmission, they would not, perhaps, have remained as they are now, half a century behind the mother country in good morals, humane feelings, the state of intellect, and just views of things. What has advanced England beyond Spain, which is two hundred years behind her in every thing that can contribute to national freedom or happiness, but the unshackled communication of knowledge, the perpetual detection and exposure of error and the application of the principles of right reason through the press, to every thing which concerns public welfare and private advantage?

Let us hope, then, that the subject of a colonial free press will be taken into the consideration of Government without delay, and that the opinions of interested individuals in the colonies will not be suffered to weigh a feather, where a *broad general principle* of the British con-

stitution, and not a mere *local* question, is at stake. We do not ask for a press without responsibility; we merely demand that the same liberty should exist, the same right of property prevail, in one part of the British dominions as in the other; that an inherent portion of an Englishman's privileges should not be plundered from him under the flag of his sovereign, from a mean concession to the passions of persons from among the most unintellectual divisions of the British population; that an arbitrary power should not be allowed to exist, and the most grinding oppression have no appeal but to the idle foolery of law aphorisms, or be mocked on demanding relief, with impracticable theories in redress for wrong: being no better than the advice of a physician, should he recommend his patient to throw himself from St. Paul's to cure his malady, while, if he has no money to fee the door-keeper, he cannot mount to the top, and if he be able to pay for his ascent, he will inevitably break his neck in following the prescription. The stupid and illiberal Dutch law should be superseded by the British at the Cape of Good Hope, impartially administered as at home, and the same freedom of the press conceded. There would be no need to travel seven or eight thousand miles in search of the remedy for evils which would then have no existence,—a remedy worse than the disease. It is probable that ere long there will be a thousand Englishmen at the Cape for one Dutchman, who in addition to the obstacles of colonization must contend with foreign laws, must submit to degradation, contrary to the feelings of a Briton and the right he claims under his own government. If these laws cannot be superseded, let there be two codes until the Dutch population is merged in that of its conquerors. Let no individual, any more than in England, have his property or his actions placed at the mercy of any thing but the law. The will of a governor abroad should be allowed no more latitude over a free subject, than the king possesses at home. There never has been any necessity that it should be otherwise; and if not immediately altered (except in India, where the ten years to come of the charter, which it is hoped never will be renewed, may prevent it) the better feelings of the times will not suffer it to remain long—yet why should it be delayed an hour?

LONDON LYRICS.

Bridge-street, Blackfriars.

Pastor cum traheret, &c.

As near Blackfriars, "sad by fits,"
M'Adam into dwarfish bits
  Broke many a giant pebble,
Old Thames upraised his watery pate,
And sang the smooth contractor's fate
  In this unwelcome treble:—

"Vainly you wield yon pounding axe;
All Bridewell with combined attacks
  Shall mar your undertakings;
White Portland's sons around you pour
The reign of granite to restore
  And break up your upbreakings.

"Ah me! what ills each house beset,
From horse or foot, or dry or wet,
From chimney-top to basement!
The Albion mourns her sullied walls,
And Waithman veils his hundred shawls
Beneath a spattered casement!

"What wild pedestrians in a ring
Round Johnny Wilkes's column cling
To 'scape from oxen tossing!
Awhile they halt, then, sore afraid,
Dart different ways, and leave unpaid
The Black who sweeps the crossing.

"In vain you plead St. James's Square,
Grateful to dames, who carol there
Love-strains in measure Sapphic:
They well may like your coat of stone;
But, child of dust, reflect upon
The difference of "Traffic."

"O'er your smooth convex, coach or car
Steal on the traveller, from afar,
As fleetly as the wind does!
Binding whole troops to Charon's keel,
As Jaggernaut with rolling wheel
Depopulates the Hindoos.

"Eyes should be sharp, for mortal ears
Serve not to shun the car that steers
O'er your insidious surface:
Lo! while I sing, yon heedless hack
Has *poled* a deaf old woman's back,
And thrown her down on her face.

"But oh! when droves of sheep and pigs
With countless stockbrokers in gigs
Are mix'd—can aught be minded?
Can mortal sight be free to choose,
Or bunged up by your sable ooze,
Or by your white dust blinded?

"Ne'er did my refluent billows kiss
So traiterous a shore as this!
'Tis sad beyond endurance,
Such woeful accidents to meet,
And see Death riot in a street
Surcharged with Life Assurance.

"Soon from my stream the two Lord Mayors
Debarking at Blackfriars'-stairs,
Shall notice your behaviour:
In their huge Brobdignag will they
Not grumble to behold you play
The Lilliputian pavior?

"Go then, Colossus, stick to roads,
But metropolitan abodes
Leave by your pick-axe undone;
Go delve in some less stubborn soil,
You'll find it an Utopian toil
To mend the ways of London."

SPECIMENS OF A PATENT POCKET DICTIONARY,

For the use of those who wish to understand the meaning of things as well as words.

NO. II.

"These lost the sense their learning to display,
And those explain'd the meaning quite away."—POPE.

Damme!—An expletive of style, used to fill up vacancies of matter, and therefore of perpetual occurrence in the conversation of the high and low vulgar.

Dandy.—A fool who is vain of being the lay-figure of some fashionable tailor, and thinks the wealth of his wardrobe will conceal the poverty of his ideas; though, like his long-eared brother in the lion's skin, he is betrayed as soon as he opens his mouth.

Dangler.—An androgynous insect that flutters about ladies' toilettes, and buzzes impertinently in their ears.

Day and Martin.—See "Handwriting on the wall."

Debt, National.—Mortgaging the property of our posterity that we may be better enabled to destroy our contemporaries.

Debates.—An useless wagging of tongues where the noses have been already counted.

Delay.—See Chancery court.

Destiny.—The scapegoat which we make responsible for all our crimes and follies; a Necessity which we set down for invincible when we have no wish to strive against it.

Dice.—Playthings which the Devil sets in motion when he wants a new supply of knaves, beggars, and suicides.

Diplomatist.—A privileged cheat, hired to undermine, overreach, and circumvent his opponent, and rewarded with court dignities in proportion as he is deficient in all the moral ones.

Dinner.—A meal taken at supper-time; formerly considered as a means of enjoying society, and therefore moderate in expense and frequent in occurrence; now given to display yourself, not to see your friends, and inhospitably rare because it is foolishly extravagant.

Discipline, military.—That subordination which is maintained upon the Continent by the hope of distinction, in England by the fear of the cat-o-nine-tails.

Disguise.—That which we all of us wear on our hearts, and many of us on our faces.

Doctor.—According to Voltaire, one whose business it is to pour drugs, of which he knows little, into a body of which he knows less.

Ditch.—A place in which those who have taken too much wine are apt to take a little water.

Dog.—A quadruped of great use in leading bipeds that have lost any of their senses, such as blind beggars, sportsmen, &c.

Dowager.—A titled old lady, who sometimes survives herself as well as her husband, and generally sticks to the card-table till she is carried to the coffin.

Doze.—A short nap enjoyed by many people after dinner on a week day, and after the text on a Sunday.

Dram.—A small quantity taken in immoderate quantities by those who have few grains of sobriety and no scruples of conscience.

Drama, modern.—Every thing except comedy and tragedy; such as melodrama, hippodrama, &c.

Dream.—All those invisible visions to which we are awake in our sleep.

Dress.—External gentility, frequently used to disguise internal vulgarity.

Drum.—An instrument which Death commands to be played at all his great feasts.

Duty.—Financially, a tax which we pay to the public excise and customs; morally, that which we are very apt to excise in our private customs.

Dynasty.—Sovereignty, by which a particular family claim a whole people as their property; of which the beneficial effects may be seen in France, Spain, and Naples—the patrimony of the Bourbons.

Eccentricity, of appearance.—The pleasure of being personally known to those who do not know you by name.

Echo.—The shadow of a sound.

Edition, third or fourth.—See Title pages of the first.

Education, dangers of.—See Humbug.

Egotism.—Suffering the private I to be too much in the public eye.

Elbow.—That part of the body which it is most dangerous to shake.

Elopement.—Beginning in disobedience that which commonly ends in misery.

Embalming.—Perpetuating the perishable with more pains than we take to save that which is immortal.

Enthusiasm.—Spiritual intoxication.

Envy.—The way in which we punish ourselves for being inferior to others.

Ephemeral.—The whole of modern literature.

Epicure.—One who lives to eat instead of eating to live.

Episcopacy.—The power, pomp, and vanity of those who have forsworn all three.

Equal.—That which a man of talent will seldom find among his superiors.

Errata.—Deathbed confessions of a book.

Etymology.—Sending vagrant words back to their own parish.

Exquisite.—A dandy taken at his own valuation.

Extempore.—A premeditated impromptu.

Eyeglass.—A toy which enables a coxcomb not to see.

Esquire.—A title much in use among the lower orders.

Fables, Æsop's.—Giving human intellects to brutes, in imitation of Nature, who sometimes gives brute intellects to men.

Face.—The silent echo of the heart.

Facetiousness.—According to Lord Norbury, cutting jokes upon the death of a fellow-creature, and quoting Joe Miller instead of Blackstone from the seat of justice.

Faction.—Any party out of power.

Fame.—Being known by name to those who do not know you personally.

Fan.—A plaything, from whose motion a flirt derives her name, and which serves to hide her face when she ought to blush and cannot.

Fancy, gentlemen of the.—See Blackguard.

Fashion.—The voluntary slavery which leads us to think, act, and dress according to the judgment of fools and the caprice of coxcombs.

Fee, Doctor's.—An attempt to purchase health from one who cannot secure his own. See Fee-simple.

Felicity.—The horizon of the heart, which is always receding as we advance towards it.

Finance.—Legerdemain performed by figures.

Finger.—An appendage worn in a ring, and of great use in taking snuff.

Fishery.—The agriculture of the sea.

Flattery.—Throwing dust in people's eyes, generally for the purpose of picking their pockets.

Fool.—What a fop sees in the looking-glass.

Fortune, a man of.—One who is so unfortunate as to be released from the necessity of employment for the mind and exercise for the body, the two great constituents of happiness and health; who has every thing to fear and nothing to hope; and who consequently pays in anxiety and ennui more than the value of his money.

Forty.—The *ne plus ultra* of a lady's age.

Foxhunting.—Tossing up for lives with a fox.

Friend, fashionable.—One who will dine with you, game with you, walk or ride out with you, borrow money of you, escort your wife to public places if she be handsome, stand by and see you fairly shot if you happen to be engaged in a duel, and slink away and see you quietly clapped in a prison if you experience a reverse of fortune.

Friend, real.—One who will tell you of your faults and follies in prosperity, and assist you with his hand and heart in adversity. See Black Swan.

Frown.—Writing the confession of a bad passion with an eyebrow.

Funding System.—Saddling posterity, that when the present age is a beggar it may get on horseback and ride to the devil.

Funeral.—Posthumous vanity. The pride, pomp, and circumstance of " ashes to ashes and dust to dust."

Future.—In this world, the unexecuted copy of the past; in the next, what we are to be, determined by what we have been.

Gain.—Losing life to win money.

Gallipot.—An Apothecary's bank.

Gallows.—The remedy which society has provided for roguery; a cure without being a prevention.

Gaming.—See Beggar and Suicide.

Gastronomy.—The religion of those who make a god of their bellies.

Genealogy, the boast of.—Generally, the poor expedient of those who, having nothing to be proud of in their own persons, are obliged to be proud of others.

Gentleman.—A name often bestowed upon a well-dressed blackguard, and withheld from the right owner, who only wears its qualifications in his heart.

Gewgaw.—See the Pagoda at Brighton.

Gin.—The worm of the still; the spirituous enemy of mankind.

Glory.—Sharing with plague, pestilence, and famine the honour of

destroying your species; and participating with Alexander's horse the pleasure of transmitting your name to posterity.

Gold.—Dead earth, for which many men sacrifice life and lose heaven.

Goosequill.—A little tube which, in the hands of modern dramatists, seems to have the power of reproducing its parental hisses.

Grandmother's Review.—See the British.

Grape.—Nature's bottle, which the perverse ingenuity of man not unfrequently converts into Pandora's box.

Grave.—The gate through which we pass from the visible into the invisible world.

Grub-street garret.—The poetical Parnassus before authors wrote books by the acre, bought land by the mile, and resided upon their own estates. H.

THE MAID OF ORKNEY.

"My lost, lost love!"—the frantic cry
Died in the thunders of the wave;
The rock was near, the storm was high—
The gallant ship has found her grave!

One flash lit up the reeling bark
O'er the black breakers hurrying on;
A moment's pause, and all was dark—
Another flash—the bark is gone!

—"Look on yon cliff—the awful light
Shows one who kneels all lonely there:
How looks she, stranger, on that sight?"—
"Oh, beautiful amid despair!"—

"She cannot feel the piercing blast,
She cannot fear the maddening surge;
That moment was her lover's last,
That wild wind howls his passing dirge."

"But who the reft one, kneeling there
At this bleak midnight's stormy hour?"—
"The fairest of the island fair,
Dark Orkney's pride, and Ocean's flower."—

—Morn—evening—came; the sunset smiled,
The calm sea sought in gold the shore,
As though it ne'er had man beguiled,
Or never would beguile him more.

For his lost child, bower, haunt and home,
The stern sire search'd that mournful day,
While, by the lone deep's golden foam,
The flower of Ocean fading lay.

Oh, there her young and fond heart broke,
Beside her native islet's wave;
And, dying there, her latest look
Was on her lover's bright-blue grave.

—Sweet be her rest within the tomb,
And dear her memory in the bower,
And pure the tear that mourns the doom
Of Orkney's pride and Ocean's flower!

J.

THE PHYSICIAN.—NO. XV.

Of the Diseases occasioned by dry Heat.

Agreeably to the intimation given in my last paper, I shall devote the present to the consideration of the dangers incident to health from great heat and drought, and the precautions necessary to be observed in order to avoid them.

Boerhaave caused a sparrow in a cage to be put into a room in which sugar-bakers dry their sugar-loaves, and where the thermometer indicated a temperature of 146 degrees. In one minute the bird began to breathe with difficulty and opened its bill. Its respiration became quicker every moment, and its strength decreased in the same ratio, so that it soon dropped from the perch to the bottom of the cage, where it expired in seven minutes. A dog was doomed to undergo the same experiment with the sparrow. When he had been exposed to the heat for seven minutes, he began to pant, lolled out his tongue, drew breath very quickly, but continued to lie quietly in his kennel. In about an hour his respiration was accompanied with a loud rattling, and he made all possible efforts to escape from his prison; but it was not long before his strength forsook him, and he began to draw breath so slowly and softly that, at length, it was scarcely perceptible. During the whole time, the animal discharged from the mouth a great quantity of foam, which was of a reddish colour, and had so fetid a smell that the bystanders could not endure it: at the same time it was of so deleterious a nature, though so recently produced in the animal, that a person who approached him for a moment became insensible, and it was necessary to employ spirits of wine and myrrh to bring him again to himself. In this intense heat the dog did not perspire a single drop, and after he was dead, the thermometer being put into his mouth, stood at 110 degrees. A cat, which died in a quarter of an hour in this heat under nearly the same circumstances as the dog, was as wet with perspiration as if she had been dipped in water. These cruel experiments were repeated on various animals by M. Dunze, and the results in every instance were nearly the same.

This rapid putrefaction and speedy death are occasioned by the overheating of the blood; and though our atmosphere never contracts so intolerable a degree of heat, still these experiments enable us to infer from its effects the operation of an inferior degree. In the year 1665 the hot wind, called Samiel, caused the death of 4000 persons within twenty days, at Bassora in Persia; and, according to Thevenot, the heat there is always so intense from July to September, that, in order not to sink under it, people are obliged to keep fresh water constantly in their mouths.

How can it be otherwise than that very great heat in summer should decompose the blood and dispose it to putrefaction, since we see that it has the same effect on all fluid bodies which are compounded of particles of totally different kinds? Heat possesses the property of expanding all bodies, and consequently of separating their constituent parts from one another. Hence it is obvious why the blood, expanded by heat in summer, swells the veins, and is liable to an increased action, which soon degenerates into inflammatory and putrid fevers.

But no part of the juices is subject to be so speedily impaired by heat as the fat or oily portion, to which it communicates a corrosive acrimony that attacks the solids themselves. Of such matters the gall is composed, and it is therefore obvious why intense heat in summer should be so liable to generate putrid gall-fevers, which are a cruel scourge of mankind. The gall, in this acrid and putrescent state, not only communicates its putridity to the nutritious juices secreted from our food, and thus infects all our humours, but also corrodes the coats of the intestines, and operates upon them at first like a violent cathartic, which causes a vomiting of gall, or a painful evacuation downward. Afterwards it eats away the coats of the intestines, so that the putrescent blood pours itself into them, and occasions a discharge of putrid blood and gall, which is called the dysentery, and terminates in mortification of the intestines and death.

Such are the fatal effects to be apprehended from intense heat; and hence summer has in all ages been considered as the parent of pestilential diseases. Historians relate, that in ancient times the heat of the dog-days had rendered the Cycladian Islands barren, and generated in them a destructive pestilence, which Aristæus was solicited to exert his skill to check. He accordingly went over to the island of Cea, had an altar erected there to Jupiter, to whom and to the Dog-star he offered sacrifice, and instituted a yearly festival in honour of the latter. Since that time arose the winds of the dog-days, which lasted forty days and tempered the heat of summer; and Diodorus Siculus seems to intimate, that after this sacrifice the pestilence ceased during the period that the winds of the dog-days blew. It is easy to imagine that cooling winds would have the effect of checking an evil which originated solely in immoderate heat.

An accidental cause why heat is generally so pernicious, are the colds which are more frequently caught in summer than in the severest winter. In cold weather we muffle ourselves up well and prevent the raw air from coming in contact with our persons. In summer, on the contrary, we are not upon our guard against them; and yet, a cool evening, a sudden shower that wets our thin summer dress, or a draught of any cold drink, may give a fatal chill. Hence arise the most dangerous inflammatory fevers,—especially pleurisy, which sweeps away so many in summer, sore throats, and, as Hippocrates observed, inflammations of the eyes, ear-ache, relaxation of the bowels, cholic, flux, and inflammatory fever, which are easily caused by obstructed transpiration.

When in hot weather the atmosphere is at the same time dry, as is more particularly the case during the prevalence of certain winds, the air extracts much the more humidity from all evaporating bodies, the less it has of its own; just in the same manner as a dry cloth which is in contact with a damp body draws the moisture to itself better than one which is wet. As then the heat affects the blood and renders it more disposed to evaporation, so the dry air promotes the latter to such a degree that the body becomes dry, and the blood loses the greater portion of its watery particles: of course the thickest and most viscous part only is left in the circulation; and in this state the blood is liable to be obstructed in the minute vessels, and this obstruction occasions inflammatory diseases, which extend the more readily to

the whole body, as the overheated blood is apt to contract putridity from the slightest cause.

The Egyptians long since learned from experience the pernicious nature of dry air, by which they frequently lost their sight. How, indeed, can it be otherwise, since the dry air draws from the eyes all that moisture which is indispensably necessary for their use? The same effect is produced on the other internal parts of the body with which the drying air comes in immediate contact. The nose and mouth are dried up by it, and the fibres of the lungs lose their elasticity, and are not so easily expanded by the air. Hence not only is respiration rendered difficult, but the heated blood is unusually expanded in the small vessels which surround the vesicles of the lungs; so that the vacant space by which the fresh air could otherwise enter to cool it, gradually becomes more and more contracted, and almost entirely closed up by the swoollen blood-vessels. Hence many, in very intense and dry heat, are carried off by obstructions of the blood in the lungs; or, if they try to obtain relief from cold drink, by pleurisy and spasms. This is experienced by the inquisitive travellers who penetrate into the Egyptian pyramids, where the air is so hot and dry that they are obliged to strip off almost all their clothes: for when they come out again they are threatened with pleurisy and death, as Norden assures us, though the climate there is very warm, if they do not immediately put on their clothes and take a small quantity of brandy, that they may afterwards quench their thirst with safety. But this is not all. The dry air paralyses also the powers of digestion and those which are subservient to the voluntary movements, because it deprives us not only of a great portion of the nutritious juices, but also of those vital spirits which are necessary for life, motion, and sensation, and without which the strongest man would be weak as a child and inanimate as a plant. Such is the state of debility, languor, and exhaustion that oppresses us in a hot and dry atmosphere. When we find ourselves in this state, it is as dangerous to seek relief from, as to remain in it. In both cases certain precautions are requisite, and these I shall now detail for the benefit of my readers.

In a dry heat the first point to which we should pay attention is, to procure in the place of our habitual abode a cool atmosphere, impregnated with pure aqueous effluvia. I am not here addressing myself to the indigent labourer, or the industrious artisan, who are obliged to sell themselves into servitude, and who neither know nor study their own convenience; I am now writing for such as have no other occupation than to watch over their health, and who can afford to station themselves for a day together at their windows, to observe the vicissitudes of wind and weather. These, if they can forego the use of carpets, may in dry heats have their floors sprinkled with water or vinegar, and various sorts of flowers, shrubs, and trees placed in water in their rooms: for nothing is better adapted to impregnate the dry and hot air with a cooling moisture than plants, because they pour whole streams of water into the atmosphere.

In dry sultry weather the heat ought to be counteracted by means of a cooling diet. To this purpose cucumbers, melons, and juicy fruits are subservient. We ought to give the preference to such alimentary substances as tend to contract the juices which are too much expanded

by the heat, and this property is possessed by all acid food and drink. To this class belong all sorts of salad, lemons, oranges, pomegranates sliced and sprinkled with sugar, for the acid of this fruit is not so apt to derange the stomach as that of lemons; also cherries and strawberries, curds turned with lemon-acid or cream of tartar; cream of tartar dissolved in water; lemonade, and Rhenish or Moselle wine mixed with water. A lemonade composed of two bottles of Champagne, one bottle of Selter-water, three pomegranates, three lemons, and of sugar *quantum sufficit*, is a princely beverage in hot weather: only care must be taken that the perspiration be not thereby too much encouraged To four parts of Selter-water add one part of Moselle wine, and put a teaspoonful of powdered sugar into a wine-glassful of this mixture; an ebullition takes place, and you have a sort of Champagne, which is more wholesome in hot weather than the genuine wine known by that name.

Our attention ought moreover to be directed to the means of thinning the blood, when it has been deprived by too profuse transpiration, in hot dry winds, of its aqueous particles, and rendered thick and viscid. Water would easily supply this want of fluidity, if it were capable of mingling with the blood when in this state; but as it is not strong and penetrating enough for this purpose, let a person drink ever so much of it in dry hot weather, it passes off, almost unchanged, by perspiration and urine. Acid matters have very little more effect; for the solids, totally relaxed by the loss of the vital spirits, oppose so little resistance to the fluids which circulate through them, that the latter cannot by any means be intimately combined, but, on the other hand, flow almost unchanged into the open and flaccid secretory ducts of the kidneys and the skin, and must thus pass away in the form of urine and perspiration. In order, therefore, to find a menstruum by which water may be rendered capable of combining intimately with the blood, of remaining long in combination with it, and of thinning it, we must mix it with a substance possessing the property of a soap, and consequently fit to dissolve viscous matters and make them unite with water. This soap must contain but little salt, that it may not increase the thirst of the parched throat. It must not have a disagreeable taste, that we may be able to drink a considerable quantity of it; and it must be capable of recruiting the strength without overloading the stomach. Now all these qualities are to be found in yolk of egg. No beverage therefore is more suitable for hot, dry weather, than one composed of the yolk of egg beaten up with a little sugar, and mixed with a quart of water, half a glass of Rhenish wine and some lemon-juice. The wine, however, may be omitted, and lemon-juice alone used; and in like manner hartshorn-shavings boiled in water may be substituted for yolk of egg. As, in hot and dry weather, the digestive organs are in general considerably weakened, it is necessary at such times to be very temperate, especially in eating and drinking. Laertius ascribes it to the extraordinary temperance of Socrates that he alone escaped the infection of the pestilence which ravaged Attica; and let the meaning which he intends to convey in this be what it will, so much is certain, that no time is so dangerous for overloading the stomach, as when the weather has a powerful tendency to dispose our humours to putrefaction, to infect the digestive juices, and particularly the gall, and to render the organs of diges-

tion, by debilitating, relaxing, drying up and consuming the animal spirits, unfit for the performance of their functions.

I have taken occasion in former papers to recommend bodily exercise: in this case, however, it is not advisable. The circumstances consequent on dry heat of the atmosphere forbid us at such times to move about much. We should thereby not only increase the transpiration which is already too copious, but also weaken still more the already debilitated muscles. I hope that I shall not be charged with inconsistency, because I have in other places enjoined exercise; or I would remind my readers of a maxim of Epictetus. Every thing, says he, has two handles, by which it may be grasped—a good and a bad one. The vulgar lay hold of the latter, the philosopher of the former. Such too is the case with bodily exercise. It must be used for health, but only in such a manner as a wise man uses all things, that is to say, at proper seasons and in the proper place. The people of hot countries take a nap about noon, and walk about sunset and by moonlight. This procedure is perfectly rational and worthy of imitation. One ought, nevertheless, to seek to enjoy the fresh air, by spending the fine evenings in gardens, or at least abroad. For, as a copious transpiration takes place in a hot and dry air, and our juices at that time are disposed to putrefaction; our own effluvia become a dangerous poison, to avoid which we must quit and ventilate the apartments where they have accumulated, and seek the fresh air in order to escape malignant pestilential fevers. Rhasis mentions a pestilence which did not attack any hunters, because they were so much in the open air, and lived regularly. But if the "noble sport" is prohibited in this country in summer, we can at least take the air and exercise in the cool of the day, and these with temperance and sobriety will preserve us from many dangers.

In hot and dry weather sleep is requisite for recruiting the wasted spirits and powers; but it is attended with this inconvenience, that the heating of the bed, against which we cannot guard, either accelerates the circulation of the blood and produces a dry heat which prevents sleep, or renders it dangerous, restless, and unrefreshing by profuse perspiration. To obviate the agitation of the blood and the dry heat which prevents sleep, it would be advisable to take at bed-time one of the drinks which I have recommended above for hot weather, or some kind of cooling and sedative medicine. To avoid too profuse perspiration, it is necessary to sleep in cool chambers, where a window may be thrown up, and before it should be placed a gauze blind, to allow free access to the fresh air, without admitting insects. The bed should not be too soft, otherwise it is apt to overheat one; and on this account mattresses are preferable to featherbeds. But the best method would be to sleep in hammocks; and indeed I cannot conceive why this practice should not be as common on shore in summer as it is on shipboard all seasons of the year.

As to apparel it should be observed, that in dry heat we ought not to dress too lightly, and still less to uncover any part entirely. The effects of dry heat and of cold on our bodies are not so very different as might be imagined. This may be seen in the brute animals. It is owing merely to the cold that they change their coat towards winter; and it is to be ascribed solely to the heat if they do the same at the approach of summer. For, whence should it otherwise proceed, that

our cats and dogs, which in our houses are not exposed to the vicissitudes of heat and cold, do not change their hair like the wild animals; but in the countries about Hudson's Bay, change it, according to Ellis, exactly like the wild animals, as soon as the weather becomes warm? The same voyager confirms the assertion, that a great degree of cold produces the same effects on the human body as a great degree of heat, and assures us that he has cured frost-bitten limbs with the very same applications as would have proved efficacious if they had been burned. Buffon observes, "When the cold is very intense, it produces effects similar to those of intense heat. The skin of the Samoyedes, Laplanders, and Greenlanders is of a dark-brown colour; nay, some of the latter are said to be as black as negroes. Cold must therefore, like heat, dry and alter the skin, and impart to it a dark colour." Thus too we find in Pontoppidan the following remark: "The Laplanders are shorter than the Norwegians and Swedes; they have flatter faces, invariably a dark-brown colour and black hair. This fact demonstrates that where the temperate climate ceases and intense cold prevails, the latter does not make men white, but like intense heat itself communicates to them a very dark colour." Without pursuing this digression farther, I will proceed to apply these observations. If great heat and great cold produce similar effects on our bodies, it seems reasonable that we should not adopt a totally different mode of proceeding in both. It is a precept of Nature to defend the body by clothing from the influence of cold, for Nature herself follows this principle in regard to the brutes: If then heat produces the very same effects on us as cold, it seems reasonable that we should protect ourselves against them also. Clothes are by no means intolerable in heat, and he must be very impatient who would strip them off. They defend us against the heat of the sun, and to this purpose garments made of woollen cloth, of light colours, are much better adapted than thinner stuffs. They prevent the catching of cold so easily in consequence of a shower or a high wind. They are not so soon impregnated with perspiration, which facilitates the taking of cold: and as they are somewhat warmer than silks or thin stuffs, they are better suited to keep up the transpiration, and thereby to prevent the dry heat which arises from the agitation of the blood on account of obstruction of the pores, and which is always more intolerable than to perspire a little. We derive this additional advantage from wearing in all seasons the same sort of clothes, which are neither too cold nor too hot, that we accustom our feelings much more easily to all kinds of weather, and prevent a thousand dangers, arising solely from the incautious change of dress and its inevitable consequences.

As it is time to bring this paper to a close, I shall conclude it with a few general warnings, When heated, and in a state of perspiration, beware of courting the refreshing coolness of a current of air, or of damp grottoes through which water runs, and likewise of throwing off your clothes. Use no drink cooled with ice, but only beverage of a moderate temperature. Change your linen, when wet with perspiration and while yet warm; and take no more brandy or other spirituous liquors than is necessary to excite the salivary glands a little, to moisten the mouth, and to impart some strength to the exhausted nerves. For this purpose a small quantity held in the mouth will in general prove sufficient.

A GRECIAN DREAM.

SCENE—*The mouth of a stream, near the sea-shore: time—sunset.*

NEREID.

FARTHER than wont from thy fountain home,
Beautiful stranger, thy steps have come:
What has brought thee, sunny-hair'd sister, say,
So far from thy silver bower to-day?

NAIAD.

I have traced from my urn the shining stream
For the fairest flowers in its waves that gleam.

NEREID.

Far up thy brook there is many a flower—
Were they all too few to enwreathe thy bower?
Thy coronal still is fresh and fair—
Wouldst thou place one brighter, sweet stranger, there?

NAIAD.

Oh no, it is not for these locks of mine
I have come so far my braid to twine;
But I cull these flowers, my banks along,
To crown the harp of a child of song:
Long, long my waters unheard had roll'd—
That harp has given them sands of gold!

NEREID.

In the faint sweet light of the vesper star,
I have heard thy voice, fair sister, afar,
And grieved, as I listen'd along the shore,
I could catch of the distant song no more.—
Oh, since we are met, wilt thou pour again
A single lay of the liquid strain?

NAIAD.

My dwelling is the diamond wave,
  That sparkles in the golden day;
The fairest things my waters lave
  Can ne'er be half so fair as they:
I rest, but sleep not, when the moon
  Is gleaming on my shadowy tide;
Mine is the wood's green gloom at noon,
  And mine each flower of summer's pride.

The mirror of the stars is mine—
  To me from earliest time 'twas given
To catch, in all their dyes divine,
  The brightest smiles of Earth and Heaven:
All things have changed, my fountains round,—
  Yet still my pure stream winds along,
As in the dawn of time it wound,
  With wave all light and voice all song!

NEREID.

Sister, I grieve, ere thy strain be o'er,
To part from this loved and lonely shore;
But I heard from the deep—and hark! again
The echo swings over the gold-blue main.—
Too well I know 'tis the Triton's shell—
Sunny-hair'd sister, farewell—farewell! J.

HOW TO BE A GENTLEMAN.

"There was great wariness and reservedness, and so great a jealousy of each other that they had no mind to give or receive visits."—CLARENDON.

A CERTAIN French author, who was probably a secret Carbonaro, declared that he would believe in the intentions of Nature to create different ranks among mankind, when he saw one class born with a crown upon their heads like the peacock, and another with a mark of servitude across their shoulders, like the jackass. Some such distinctions are sadly wanting, for it must be confessed that the present system savours strongly of levelling and anti-monarchical principles. What! shall the lowest portion of humanity be found in the image of the Deity, while its highest sometimes appear intended to fill up the vacant space between man and the ouran-outang? Shall a peasant not only have "the limbs, the thews, the stature, bulk, and big semblance of a man," but his spirit and his brains, while an Emperor may be a puny abortion both in mind and intellect? Shall torture take a democratical delight in recompensing a man by means of flesh, blood, and intelligence, for that which she witholds in worldly gifts; while she enviously strikes a balance with those upon whom she showers birth, rank, and riches, as if she had previously taken their brains and stamina to fill her cornucopia? Monstrous! Here is a world standing topsy-turvy, every thing acting in an inverse ratio to its apparent purposes; the pigmies lording it over the Patagonians, the dunces upon the first form, and the scholars upon the sixth; the powerful governed by the weak, and the many by the few, without one single natural indication which class was meant to have dominion over the others. True it is there are a set of bipeds, called Negroes, whom we Europeans have very charitably set down for the intended slaves of the Whites; but not only is it impossible, on account of the infinite variety of shades by which the two races are connected, to determine where mastery begins and subjection ends, but the Blacks themselves do most audaciously maintain their own to be the nobler colour of the two, and that the Whites, by their nearer approximation to the hue of dromedaries, camels and jackasses, were obviously meant to be the beasts of burthen. Unfortunately there are no satisfactory means of solving this question; and in the mean time they have most rebelliously proved their capacity for all the customary usurpations of authority by the establishment of an empire and a court at Hayti. The brethren of the Holy Alliance, though they recognised Tamahama, King of the Sandwich Islands, stand upon punctilio with regard to the sable majesty of Hayti; and yet if his be not the power, which according to M. Hyde de Neuville, "comes from God," whence does it come, or by what outward and visible sign is the genuine article to be made manifest?

In Nature's grand and lamentable oversight of not stamping those who were to command by some moral or physical distinction, men have ingeniously hit upon various contrivances for remedying the defect, and separating themselves from the profane vulgar whom Horace held in such lofty aversion, the *polloi* of the Greeks, the *canaille* of the French, the mob, the rabble, the swinish multitude of the English. It was obvious that the ambitious fellow of low life might aspire to any thing after he was born, and haply accomplish celebrity in whatever it might

consist; but no strength, no talent, no contrivance could enable him to begin the race before he was ushered into the world; and achieve an ante-natal right to power and fame. Living or posthumous glory was within any body's reach, but to derive honours from those who were dead and gone, and consequently beyond our control, was a privilege only to be attained by those who could prove their ancestry. Hence the fantastical claims of high birth, as if it were an exemption instead of a responsibility, and hence the learned ignorance and all the groping in the dark of the Heralds' College. True, every family is of equal antiquity, all descended from the same parents; but this was too humiliating for those who could trace the current of their blood a little farther than others before it became lost in the general obscurity. It was therefore held vulgar to have the authority of Scripture for being descended from Adam and Eve; while it was genteel to have the verdict of Garter King at Arms in favour of a birth derived from Tudors and Plantagenets of comparatively modern date. So much reverence did M. de Brissac attach to the notion of being a gentleman in this sense of the word, that in the fervour of his aristocratical piety he invariably spoke of the Deity as "Le Gentilhomme d'en haut."

Titles of nobility were another invention to counteract those inconsiderate proceedings of Nature, who would sometimes dignify with a heavenly patent, and produce

> A combination and a form indeed,
> Where every God did seem to set his seal
> To give the world assurance of a man—

where the party was after all, perhaps, a mere upstart, a *roturier*, a *parvenu*. An opposition to such levelling and scandalous proceedings became indispensable; and the expedient of hereditary nobility was devised, to serve as a defence and exclusion against that which was innate. Distinctions derived from men were set above those conferred by the Deity. Ay, but what a fine incentive to virtue, cries some one, to hold out these rewards of honour to the brave, the learned, the pious, and the good! Yes, if they were always so conferred; but what becomes of this fine moral stimulus, if the sons of these meritorious personages prove to be the antipodes of their fathers? In that case we can only exclaim with Pope

> "What can ennoble fools, or sots, or cowards?
> Alas! not all the blood of all the Howards;"

and regret that such an *im*moral example should be held out to the world as that of emblazoning and dignifying profligates and dunces. It is an idle objection, that men would not struggle to achieve honours if they could not transmit them, for they generally love themselves quite as well as their posterity, and in point of fact there is a keener contest for the ribbons of the different orders which are not transmissible, than for any more durable distinction. "A charming house and grounds," said a gentleman, calling upon his friend in the country, "but I believe you have only got them for your life."—"True," replied the other, "but I did not calculate upon wanting them much longer." Such is the common feeling among the candidates for honours; they would be well content with their personal reward, besides that which virtue confers upon itself.

Strange that those whose talents are fabricated at the Heralds' College, who possess no other distinctions than those by which their ancestors have been distinguished, should not be sensible of the weakness of their position, but provoke a questioning of their claims by their misplaced arrogance. "I know," said a man of talent to a nobleman of this sort, "what is due to your rank, but I also know that it is much easier to be my superior than my equal." One of the Genoese Deputies becoming rather warm in a dispute with the Chevalier de Bouteville, the latter haughtily exclaimed, "Are you aware that I am the representative of the King my master?"—"Are you aware," replied the Genoese, "that I have no master, and that I am the representative of my equals?"

For many ages dress afforded an easy and infallible method of distinguishing ranks, and saving dukes and dons from the humiliation of being mistaken for commoners. The lords of the earth stripped birds and beasts of their clothing to make their own lordliness more apparent; a little reptile was hunted, that its fur might assist in the manufacture of monarchs; a worm was robbed of its silk, that its human namesake might strut about in a sash, and call himself a knight: courtiers and Corinthians were known by the gold lace upon their liveries; while stars, garters, and ribbons glittered upon those who attached more importance to the brightness of their persons than that of their heads. Here was an exterior nobility, that was to be had ready made from the court tailor; and it was an egregious mistake on the part of those who could achieve no other greatness but that which they carried upon their backs, to suffer so laudable a habit ever to fall into abeyance. But so it is. In these democratical days there is an universal spread of the same broad-cloth over patrician and plebeian shoulders; the peer and the peasant are confounded, there is but one rank to the eye, all those who are above rags are equals. Nor will a closer acquaintance always enable us to detect the difference; for education, which was once a distinction, is now so widely diffused that people's minds are like their coats, offering no evidence of the wearer's station in society.

In this deplorable state of things, with the lower classes constantly encroaching upon their prerogatives, our Corinthians have been driven to various devices, some of them "high fantastical" enough, to assert their real superiority, and confer a genuine celebrity upon their names. One has immortalised himself by inventing a coat without flaps, another has become sponsor to a machine for heating gravy, a third to an odd-shaped hat, a fourth to a gig of a peculiar construction, and others to different contrivances equally ingenious and exalted. In the aggressions daily committing by wealth upon rank in this our commercial country, none were more galling than those invasions of the territory which had hitherto been appropriated to the upper classes. Street by street, and parish by parish, have the civic trespassers won their unhallowed way. Was it not enough that Portland-place, after its echoes had been long profaned by monosyllabic surnames of awful vulgarity, was finally abandoned to the enemy? Must Manchester, Cavendish, Grosvenor squares, whose very titles attest their patrician destination, be desecrated by the same encroachment, as ignoble as the dry-rot and as insatiable in its progress? Nay, not content with pushing the gentility

out of town, and positively shouldering them into the fields, their assailants have dogged their footsteps, and bearded them in their rural or marine retreats. Gravesend, Ramsgate, and Margate, from their vicinity to the capital, were speedily over-run by the barbarians, and, of course, evacuated by the select. In spite of the sanction of royalty, Brighton was compelled to surrender at discretion to the horde of shopkeepers and money-getters. Weymouth, Tenby, Dawlish, and the remoter bathing-places, enjoyed but a short respite; for the fatal rapidity and cheapness of the steam navigation quickly brought the enemy to their gates, and obliged the fashionable fugitives once more to decamp. History offers no spectacle more piteous than that of this persecuted class. The inroads of the American settlers upon the unfortunate Indians, the Cryptia in which the Spartans chased their slaves, the hunting down of the Maroons with bloodhounds, were nothing compared to this unrelenting pursuit of our Corinthians. "The Thanes fly from me," cries the indefatigable vulgarian, as he reaches the haunt from which they have just escaped; and, like the huntsman when he discovers the empty form of a hare, he is only animated with a keener resolution to run down the wretched fugitive.

Some contented themselves in this trying emergency with bestowing upon their servants the gorgeous liveries which they had discarded in their own persons, and sharing the glory which was reflected upon them from their footmen; but they were soon eclipsed by aldermen and contractors, to say nothing of my lord mayor, who has an undoubted claim to this species of pre-eminence, as Bartholomew fair has to its acknowledged superiority in gilt gingerbread. One would think that the civic classes, no undervaluers of good cheer, would at least leave to their superiors the quiet enjoyment of their dinner hour. Quite the contrary; they have driven them, by successive incroachments, from five o'clock to eight or nine, and bid fair to hunt them all round the dial-plate; for as to the possibility of a patrician eating any repast at the same hour as a plebeian, it is a degradation which none but a radical would dream of. No genuine Corinthian will live in any respect like his inferiors: what a pity that he is obliged to die like them! "One touch of nature makes the whole world kin," and what is to become of him in the ungenteel fellowship of the church-yard? What his recreations if there be no Almacks's in Heaven? Perhaps he calculates upon the same posthumous separation as was placed between Dives and Lazarus, and would rather be condemned to any thing after death, than suffer an imputation upon his gentility when living.

What has been said of the higher classes in England may be applied to all the others in the proportion of their various gradations and degrees. Such has been the rapidity of the general advancement, that there is some little confusion in the respective boundaries, and each is put to all the contrivances of its pride to distinguish itself from the grade beneath. Hence the servility to superiors, and the stiff-necked repulsive reserve, not to say arrogance towards inferiors or equals, which form the marked and besetting sins of English society. No sooner do individuals spring from the earth, than like the soldiers of Cadmus they begin to attack each other. That absence of jealousy and pride, that kindly feeling towards strangers, which in France gives a centripetal direction to society, is utterly unknown to our centrifugal countrymen.

Hedgehogs and porcupines do not bristle up their backs more fiercely at the approach of a terrier, than most of our English gentry at the sight of a stranger; and upon the Continent, where the contrast is more striking, both sexes may be easily recognised by the scorn and disdain with which their countenances are habitually charged. This is bad enough in those who have dignities to defend, who stick up steel-traps and spring-guns in their looks to warn trespassers from attempting any intimacy with a Corinthian; but the hauteur of the low is not less ridiculous than odious. The kick of the jackass hurt the sick lion more from its absurd insolence than from its power of harming him. It is a solecism to suppose that any breach of good manners can be an evidence of belonging to the class of good society, and for the benefit of all those swaggering and anxious pretenders who make themselves miserable in their ceaseless aspirations after gentility, it may be right to inform them that the only way to be a gentleman is to have the feelings of one; to be *gentle* in its proper acceptation, to be elevated above others in sentiment rather than in situation, and to let the benevolence of the heart be manifested in the general courtesy and affability of the demeanour.

H.

MY FIRST-BORN, SMILING.

SAGE Sibyls say, when infants smile,
Angelic forms before them shine—
A holy guard, ere worldly guile
Has mark'd their brows with sorrow's line.

When thy pure lips, my cherub boy,
And fair blue eyes, smile softly bright:
Lips—fit to hymn in Heaven their joy—
Eyes—clear as Bethle'm's guiding light:

Then do I wish one sainted form—
One form alone may guard thy soul:
My mother, boy, has pass'd the storm,
The conflict of an earthly goal.

Many a year she taught my view,
My thoughts to bend with things above—
Many a year, no care I knew:—
Who can feel care when mothers love?

But she is gone, my blue-eyed boy;
I heard the last convulsive sigh—
I knew there was an end to joy—
I felt that charity could die!

Spirit of her who loved me well!
Take thy bright palm and hie thee down:
Guide thou my child on Earth from Hell—
Lead, when he dies, to Heaven's bright crown.

C—s.

LETTERS FROM ROME.—NO. II.

You wish for some details upon the early history of the present Pope Annibal della Genga. I believe that very few, if any, of the foreigners now in Rome have it in their power to satisfy your curiosity upon that subject. A month back I could myself have only sent you some vague generalities or uninteresting facts, uncharacteristic of the man or the country; but during a visit to Naples I was fortunate enough to fall in with an old *habitué* of the papal court, from whom I learned some curious particulars of the life of his present Holiness. He is, like the Count d'Artois in France, a reformed man of pleasure, and, like most other converts, possesses, or affects to possess, a greater rigidity of manners than if he had never strayed from the golden path of propriety. His present elevated station he owes in a great measure to the beauty of his person and the elegance of his manners. The immediate predecessor of the last Pope, Pius VI. was a very handsome man, as far as a man can be called handsome, whose features, though regular, were wanting in dignified expression. However this may be, he took pleasure, like Murat, in forming his court of the best-looking men amongst the aspirants for ecclesiastical dignities. About 1783 he was desirous of making some historical researches, with a view to the framing of a new arrangement for the government of the Catholic churches in Germany; and for this purpose he was anxiously seeking for a private secretary upon whose discretion he might rely. Having remarked one day at the *Capelle Papale* (the Pope's mass) a young man of the most noble and prepossessing appearance, the Marquis della Genga, who had just entered into orders, he had him sent for secretly that night. On his coming into the presence, the Pope at once gave him to understand, that in case he had no reason to be dissatisfied with his zeal and discretion, he should charge himself with advancing his fortune. He then told him that he was to repair five times a week at nine o'clock at night to the private door of his Holiness's apartment, and that if he perceived a small piece of paper thrown, apparently by chance, near the door, he should knock, and that he himself, the Pope, would open it to him, when he would have to write under his dictation upon the ecclesiastical affairs of Germany until one or two o'clock in the morning. The task finished, the Abbé della Genga was to quit the Pope's apartments with the same precaution and mystery. These secret proceedings continued for a year without being discovered. At the end of that period, Cardinal Colnacci, uncle to the Cardinal Gonzalvi, and one of the most ambitious men at the court of Rome, got an intimation that the Pope was secretly employed upon some grave matter or other. The ascertaining the nature of this became most interesting and important in a despotic court, where every one has something to hope or to fear. Skilful and insinuating secret-developers were set to work upon the *Camerieri* of the Pope, but without the desired success, as these persons knew nothing of the nocturnal occupations of his Holiness. The most adroit measures were resorted to to discover if any one about the court was in the secret, but in vain; the mystery still remained unrevealed. Arguses were placed near all the avenues to the Pope's chamber, but nothing was seen that could clear up the darkness. At length, after several months spent in useless efforts, Cardinal Colnacci engaged his

nephew, Monsignore Gonzalvi, to stand sentinel near the door of a private staircase which led to the Pope's apartments. On the second night of his being in ambuscade near the door, Monsignore Gonzalvi saw a man ascend the staircase, whose features he could not distinguish for the obscurity of the passage. He saw this unknown individual knock at a door, which to his great astonishment was opened by the Pope in person, and the nocturnal visitor was admitted. Monsignore Gonzalvi remained a considerable time awaiting the return of this mysterious person, but not seeing him re-appear, he concluded that he remained all night in the papal apartments, and quitted them at an early hour in the morning by the ordinary issues. Upon this supposition the most clear-sighted spies were posted at all the usual entrances to the Pope's apartments, but they could see no one come out but those who were known to inhabit the palace, as belonging to the papal household, or else those persons whom they had before seen to enter. The third night after the above-mentioned discovery, Monsignore Gonzalvi returned to his hiding-place in the private staircase, and about nine o'clock he again saw a man cautiously approaching the door of the Pope's apartment, when he hesitated not to seize him by the arm, upon which the unknown personage uttered a cry of surprise, and Monsignore Gonzalvi instantly recognized the Abbé della Genga, to whom he said, "We are here upon the same errand; do not, I beseech you, my dear Della Genga, betray me." Della Genga, though confounded by the rencontre, yet said nothing that could compromise himself; and as the Cardinal Colnacci, uncle to Gonzalvi, was an enemy not to be despised, he resolved to say nothing to the Pope of the circumstance. Eight or ten days afterwards Gonzalvi met Della Genga as if by accident, and said to him, "I hope you have kept my secret; my labours with his Holiness are drawing to a close, and yours will not last much longer," &c. It would be too long, and besides too difficult, to follow all the turns and doublings of this Italian dialogue, in which all the resources of the keenest finesse were employed by these two Roman courtiers; suffice it to say that Gonzalvi proved too much for the young abbé, who let it escape, that the Pope's researches upon the German bishopricks were nearly terminated, and that when finished he should take up the subject of the noble chapters. A month or so afterwards, Cardinal Colnacci, to whom Pius VI. was speaking familiarly of his health, said to the Pope, "Your Holiness's indisposition must, in a great measure, be attributed to the too severe application you give to your researches upon the German churches."—"How upon the German churches?" replied the Pope; and then ensued a similar tortuous conversation to that between Gonzalvi and Della Genga, full of apparent *laisser aller*, but real finesse; at the conclusion of which the Pope entreated the Cardinal to inform him how he had come to the knowledge of the fact. The Cardinal, who affected great reluctance, allowed himself to be entreated for a long time, and at length told his Holiness, that the young Abbé della Genga had a mistress from whom he had no secret, and that he told her that the subject of the noble chapters would be taken up as soon as his Holiness had concluded that of the German bishopricks. The Pope appeared to receive this disclosure with the utmost indifference, and only replied by a single expression, *solite legerezze!* That same evening, a person stationed in the private staircase, saw the poor Abbé della Genga seeking

anxiously, but in vain, for something on the ground near the door of the Pope's apartment,—the little piece of paper. He at length knocked softly several times at the door of the Pope's chamber; but it not being opened to him, he went away at the end of an hour. The persons who were interested in preventing the Pope from adopting a new favourite, soon became convinced, by the state of deep melancholy in which the Abbé della Genga seemed plunged, that he had lost the Pope's confidence. Whether it were profound policy or real grief, the Abbé della Genga appeared the victim of sorrow and disappointment; he even no longer appeared at the chase, which had been hitherto almost his ruling passion. This change was sufficiently accounted for by the alteration in his prospects. He had neither wealth nor influence, and yet, during an entire year, there was no station at the Papal court to which he might not reasonably have looked forward from the Pope's predilection for him. From the height of these brilliant hopes he fell all of a sudden into the ranks of the ordinary prelacy, with no other destination than that of being the handsomest man amongst the Monsignori. Though it is from this class that the Pope selects those destined to fill the highest offices, yet it may, and often has happened, that an individual may pass the whole of his life as a mere monsignore without appointments or consideration. There were not probably four persons at the court of Rome, able to penetrate the cause of the young Abbé della Genga's sudden melancholy; as he had confided the secret favour he enjoyed to no one; the only persons acquainted with it were the Pope, Cardinal Colnacci and Gonzalvi. For some months before this fatal surprise the Abbé della Genga had been a constant visitor at the house of Madame Pfiffer, who is still alive and residing at Rome. The husband of this lady, General Pfiffer, had at that time the command of the Swiss guards of the Pope. It seems, if the scandal of the "Eternal City" be worthy of credit, that the Abbé della Genga turned to some advantage his misfortune by persuading the pretty Madame Pfiffer that his profound melancholy was the result of ill-requited love. After a lapse of four or five months, the reports of the agents of Cardinal Colnacci, who had never ceased to watch, and "prate of the whereabout" of the Abbé della Genga, convinced the Cardinal beyond a doubt, that there no longer existed any relation between his Holiness and the Abbé; besides, the Pope was no longer seen to retire to his private cabinet at those hours in the evening, which he was formerly accustomed to devote to his researches upon the German churches. It was in vain that the Abbé della Genga sought to draw upon himself the eyes of Pius VI. in the public audiences or promenades of that Pontiff. Alas! for him there was no speculation in those holy eyes. Whatever the result of his assiduous attentions towards Madame Pfiffer had been, the abbé's habitual melancholy still remained in full force: when one evening about nine o'clock, twelve or thirteen months after his disgrace, a man suddenly accosted him as he passed by the Fountain of Trevi, which is not far distant from the Quirinal Palace, at that time the residence of Pius VI. This person asked him abruptly if he were willing to follow him; the Abbé replied, "Proceed." The man immediately took the direction of the Quirinal Palace, entered the grand portal, glided swiftly and silently along the immense portico, and in a few minutes the Abbé, to his inexpressible joy, found himself at the feet of the Pope: without

uttering a single word, he threw himself upon his knees (which in this country is the etiquette), and burst into tears. "My child, tell me the truth." Such were the few and simple words pronounced by his Holiness, for in this country they are enemies to circumlocution and *bavardage* in the intimate relations of life. The Abbé della Genga then narrated circumstantially how he had been discovered by Gonzalvi, and detailed at length the wily finesse resorted to afterwards to surprise his discretion. His Holiness listened for a considerable time without once interrupting him, and when he had finished, said, "I see that you have not wilfully betrayed the confidence I reposed in you; you are too much agitated this evening to resume your task, but return to-morrow night, and be discreet." The poor Abbé was near becoming mad with joy; for on quitting the Quirinal Palace, he hastened to the house of Madame Pfiffer, where he burst into a violent passion of tears, and continued weeping for a considerable time. The only words Madame Pfiffer could get from him, were a most vehement entreaty not to speak of the situation in which she saw him to any one. The next day he resumed his occupations in the Pope's private cabinet; and for fifteen days his return to favour remained unsuspected by any one, he giving no outward sign of the auspicious change, but still continuing to wear the same melancholy and disappointed air, and even refraining from the chase, his favourite amusement. One day, however, at a public audience, the Pope had it officially intimated to him that he should remain to partake of the papal dinner. This simple message sounded like a thunder-clap in the ears of the Abbé's enemies. In a few hours the news of his high favour became the talk of all Rome. As the good fortune of the Abbé went on rapidly increasing, his enemies were obliged to resort to the most energetic measures to check, if possible, his career. They endeavoured to alarm the Pope into a diminution of his favour for the Abbé della Genga, by having intimated to his Holiness, from various quarters, the great scandal occasioned by the Abbé's attachment to Madame Pfiffer. Pius VI. turned a contemptuous ear to these tales; and about a year or eighteen months afterwards (so slow things proceed in this holy court) his Holiness one day at dinner, where was present the Abbé della Genga amongst other prelates, seeing some fine partridges brought upon the table, said to his master of the palace, "I shall not eat of these birds to-day; they appear to me, however, to be excellent: take them, with my respects, to Madame Pfiffer." These words confounded and rendered hopeless the enemies of the Abbé. It is even said that Gonzalvi became suddenly sick, and was obliged to retire from the table. The favour of Della Genga was now unbounded; besides his usual time of transacting business with the Pope, he had several hours every week of private conference with his Holiness. One day this prince said to him, "I feel myself becoming old and infirm, and, if I should be suddenly taken away, you would find yourself in a very unfortunate situation; for your interest, therefore, we had better now separate. You must enter into the career of legation, which, sooner or later, will bring you a cardinal's hat." It was in vain that the Abbé della Genga, who, after an acquaintance of four or five years, was still passionately attached to Madame Pfiffer, besought his Holiness to permit him to remain at Rome. The Pope only said to him, "You talk like a child;

you are too poor, and have too many enemies to think of remaining here." Soon after this conversation the legation of Munich becoming vacant, the Abbé della Genga was nominated to it; and the first intimation he had of the circumstance was the *biglietto* (official notice) of his appointment. It is said the Pope was most deeply affected on taking leave of him. The sacrifice was not a slight one on the part of Monsignore della Genga; for, since his high favour, he had become a man of the world; and from his fine person, amiable manners, and cultivated mind, was a general favourite, except with those whose ambition he crossed, amongst the higher classes in Rome. His parting from Madame Pfiffer was the cruelest blow of all. However its effects seemed to have been more permanent on the lady (whose grief formed the tittle-tattle of Rome for some time) than on the lover; for in a few months the intelligence was received from Munich, that the amiable legate was a distinguished favourite of the Electress. His time while at Munich was divided between the pleasures of the chase, gallantry, and ecclesiastical affairs. If public rumour is to be believed, he left behind him in that city three children, who are still alive. However this may be, there is one thing certain, that the King of Bavaria, being at table when the intelligence reached him of Cardinal della Genga having been elevated to the papal throne as Leo XII. could not, from certain recollections flashing across his mind, refrain from making merry with his courtiers on the occasion. As the election of Pius VII. at Venice, in 1800, brought Cardinal Gonzalvi, as his secretary of state, into full power, Monsignore della Genga judged, and judged rightly, that his occupation as legate was gone; for shortly after he was recalled to Rome, where he found himself without consideration or employment. It was then that his passion for the chase knew no limits; and he became the intimate friend of all the most famous sportsmen in Rome and the neighbourhood. However, as he was still not without pretensions, and as many persons vaunted his skill in diplomatic affairs, Cardinal Gonzalvi resolved to give a death-blow to his reputation in that way, by charging him with a mission, success in which should be impossible. The occasion, as he thought, presented itself on the return, in 1814, of the Bourbons to France. Monsignore della Genga was sent to congratulate the King of France, and to endeavour to get him to renounce, in favour of the Court of Rome, certain advantages which the Gallican church had laid claim to since the time of Louis XIV., and the confirmation of which the Emperor had obtained by his famous concordat. Monsignore della Genga, thus charged with a supposed impossible mission, arrived in Paris in 1814, and was not a little astonished to find that the French Government was far from being averse to granting his demand. He immediately despatched a courier to Rome, acquainting Cardinal Gonzalvi with his hopes. This error was regarded here as one of the greatest he could have been guilty of, and completely destroyed his reputation with the long heads of this country. From that moment Monsignore della Genga was set down as an *étourdi*, altogether incapable of making his way as a diplomatist. In this court a fault of that kind is never pardoned, excused, or forgotten. He should have written vaguely, and talked of the difficulties that obstructed him, and not have despatched a courier, but with the arrangement formally signed. Such an unhoped-for termination of so difficult an affair must have forced his enemy to bestow upon him the first vacant cardinal's hat. The moment Cardinal

Gonzalvi received the despatch of the inconsiderate legate, he hastened to the Pope, and told him that he was under the necessity of immediately setting out for Paris, as without his presence the affairs of the church were in jeopardy. At Rome France stands highest in estimation, from the consideration which her adherence reflects upon the Holy See in Europe; Spain is chiefly valued on account of the money she pours into the papal coffers, and Catholic Germany is looked upon as a kind of rebellious state, which plays the same part as the Republic of Venice did formerly. Four hours after the receipt of the imprudent despatch of Monsignore della Genga, Cardinal Gonzalvi was whirling along the road to Paris. In the mean time the affairs of the church had gone on so prosperously in the capital of France, that twelve or fourteen days after the departure of the fatal despatch, Monsignore della Genga was on the point of having the arrangement signed, when one morning, as he was preparing to go to the minister's, his carriage waiting for him at the door, he was surprised by the entrance of Cardinal Gonzalvi, who embraced him and said,—"I have come here, the affair being so important, to put the finishing hand to the concordat of the Emperor." In less than a quarter of an hour, the Cardinal having received all the necessary documents from the thunderstruck legate, got into his carriage and drove to the Tuileries. A few minutes after his departure, the unfortunate legate fell bathed in his blood, a hemorrhoidal hemorrhage having declared itself, which reduced him to the point of death, and from which he had little desire to escape. The physicians had him removed to Montrouge, where he recovered the immediate effects of the accident, but this malady has never since ceased to afflict him, reducing him once a year at least to the last extremity. It was an attack of this kind that had nearly deprived us of his Holiness on the 24th of last December: upon which occasion Cardinal Galeffi administered to his Holiness the *viaticum*, a ceremony which Leo XII. has undergone no less than eighteen times since the fatal revolution in his system in 1814.

B.

A SUMMER MORNING.

The May is on the hedges white as snow,
  Or maiden-dresses on a Sabbath noon,
And flowers by thousands 'neath their shadows grow,
  Bluebell and cuckoo:—now awaken'd soon,
The damsel trips along the patchy lane,
  Crossing with ease the lessen'd brook alone,
Where, in the winter floods, the tender swain
  Held out his hand to guide from stone to stone.
The housewife hastens in the gleaming sun,
  With watering-pan to sprinkle when it needs
The bleaching cloth which her own fingers spun,
  Stretch'd on the orchard sward in whitening screeds;
And children their birds-nesting journeys run,
  Staining their summer bliss with evil deeds.

P.

BRITISH GALLERIES OF ART.—NO. XIII.

British Museum.

The sentiment excited by Sculpture is altogether different from that excited by any other of the productions of imitative art; and none who are capable of receiving the strongest impressions which the highest efforts of sculpture are capable of producing, doubt that those impressions are superior, both in kind and degree, to those resulting from any other inanimate objects whatever. Next to the divinity which looks out from the actual face and form of living and breathing man and woman, that which emanates from those of the Apollo Belvedere, the Venus Victrix, the Venus de' Medici, the Antinous, &c.—is the most ennobling, the most purifying, and the most permanent. In a picture, the finer the form is, the more it becomes akin to deception. It is nothing but a coloured canvass, and you know it to be nothing else; and yet you may look upon it till you fancy that it has life and motion —that it is a real thing. You view it as something different from what it is; and the more it resembles what you know it is not, the more it affects you. You say, it looks as if it would speak—as if it would start from the canvass. You exclaim, how perfectly *natural* it is!—But nothing of all this happens in regard to Sculpture. In a marble statue there is no deceit. It is hard, cold, and lifeless; and it looks to be no other. And yet, the more you endeavour to impress upon yourself that it is a dead image of stone, the more it affects you as a thing of life. But you never fancy that it *is* a thing of life—that it will step from its pedestal, or turn its blank eyes to look upon you.—In a word—(a word, however, which perhaps increases the mystery instead of explaining it)—it is to its absence of deception, arising from its absence of colour, that Sculpture owes its chief power of affecting us. By means of that negative quality, its other positive qualities are enabled to appeal to the imagination, without communing too intimately with the mere senses by the way; and their effect therefore becomes more purely intellectual, and consequently more permanent and complete.

But a truce to philosophy, in the presence of that which sets it at defiance. Our British Galleries of Art have hitherto been almost exclusively confined to painting—more, however, by accident than design. We now propose to examine one which consists of Sculpture alone: for in making the British Museum a subject of these notices, it is intended to treat of those objects alone which are contained in its Gallery of Antique Sculpture.

Undoubtedly the marbles from the Parthenon are so absolutely unique in their general character, that they place this our national Museum of Sculpture above any other now existing, *as a school of study*. But even with these splendid works, I fear it must be admitted that, as a general collection, adapted to the views of the connoisseur and lover of fine art, the British Museum is inferior to some others possessed by Continental states; and that, with the Louvre collection in particular, even in its present condition, it can bear no comparison whatever. Of course I exclude, in this comparative estimate, the Egyptian antiquities contained in the British Museum. *Those* are greatly superior, both in rarity, and in real interest, to any other similar collection.

We shall begin our detailed examination of this Gallery, where the Gallery itself begins,—premising that the great extent of the collection precludes a notice of any but the most striking and valuable objects; and that our chief criterion of value is beauty of design, and perfection of execution, not mere rarity and curiosity. The First Room, which is a small ante-room numbered 1, contains a very choice and pleasing collection of ancient Terra-cotas. These may not attract the mere popular observer; but they will, on examination, be found highly interesting and curious even to him, as affording the most unequivocal evidence that in this art, as in all others of a similar kind without exception, the ancients have placed any hope of a rivalry with them out of the question. The two terminal heads of the Bearded Bacchus, which occupy two opposite corners of this room (Nos. 3 and 75)—though probably intended for the commonest purposes to which objects of this nature were ever applied, are in fact beautiful works of art. There is also a majestic severity of expression about them, which is but little consistent with ordinary notions of the god whom they represent. Nos. 45 and 46—which are small bas-reliefs—also exhibit the power and spirit of expression which may be given to objects of this class. They each represent a head of the wood-god, Pan, with the head of a Satyr on either side. The four small statues, which are placed at the four corners of this room, are well worth attention, for the air of purity and grandeur which pervades them.

The Second Room is a circular domed vestibule, which forms the first portion of the main Gallery—all the rest (with the exception of the Elgin Gallery) consisting of a suite of rooms in a line with this. In this room we meet with some of the true gems of the collection. But for the sake of order, we will examine them according to their numerical arrangement. The first work in this room claiming particular notice is a small cylindrical vase, with a cover, surrounded with numerous figures in high relief (No. 2). I do not point this out on account of the beauty of its workmanship—for it is comparatively rude and coarse; but on account of the infinite spirit which is struck out from many parts of it—almost unconsciously, as it should seem, on the part of the artist. He was evidently either some mere Tyro; or the price he was to receive would only permit him to bestow a few hasty hours on the work. And yet it seems as if he could not help filling it with spirit and expression, whether he tried or not.—No. 4 is a statue of Cupid cutting his bow. This work is by no means in the first class of ancient art; but it is highly interesting nevertheless, on several accounts. In the first place, the subject seems to have been a favourite one with the ancient artists. There is a smaller statue in this collection, which is nearly a repetition of the one before us; there is at least one other at the Louvre, if I mistake not; and it occurs in antique gems. But to us moderns it is perhaps still more interesting, on account of its having served as a hint at least, if not a model, for one of the most charming pictures in the world—the Cupid of Parmegiano, now in the gallery of the Marquis of Stafford, at Cleveland-house, and which is said to have been painted expressly for Bayard, "le Chevalier sans peur et sans reproche." I repeat, this statue is not in the first-rate manner of the Greek sculptors; but it is full of truth and nature, nevertheless.—No. 8 is a whole-length draped statue of a female, which has served as a

Caryatide to support the pediment of a small temple. This is executed in a charmingly simple and pure style, and has the rare merit of being almost entirely perfect as to preservation. The spectator may regard it as nearly in the state in which it came from the sculptor's hands: which is the case with very few antique statues; and without which it is impossible to look upon a work of this nature with full satisfaction, however skilfully the restoration may be effected.—No. 11 may be pointed out rather because it is the best specimen of ancient marble vases in this collection, than because it is positively first-rate. The figures in low relief which encircle it are full of grace; but it is altogether very inferior to many which exist elsewhere.—We now arrive at what may perhaps be considered as one of the three very finest and most valuable objects in this collection. I allude to the Venus, or Nymph—a whole-length figure the size of life—which faces the spectator as he enters this room. The whole lower part of the figure is concealed by a drapery, which seems to have just been detached from the upper part, leaving the whole of that, above the waist, exposed. If the exposed part of this figure, including the head, is not in every respect equal to any other similar statue which has descended to us from antiquity, it is certainly very little inferior. In severe beauty of expression, and rich purity of style, it may vie with almost any thing in existence; and the execution of the *flesh* is truly admirable; it comes nearer to that of Titian's pictures than any thing else; or, at all events, it *reminds* one of Titian's pictures—which nothing else does. The drapery of this charming work is also peculiarly worthy of notice and admiration. The upper part of it, in particular, is twisted and involved in the most complicated manner that it can be, consistently with the supposition that it has taken its present arrangement accidentally in falling; and yet every part of it is so perfectly natural and correct with reference to all the other parts, that the eye can untwist it. It must be understood that all which has now been said of this delightful specimen of ancient art, supposes the absence of the left-arm of the figure. *That* is a restoration (so called); but in my mind, if not a disfigurement, assuredly not a portion that the ancient artist could possibly mistake for *his* work if he could look upon it now. The chief beauty of all the first-rate sculpture of the first ages of Greece is that perfect *naturalness* which is absolutely incompatible with any thing like a *studied* grace of action and deportment. And this perfectly unaffected air of nature is peculiarly the characteristic of the work before us,—with the sole exception of this *restored* left-arm—which is curved, at once fantastically and unmeaningly, into the attitude of a dancing girl, and more than half destroys the general effect of the figure, to those who cannot *wish it away*. It will be one of my objects, in the rest of this paper, to point out these alleged "restorations," whenever they occur in important works; for I cannot but think that, however skilfully they may be executed, they are, generally speaking, worse than labour thrown away; especially in regard to works which form part of a national gallery of study and reference. The Venus Victrix is incomparably the most valuable and interesting piece of sculpture now at the Louvre; and, to the credit of the French taste of 1820 be it spoken, it owes much of that interest to its being suffered to remain in its mutilated state.—On one side of the above lovely statue stands a little bronze Apollo (No. 15), which is well

worthy a passing glance, on account of the noble air which emanates from it, and seems to magnify it to a more than mortal size. No one, on looking at it, seems to feel that it is but a few inches high. This power of producing great effects by apparently inadequate causes, is one of the surest indications of high genius.—No. 19 is a magnificent head of Hercules, full of a certain rude dignity of character, and executed with great force of style.—No. 20, another colossal head of the same hero, is worth a comparison with the foregoing, on account of the striking difference in the style—which is of a much earlier date, and almost merging in the Egyptian.—The only other work I shall notice in this room is, a whole-length statue, the size of life (No. 21), representing the Emperor Hadrian, in a Roman military dress. This may also be offered as a striking example of the mischief of "restoration." The ancient portion of the statue, consisting of the trunk, head, &c. is full of a dignified ease, when abstracted from the rest. But the wretched manner in which the right arm in particular is restored, gives a constraint and even an awkwardness to the whole figure, which altogether destroy its *antique* effect. The elaborate workmanship of the breast-plate, and the extraordinary state of preservation in which it remains, are worthy of remark.

The Third Room constitutes the principal portion of the Gallery. It contains forty-six objects, consisting of pieces of bas-relief inserted into the upper part of the walls, and sculptures ranged beneath them. The first of the reliefs that attracts particular attention is a large one on the left, representing the Indian Bacchus received as a guest at the dwelling of Icarus (No. 4). The workmanship is highly elaborate; and there is a peculiar interest arising out of the manner in which the subject is treated. Icarus is receiving his guest in an outer court of his dwelling; and the scene is thus made to offer the very rare appearance of a complete picture of the external portions of a Greek dwelling. There is the shelving tiled-roof—the upright windows—the walls wreathed with flowers—the palm-tree in the court-yard—another lofty tree rising behind the buildings, &c.—This room contains many other bas-reliefs, of much interest and curiosity. But the only one I can pause to mention in particular is a small one, at the farther end of the room on the left side—No. 15—representing the Rape of Dejanira. This little piece, though not more than twelve or fourteen inches square, produces all the spirited and animated effect of a scene the size of life. You can almost see the motion of the Centaur as he carries off his prize; and the drapery of the nymph seems to flutter in the air as she is borne along.

Of the detached sculpture in this room, that piece which I shall notice first—(No. 22)—is one of the most delightful in this collection. It is a small statue of a Venus, or Nymph, about three feet in height, and breathing the most pure and delicate beauty from every part, no less than from the whole. There is nothing more worthy of admiration, in the works of the Greek sculptors, than the exquisite purity and chasteness of their female forms. Even their Venus—the goddess of mere mortal love—might have stood naked beside Eve in Paradise, and not been ashamed. And yet their beauty—as in the charming little example before us—was no less natural and unrestrained in its character, than it was chaste and severe. The Greeks were in fact a people so

wholly intellectual, that their idea of voluptuousness itself was an imagination rather than a sentiment. I am not aware that a single female statue has descended to us, which includes an expression, either of face, form, or deportment, that can be called voluptuous, in *our* sense of the term. All their naked female statues together, with all their resplendent beauty, do not appeal to the mere bodily passions with half the mischievous eloquence that any given "portrait of a lady" does, on the chaste walls of our Royal Academy, and from the pencil of a grave R. A.—This sweet little gem of art has had both the arms restored—like the one noticed in the first room; though in a better spirit, and with a less mischievous effect. Let the spectator (for want of a better use to make of this modern addition in the present instance) compare the handling of the one portion with that of the other. He will find, on a minute examination, that the antique parts look like flesh; but that the restorations look merely like—marble.

The next object to be noticed is an exceedingly curious and interesting slab of marble, cut into an allegorical picture in low relief, representing the Apotheosis of Homer. This, if not invested with much to give it a mere popular interest, will be regarded by scholars and antiquaries as among the most valuable single objects in the Museum. And in fact, during the time of its occupying a distinguished place in the gallery of the Colonna Palace, it was always one of the principal points of attraction to the learned of all countries, who visited Rome; and it has been written upon by some of the most distinguished of them—among others by Kircher, Heinsius, Gronovius, Fabricius, Winckelmann, Montfauçon, &c. &c.; and indeed it can scarcely fail to be interesting even to the most superficial of scholars, as well as to all the lovers and practisers of fine art, on various accounts. In the first place, it shews at one view the figures and attributes of Apollo, and all the nine Muses, depicted by a Greek hand, and at a period when their divinity was an object of as unequivocal belief and worship, as that of any other deity has been since. In the next place, it demonstrates, in the most clear and satisfactory manner, not only the sublime honours which were paid to the father of all poetry, but the exact manner in which the highest of those honours were paid. And further, it is perhaps the most complicated and complete example we possess of the ancient mode of treating a subject of this kind, which required a regular and elaborate composition, like a great historical picture. In fact, it is an epic picture in marble, and has a beginning, a middle, and an end. The scene is Mount Parnassus. In the upper department the Muses are obtaining permission of Jupiter (who is seated on the summit) to pay divine honours to the bard. In the second department their object is gained, and sanctioned by Apollo, their head and leader. And in the third department, at bottom, the design is put into execution.—In regard to the workmanship of this curious piece of sculpture, its characteristic seems to be ease and spirit, without any thing elaborate, still less finical or affected. Another source of interest attached to it is that it bears the name of the sculptor, Archelaus, of Briene, &c.:

ΑΡΧΕΛΑΟΣ ΑΠΟΛΛΩΝΙΟΥ ΕΠΟΙΗΣΕ ΠΡΙΗΝΕΥΣ.

This marble was found about the middle of the seventeenth century, in the Appian road, ten miles from Rome.

No. 24 is a highly characteristic and spirited statue of a Faun. The

limbs of this figure are *all* modern. They are executed, however, in a much better spirit than most of the restorations we meet with here. But the chief interest of this statue depends on the face—which is admirably rich and true. It is redolent of wine and the woods, without having any thing about it in the slightest degree conventional. It has an ideal grossness and sensuality belonging to it, unmixed with any thing that can be called low or vulgar. The restorer of this statue has put a Pan's pipe in its hand, which he has made it hold with all the air of a French petit-maître playing to his mistress.—Close to the above stands an exceedingly fine head, which is usually considered as representing Homer. (25.) Its great merit is that it preserves a high and noble expression, in the midst of the marks of extreme old age.—Nos. 27 and 29 are two curious and interesting pieces, each representing the Bearded Bacchus; one of them being executed in a very beautiful but highly antique style, approaching to the Egyptian; and the other forming the upper portion of an *entire* Terminus.—We must now prepare to quit this room—merely glancing at two or three objects as we pass out. No. 31 is a very curious remnant of a group, which appears to have consisted of two boys who have quarrelled while playing at *tali*, (Anglicè et vulgaricè *dibbs*,) and one is seizing the arm of the other to bite it. The whole is executed with extraordinary spirit.—No. 32 is a terminal head, bearing the name of Pericles. There is a fine serenity about the face, not unmixed with an expression of mild melancholy. —No. 40 is a most exquisite little fragment, a torso, apparently of Hercules. This little piece, which is only three or four inches long, is sufficient to demonstrate the absence of any necessity to restore. What is left suffers not the slightest injury from the want of what is lost. The last piece claiming particular attention in this room, is a group of Acteon attacked by his dogs. It is executed with great spirit and truth. The face of the hunter is covered with a fine air of mingled astonishment and terror—neither of them overstepping the bounds of grace. The dogs have exactly the character of wolves.

The Fourth Room is a circular domed vestibule, seeming to form the centre of the gallery. It contains but few objects; but two or three of them are of a splendid character. No. 5 is a complete statue, the size of life, and remarkably perfect as to preservation, and said to represent Thalia; but it seems to be of Roman, not of Greek workmanship. It is however of great value and beauty. No. 11 is another statue, of about the same degree of merit, representing Diana. The third object of first-rate excellence in this room is a group, which is of a still higher character than the two preceding, and evidently from a Greek hand. It represents Bacchus and Ampelos. The whole air, attitude, and expression of the Bacchus are rich and poetical in the highest degree; and every part breathes forth a voluptuous grace, uncontaminated by the slightest tinge of grossness. The figure of Ampelos, on which Bacchus is leaning, represents a vine-tree half emerging into a human form. (The word signifies *a vine.*) This latter is not executed in so high a style as the Bacchus, and seems purposely kept in subservience to it, in order to increase the effect.—The other noticeable objects in this room are several splendid busts, of Roman workmanship;—for the Romans probably equalled the Greeks in their

busts. No. 1, a bust of Trajan, is highly natural and fine. No. 6, of Marcus Aurelius, is full of a calm and dignified repose. No. 7, of Lucius Verus, is a splendid head—blending together the coxcomb and the patrician in a very edifying manner.

The Fifth Room, which is a small square one, to the right of the last, may be passed over without pointing out any particular objects for notice; but not without mentioning that nearly all its contents will repay a careful examination, to those who would improve their general taste and knowledge in regard to objects of this nature. It contains nearly fifty different objects, all connected with the Roman rites of sepulture—many of which are extremely beautiful as works of art.

The Sixth Room is a continuation of the long gallery, and contains a vast number of admirable works, in nearly all the different departments of sculpture. Our glance at them must be very hasty; for we are approaching the end of our limits. From 1 to 14 consist of a series of reliefs, chiefly taken from the fronts of sarcophagi, and in many of which, the figures are nearly detached from the back ground. No. 12 may be pointed out as perhaps the most rich, spirited, and full of life. It represents a bacchanalian procession. No. 24 is a statue of a satyr, highly animated and characteristic. No. 31 is a magnificent head, probably representing one of the Homeric heroes. It is instinct with spirit and fire, and displays the hand of high genius in every touch of it. No. 52 is a charming statue of Libera—very perfect in its preservation. No. 57,—a small statue of a fisherman, was no doubt employed as a votive offering, by one of the common people;—its exquisite workmanship becomes, therefore, doubly interesting, when viewed as an illustration of the state in which art must then have been. Nos. 61 and 65 are two admirable busts—one of Augustus, and the other of Caracalla. No. 64 is an object of great interest and curiosity, supposing the conjecture concerning it be true. It represents part of a votive altar, on which is an inscription, praying for the safe return of Septimius Severus and his family from some expedition. There is, however, a part of the inscription erased; and it is supposed that this was the part which contained the name of Geta—which name the Emperor Caracalla had, by an express edict, ordered to be erased from every inscription throughout the Roman Empire. No. 68 is a group of two greyhounds, which is worthy of notice, on account of the extraordinary air of nature which it displays. No. 72 is the small statue of Cupid, which was alluded to in connexion with the larger, noticed in the commencement of this paper. It is not executed in the very first style; but is still very charming and natural. Nos. 71 and 74 are two very small statues, one representing a Muse, and the other Hercules—each seated on a rock. They are pointed out for the purpose of shewing, that mere size has essentially very little to do with either increasing or diminishing grandeur and dignity of effect. In looking at these noble figures, we are never for a moment reminded, except by actual comparison, that they are but a few inches high. The same remarks apply to No. 95—a small statue of Jupiter.

The Seventh Room is a small square one, containing little or nothing that demands particular mention; and the eighth and ninth are filled with the noble and unrivalled collection of Egyptian antiquities. The

latter, together with the marbles from the Parthenon, and the Phigalian marbles, must be reserved for a future notice.

It only remains to speak of the TENTH ROOM, and the last. The principal object contained in this room was, I believe, generally considered as the chief boast of this collection before the acquisition of the Elgin Gallery. I allude to the celebrated Discobolus. It is, undoubtedly, a noble production, full of the true air of antiquity in every part of it; and the anatomical details are made out with infinite truth, skill, and knowledge. But I cannot think that it quite deserves the great comparative fame which it enjoys. The general attitude of the figure is not only deficient in a graceful and natural arrangement, but it is scarcely answerable to the action in which it is engaged; and the left foot, with the toes bent under it, would certainly not contribute its due degree of support to the body under its present action. I repeat, however, the details are peculiarly fine, and true.

The other most remarkable objects in this department of the gallery are No. 5—an exquisitely beautiful torso of a female statue; No. 18—an admirably spirited head of a laughing faun; and finally, a bust of a youthful female, which rises out of, and is terminated by the leaves of the lotus flower. This bust is one of the most charming works in the whole collection. Nothing can surpass the natural grace, sweetness, and intellectual beauty of its expression; and it has the rare advantage of being as perfect as when it came from the sculptor's hand, or rather it is more so, since it has received those softening and heightening touches which no hand but that of Time can give.

SONNET, TRANSLATED FROM PETRARCHA,

BEGINNING

"Quanto più m' avvicino al giorno estremo."

THE nearer I approach that final day
Which brings our mortal sorrows to a close,
More clearly I perceive how swiftly flows
The tide of Time, and human hopes decay—
And to myself in musing thoughts I say,
Now all my earthly ills, my love, and woes,
From my freed soul shall pass, as fallen snows
Melt in the sun-beam from the hills away;
And every fruitless wish shall fly, with life,
Which I so long and rashly have pursued:
Nor smiles, nor tears, nor care, nor worldly strife
Shall on my sweet and perfect peace intrude—
And I by brighter lights shall see more plain
For what fallacious joys we sigh in vain.

A. S.

THE SPECTRE UNMASKED.

A Tale from the German.

"We will now begin No. 2," said the professor, as he tied the strings of his portfolio of prints, and looked towards another which was lying by the table: "this will, I think, afford you still more pleasure; but, Madam, you look so frequently at the clock, that I fear ——"

"I only fear," said the counsellor's lady, "that it is growing too late to begin another; and it would be really a pity to hurry over such well-selected works. If your engagements will permit some other time?"

"It is not yet very late," her husband replied, as he was lifting a heavy folio on the table; "we shall have plenty of time to look over this part, leisurely enough; what makes you in such a hurry to-night?"

"I think it best for every one to be at his own home in the evening," observed the wife of the counsellor; "it is much safer."

"Safer?" asked the counsellor, laughing, "you pay a fine compliment to our police! in what may the danger consist, which you seem to fear so much, now the military, who are generally the greatest destroyers of safety, have left the town?"

"That is the very cause of my fear," rejoined the lady; "they would not have left us, if they had not doubted of their own security; the enemy are, I fear, approaching, and disturbances often arise when they are least expected."

"Oh! if that be your only ground of alarm," said the professor, laughing, "we may proceed with our prints very safely; it will be long enough before the enemy arrive here, and, I think, we are more likely to see our protectors (as they term themselves) again, than our foes, for they are no longer our enemies. In the mean time, your apprehensions are not without foundation; for here in the very first leaves, I shall show you some of these Tartarian tribes, at least in effigy."

"Another time, I beg," replied the anxious lady; "if you knew my uneasiness, you would yourself be glad to have me at home."

"But really," said the counsellor, endeavouring to tranquillize her, "you are needlessly alarmed; according to the latest news, a few days may possibly bring about some military events, or send us some strange guests—but I will answer for to-morrow; and as to this evening, there is not the remotest probability of any thing happening."

It was in vain they sought to convince the lady of the groundlessness of her alarm; she became obviously more and more anxious, and finally, not to destroy the pleasure of the party, she proposed that the professor should accompany them home, and that he and her husband might there look over some prints and pictures together, on which discussions had formerly arisen between them. The scheme was acceded to; the professor laughed at her earnest exhortation, while he double-locked his doors; and the party proceeded with many jests and much merriment to the house of the counsellor, where the conversation on the latest works of art soon resumed its former vivacity.

"Would one not believe," observed the counsellor during the absence of his lady, "that my wife had second sight? Her strange solicitude makes me almost anxious myself; it is not customary with her."

"Let us come to the discussions which are the order of the day," observed the professor; "you surely cannot believe in such things; we

shall be able to look at your beautiful works of art as perfectly at our ease as if we only knew Cosaks and Bashkirs from the descriptions of travellers."

The counsellor seemed not of this opinion, he became somewhat absent, and the remarks of the professor on the antiquities of Germany, which had been reserved for this evening's discussion, and which he uttered with all the enthusiasm of an antiquary, scarcely gained attention. The professor laughed repeatedly at the belief in forebodings which his friend's anxiety manifested, and adduced many arguments, founded on natural history and experience, to prove its fallacy.

"I can object nothing to your reasoning," said the counsellor at last, "except the numerous results of experience, which should seem to confirm the reverse of your doctrine, and which would open to us a temporary view into realms inaccessible to human knowledge.—We cannot entirely reject the testimony of men worthy of credit, and who must be acquitted of any attempt to deceive."

"Why not," replied the professor, "when the doctrine itself is opposed to all the laws of possibility? Men of the greatest veracity and sincerity, may be deceived themselves; it is, in truth, with these forebodings as with *ignes fatui*,—many tell you they have heard of them, but not one with whom I have ever spoken has, himself, witnessed them. Till I meet with a ghost-seer, who assures me seriously and on his word that he has experienced the truth of them himself, when wide awake, and in full possession of reason and consciousness—till then, I reject the whole as futile."

"And if such a person were to be found," said the Counsellor, "would you then believe?"

"Hum," replied the professor, shrugging his shoulders, "only after a very close investigation. Deception is so easy—it is in all cases only a more apparent or more hidden deception, that cherishes this credulity."

"In all cases!" repeated the other: "I cannot agree with you there, I myself was once a witness of a circumstance of this nature, which, though I have not thought of it for some years, now recurs to my memory, and which was neither a dream nor an illusion. I will narrate it to you. You will believe me when I assure it is not a fictitious adventure; and when you have heard the particulars, you may judge whether I could have been deceived.

"It must be now nearly ten years since I was appointed a counsellor in the chamber at M——. I was then unmarried, and was fond of travelling; while my elder comrades, on the contrary, loved their ease, and I often undertook to transact business for them at a distance from home. Once when I was preparing for one of these expeditions, which would cause me to pass near the convent at Wallbach, one of the older counsellors requested me to take that opportunity of viewing the place for him. It had been for a long time changed into an Amthaus, and the officer who held the situation had often petitioned for a repair of the old building; but when the chamber agreed to the request, the then Amtman found the new building unnecessary, and stated that he would content himself with the habitable part of it, if, in recompense, some other conveniences were allowed him. In short, I was commissioned to survey the place narrowly, and report on the expediency of repairing the old, or of building altogether a new Amthaus.

"On my journey to my ultimate destination, I contented myself with viewing the cloister in passing, and I was well pleased with the Amtman that he was not willing, merely for the sake of a new house, to destroy the fine old Gothic pile, which looked so venerable in the plain from the surrounding hills. I rejoiced in my approaching acquaintance with him, and his curious antique neighbourhood. On my return, I arrived rather late at Wallbach; the setting moon, occasionally obscured by heavy thunderclouds, partially illumined the old towers and dark grey walls, which seemed to me to bear their age tolerably well. The Amtman's lady, an elderly but still an active woman, welcomed me, and apologized for the absence of her husband on a professional journey, from which he was not expected back till the following day. She seemed much embarrassed, and I was obliged repeatedly to assure her that I could not be surprised at the absence of her husband, as my visit was totally unexpected by him, and that it would be quite time enough on the morrow to transact the business I was commissioned upon. As I soon found that my presence disturbed the family, I requested to be shown to my chamber, and a dunce of a servant conducted me through many cross and winding passages, to an antique room with Gothic windows and ornaments, and there left me, humbly wishing me a good night. Fatigue from my journey, and ennui, induced me to go to bed, and I soon fell asleep. I was awakened I know not how in a few hours, and, while endeavouring to compose myself again, I heard most remarkable sounds, as if caused by slow, heavy, gigantic footsteps: the longer I listened, the more I was alarmed at this noise. The steps seemed to indicate the presence of some supernatural being, and occasionally the very floor trembled under them. Although the noise itself was not very loud, and appeared to proceed from a distance, I could not help shuddering, though I endeavoured to banish my apprehension; but it was in vain I attempted to sleep: The noise at last ceased, to my great joy, but ere long I heard a rustling at my door, and thought I could distinguish a slight knocking: I sat up in my bed, and looked earnestly towards it, but it remained fast; I had hardly laid myself down again when the rustling and knocking were repeated; and when I again looked towards the door, I clearly saw that it was moved ——"

"Fancy!" cried the professor, "nothing but fancy, delusion of an excited imagination."

"No such thing," resumed the narrator, "you shall hear more. I saw the door move, and I cried out, 'Who is there?' All was again still for a short time, then again something knocked louder and stronger, and the door opened ——"

"No! are you serious?" interrupted the professor.

"Perfectly:—this was too much for me, I sprang out of bed towards the door, and there I saw distinctly a slender white female figure in a faint gleam of light that instantly glided away. It seemed to beckon to me. I seized my light, my fear giving way to an almost wild courage. The figure glided through some dark passages; I hastened after, but could not overtake it; on a sudden it vanished, but when I reached the spot where I saw it last, I discovered a staircase; I thought I could still descry at the bottom of it something of the pale light, and therefore hastily descended, but there was no one to be seen. A doorway

was before me, I stepped out through it, and found myself in the open air. A multitude of similar adventures crowded into my mind. While I was looking round for my mysterious conductor, I was startled by a fearful crash, the earth shook under me, and a cloud of dust veiled every object from my sight. I distinguished only a loud and confused cry; people hastened from all sides to the spot; and it was presently clear to me that the whole part of the building in which I had slept had fallen to the ground. A quarter of an hour later and I should have been buried in the ruins; had not this singular vision led me from my chamber, I should have shared the fate of my bed, which was found shattered to pieces under the rubbish. I hastened to quit the fatal place where this accident now rendered my presence unnecessary. Before I went, however, I made inquiries if any thing supernatural had ever before been remarked in the building, but nobody, that I could learn, had ever perceived any thing: I therefore carefully refrained from mentioning my adventure to any one, and had myself nearly forgotten it; but the anxiety of my wife this evening, and subsequently, as she quitted the room, a certain resemblance to the warning spectre, in my mind recalled it to my recollection."

"Then I can easily believe," said the professor, laughing, "that you followed the fair spectre courageously enough, if that be the case; she probably promised a more romantic adventure than the tumbling down of an old building."

"Jesting apart," replied the counsellor, "setting aside the supernatural, the figure would have been captivating enough;—but to return to the purpose, if you persist in supposing the appearance to have been imaginary, the result only of my fancy; how can you account for the singular coincidence of my actual preservation by it from an apparently inevitable danger? Either it must have been some tutelary spirit, or a foreboding power in my own mind; give me, if you can, another explanation of the phenomenon.

The professor sought for a third, in vain; he mentioned many forced explanations, of which it was easy for the counsellor to show the fallacy. The dispute was still continued, when a distant noise in the street attracted the attention of the counsellor. The disturbance increased and drew nearer; they all went to the window; the patrole were running backwards and forwards, the doors of the houses were thronged with the curious; presently the police officers appeared; the Cosaks were near—the Cosaks, the Cosaks, re-echoed from the streets, and a loud and wild "hurrah!" instantly followed.

The professor's mind ran, in an instant, through all the intermediate degrees from incredulity to the fullest conviction; he looked for his hat, and would willingly have returned home, but the multitudes that thronged the streets rendered it impossible. The new visitors had, in the mean time, effected the objects of their casual visit; after some inquiries, they withdrew in perfect order, leaving the town to rest again. The people, nevertheless, still continued to roam through the streets in crowds, and the counsellor, who had been repeatedly required during the event, was glad he happened to be at home so opportunely.

"There," said he as they were assembled together again at his house discussing the circumstance, "there we have another proof of the power of foreboding, and one indeed which we have experienced our-

selves, not heard by tradition: what will now become of your incredulity?"

"I am totally vanquished," said the professor, wringing his hands comically: "Your lady, counsellor, has quite converted me; henceforth I will believe in forebodings, ghosts, spectres, warnings, and whatever you would have me believe in."

"At least," said the lady smiling, "you will have some respect for the secret powers of my mind, and if you do not wish to forget them, you will fulfil my prophecy, which is that you will remain our guest during the present evening."

The professor bowed acquiescence, and requested that he might exhibit the casket containing the antiquities which he had been about to show to the company, when the fears of the counsellor's lady had deprived him of their society. A messenger was despatched to his house, and in a short time returned with it. "Behold," said the antiquary, after he had shown many rare and curious things, "behold my greatest treasure! this beautiful old vase, which, as I shall prove to you, has most probably been an ancient relic of a cloister, and is unquestionably of inestimable worth. The form is almost Grecian; and I think nothing more beautiful, and at the same time more simple, can be imagined: unfortunately one of the handles is injured; but this injury has enabled me to come to a most important conclusion concerning it. I believe it unique in its kind. Under the broken handle an inscription is yet visible, that coincides remarkably with the place where this vase was found. It had been walled up in an ancient convent most carefully. This convent formerly possessed many relics, and these were discovered some years ago on the destruction of the pile; among them was this vase; and its existence was probably unknown, latterly, even to the monks themselves, for it was hid in a niche of the wall. Now you must know that this is neither more nor less than an ancient model of the holy and celebrated Graal* of our Lord. You can see the inscription still quite legible: Ad : Sm : Graal : DJD : JT : *Ad Sanctissimum Graalem Domini Jesus deliniatus Jussu Thesaurarii;* that is, ladies, in the vernacular tongue, 'modelled after the most holy graal of our Lord, by the command of the treasurer.' On this account it was so carefully preserved; and you may remark that this palpable vase-like form overturns the opinion of some writers, who have maintained that the graal was in the form of a patera, and it was, as you see, clearly of this cup-like shape."

The counsellor's wife had repeatedly, during this harangue, held her handkerchief to her mouth, but when it was over she burst into laughter. At last she exclaimed, "Pray do not henceforth accuse any one of credulity who believes in *political* or spiritual forebodings, since you are so gratuitous with your conviction, and take an earthen pipkin for a monastic relic."

"May I request you," said the professor rather indignantly, "to look at this vessel again? and when you take all the circumstances into consideration, you will no longer doubt the genuineness of it for a

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* The vessel out of which the last Passover was eaten.—See the romance of Sir Lancelot du Lac for his adventures in search of it.

moment. The competition for it at the auction was so great that I was compelled to bid five-and-twenty louis-d'ors for it."

"I could have saved you that expense," replied the lady, "if you had asked my advice first. If I mistake not, the potter still lives who made it for me for a florin."

"You jest," said the professor, peevishly.

The counsellor laughed with mischievous joy, and requested an explanation.

"It is a long history, and there is a piece of innocent deceit connected with it, which I aided a friend of mine to practise. I have not thought about it for a long time; but your holy graal now recalls the whole to my mind. A friend of my mother's, who had greatly aided her in bringing me up, resided with her husband, who was an Amtman, in a retired cloister, which had been converted into an Amthaus for his abode. The country around was very agreeable, and I passed a good deal of time there with much pleasure. The only drawback to my friend's comfort was the very limited extent of the habitable part of the building, though it was otherwise spacious enough. Her husband was like some professors and counsellors of my acquaintance—a great admirer of antiquities and graals; and found in the old convent an inexhaustible fund for the indulgence of his favourite pursuit. For this purpose he scrupled not to crowd his family into the smallest possible space, and propped up the tumbling walls with beams in every direction, because he could not resolve to have the old house repaired, or a new one built. All our remonstrances were vain; and finally he carried it so far that no domestics would remain in the family for fear the house should tumble down and bury them in its ruins. At length, to our great joy, we heard that a commission was appointed, and the place was to be examined; but as the Amtman knew well that if an inspection were to take place, he could not prevent a new building being ordered, and he should be deprived of his hobby-horse, he made a journey to the capital to protest against the commission for a new edifice. My friend, with whom I happened to be at the time, was inconsolable over her disappointment, when a secretary, an acute and sensible man, suggested to her, in jest, a remedy, which however she eagerly seized on, as it was founded on an event very likely to happen, and we all agreed to assist her in the execution. This secretary remarked that the first great storm would most probably blow down the house and bury many people in its ruins; but if we were to remove all the props, it would tumble of itself; which could be done by night, after first taking care that every body and all the animals were removed to a place of security. So we chose a time when the Amtman was absent on a journey. We had only to select clever and discreet people to help us; and when it was done, we agreed to tell him that a gust of wind in the night had, we supposed, overthrown the old place, or that it had fallen of itself. My friend was delighted with this scheme, and we made every preparation accordingly. We removed all the valuable furniture, and especially all the curiosities of the master of the house. The messengers, who dwelt in the ruinous part, were instructed in our intentions, and even helped us in our labour; the uninitiated we sent out of the way on different pretences; every thing was ready; the

props were bound round with strong ropes, which were to be pulled by horses to draw them suddenly from under the roof and walls, and we only waited for midnight; but while we were thus busy a coach drove up to the door, and the expected commissioner made his appearance. But I really believe you are laughing at me and my story, which is very uncivil—well, I will keep it to myself."

"Quite the contrary," said the professor; "your story is very interesting to us, and I beg you most earnestly to continue; our laughing was occasioned by a similar history we heard no great while ago."

"Oh, you must tell us that!" exclaimed the lady.

"Afterwards," replied the professor; "but first permit us to hear the conclusion of your adventure."

"You left off at the arrival of the commissioner," said the counsellor.

"Ah, true," replied his lady, smiling; "I had more business to perform yet, that evening. He was a young and handsome man—what was his name? let me recollect—oh! Ettmüller."

"The Herr Ettmüller!" exclaimed her husband, gaily. "Ettmüller a young and handsome man! Why he was a dry, withered old fellow, who died five years ago in his eighty-sixth year."

"What then?" observed she, "that must have been another person; this commissioner, I tell you, was a well-formed man about your size; and, as I recollect, his voice resembled yours very much; so you may imagine I was not a little taken with him—but, professor, you make me quite angry with your laughing; and you, too, are beginning again, my dear: you are both of you making a jest of me."—

The professor deprecated, the husband flattered, and both begged her to proceed with her story.

"—But then let no one laugh again!" threatened the fair narrator, "else I am quite mute. Well, this handsome commissioner arrived; but he was by far too polite; for he prated such fine things to my friend, about her romantic abode in the old convent, and his own fondness for these fatal antiquarian researches, that she lost all hope that he would be opposed to her husband, and report the necessity of a new building. She, therefore, desired me to superintend the remaining preparations, whilst she entertained her guest; but I presume she was little edified by this antiquarian commissioner, for she soon had him conducted to his room, and came to assist us in our arrangements for our work.

But we were not a little frightened as we were going about the court to look after the workmen, who were already chopping at the props, that they might give way the easier, to see a light in one of the windows of the very part of the house about to be precipitated; and in the instant it occurred to us that the stupid servant Peter, who was ignorant of our intentions, had conducted the stranger into the former state-room, which was at that instant expected to fall; we instantly called to the workmen to stop, and ordered the horses to be unfastened from the ropes; but the question now was, how we were to get the guest out of the tottering building without betraying all. My friend was so agitated by fear that she could hardly stand; I do not know how, but I mustered courage enough to determine to call him myself. Let him conjecture what he will, thought I, so he be once rescued. I accordingly ran to his

chamber, and knocked at the door, and when I heard him move I quickly withdrew; but, as I saw nothing of him, I knocked again; the "come in" which he called out lustily, frightened me away again; I now felt the floor begin to shake under me. In my terror, I forced open the door and was about to enter, when he approached me with a light. He may, I dare say, have taken me in my white dress for a ghost, or for a nun come back again, but I was very glad to see him up, and to hear him follow me, as I hastened back again; he continued to pursue me till I got into a little court at some distance; I returned by a shorter way to the workmen, and upon my giving them a sign that the stranger was in safety, the old walls with a tremendous crash fell in. I took care not to be seen by him again, as he might have recognized me, and that would have betrayed our roguery; but I would not willingly experience the anxiety of that night's adventure again."

"And is it then really possible," exclaimed the counsellor, clasping his wife to his breast, "thou didst really venture into the tottering and nearly falling building to become a protecting angel to that stranger?"

"Oh, there was nothing to wonder at," replied the lady; "the danger overcame every other consideration. But really I do not understand this,—am I betrayed? you look at me, my love, with such particular affection, and the professor there is laughing again like a wild man,—what does all this mean?"

"You shall soon know," replied the counsellor. "While you were absent, I told the professor, for the sake of convincing him of the error of his incredulity, how once a protecting spirit had conducted me out of a house, which I had no sooner quitted than it fell down; and now I find that this spirit was no other than that dear angel, who soon after began to accompany me through life in a corporeal form, my Antonia."

"How," exclaimed the lady, "were you then that commissioner?"

"Exactly. Ettmüller, who was unwell at the time, commissioned me to execute that business for him."

"Oh, this is indeed delightful," embracing her husband affectionately.

"The professor would indeed now triumph, if these brave Cosaks had not embraced your cause against his unbelief."

"You may give up my cause," said his wife smiling; "I had very good grounds for my foreboding respecting the visit of this night. My brother, as you know, is with the Prussians in the neighbourhood. He sent me, this morning, a letter for his wife, with a secret injunction to deliver it this evening to a Cosak who would ask for it; but if no one came, I was to burn it directly. The address on it was, I conclude, merely to deceive. The Cosak was true to his commission, and had the letter and something to drink besides. My brother will excuse himself for making this a secret to you."

"Bravo! admirable," shouted the professor; "and so can all visions and marvellous stories be elucidated, I doubt not."

"I heartily agree with you," said the lady, "and can fulfil your expectation on the spot as to your holy graal. You may remember I told you my story originated in my seeing that, and now in justice I must return to it. The Amtman, my friend's husband, was quite inconsolable for the loss of his treasures; for though we had preserved the greater part in safety, yet we had not saved all, for we poor ignorant folks could not appreciate the inestimable value of some of the old

pottery; but nothing grieved him so much as the loss of one vessel of inconceivable rarity, and my friend, who was heartily tired of his endless lamentations, wrote to me to get something antique like it for her directly, which might banish from his mind the recollection of his loss. I knew not where to find such a curiosity; and so, that nothing might be wanting on my part, I went to our potter, or as he chose to call himself, to the master modeller, and ordered, according to a design I gave him, a cup to look as like an antique as was possible. The man was highly flattered by the commission, and must needs put his name and title at length on the vase, which of course rendered it useless for my purpose; he was therefore obliged to begin it over again, and I failed not to enjoin him from putting his name, as the vase was intended to pass for the work of a master who had been dead more than a thousand years. Nevertheless, as I now find, he must have promised himself immortality from his labours, as he could not refrain from inserting his initials at least, under the handle, to hand them down to posterity."—"The devil!" cried the professor, with rather a clouded brow.

"So it is," continued the lady. "Look here as I read it, your inscription proves 'Adam Stephen Graal did it.'"

The counsellor burst out into a laugh, but the professor would not give up his graal yet. "You jest, Madam! Ay, ay, this is all an invention of your own. Very good, upon my word."

"It is perfectly true, nevertheless," replied she, "you may convince yourself by my friend Graal's first essay, which I fortunately have preserved, and where the inscription is legible at full length. I shall be happy to present you with it as a new curiosity for your museum."

A general laugh from every one present put an end to the conversation; and they all unanimously agreed neither to be superstitious themselves, nor to blame credulity too hastily in others.

FRAGMENT OF A PROJECTED ODE

On the Influence of Fancy upon Mythology.

INSPIRED by thee, the Grecian swain,
  On some green cape's delicious brow,
(Watching the vast and glorious main
  That spread its purple robe below,)
With eyes half-closed in reverie
  Has seen the ocean's King afar,
And the young Sisters of the sea
  Floating around his pearly car:—
He sees their locks, that fringe the while
  With braided green the deep they lave,
And that superb, immortal smile,
  Which, where it lingers, lights the wave—
He knows the sound, that swoons along
  His golden East's voluptuous tide,
To be the Nereids' distant song
  Around their Monarch's path of pride!
And there, as slumber heavier falls,
  Fond Fancy still his eye beguiles;
With Nymphs, he treads the blue deep's halls,
  Or, with the Just, their shining isles.* J.

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* Allusive to the beautiful superstition of the Fortunate Isles, in which the departed great and good were imagined to re-exist in a state of elysian happiness.

CRESCEMBENI AND THE ARCADI.

Gio. Mario Crescembeni was born at Macerata in 1663, of a noble family. When very young, he was distinguished among his companions by a total indifference to every kind of childish amusement, and an enthusiastic admiration for the poetry of his country. This inclination was first observed by his astonished father, when having placed an edition of Ariosto, remarkable for the beauty of the engravings, in the hands of the child, it was returned to the bookcase with pencil marks on the margin of some of the most admired passages. So clear an indication of discernment and taste, was not overlooked by the parent, who provided the best masters to cultivate the budding talent of his son. After having gone through the usual routine of classical instruction, Crescembeni, at the desire of his father, who was a lecturer on law in the university of Macerata, directed his mind to the attainment of proficiency in that science, otherwise very uncongenial to his own disposition. Assiduous attention, however, combined with an honourable emulation of tracing the footsteps of his father, overcame his natural repugnance; and he so far succeeded in that intricate and rugged study, as to obtain the degree of doctor of laws in 1679. A few years afterwards, he was chosen by the Consiglio di Credenza, public lecturer on the institutes of Justinian. It was soon thought advisable that the young lawyer should repair to Rome; and thither he went with the full expectation of his friends that he would be distinguished in the Curia Romana. The usual fatality, however, which seems to hang over the profession, and happily prevents the squandering of invention or imagination on its dull and narrow-minding pursuits, had chalked out a very different path of honour to the young Crescembeni. His uncle, at whose house he lived, soon discovered, that his clients were all notorious votaries of the Muses, that his desk, instead of containing notes or observations on the pandects or the code, possessed a much larger assortment of sonnets and canzoni, on subjects of less solidity; and apprehensive that this propensity might cloud his prospects in his profession, he strictly forbade any public display of his poetical talents. On the death, however, of his father, at whose instigation he had at first entered on the uninviting path of the law, he seems to have almost deserted the courts, and to have devoted himself entirely to literary pursuits.

About this time, the Academie degli Umoristi degli Intrecciati ed Infecondi were celebrated at Rome, and in them Gio. Mario maintained a very honourable distinction. But he soon perceived that the productions of the members of these societies were formed upon depraved and vicious models, and conceived the idea of forming a new institution which should correct the prevalent deterioration of taste. Several of his literary friends concurred in this idea, and they were for some time accustomed to assemble at evening, to recite their poetical compositions. On one of these occasions, a member exclaimed unthinkingly, "Ecco per noi risorta Arcadia," an observation which, though made with little consideration at the time, proved afterwards the germ of a great and celebrated association. When the meeting of that evening was concluded, Crescembeni proposed to his associates the establishment of a new academy, bearing the name of Arcadia, a proposal which they all

cheerfully embraced. Full of the idea of their new scheme, they immediately commenced the outline of an institution, the general feature of which was that of a literary republic. It was agreed, in order to give every possible scope to the exertions of its members, that its constitution should be purely democratical, that distinction of every kind, save only of talent, should be abolished, that every member should assume the name and bear the character of an Arcadian shepherd, and appear at the society in a mask. This republic, with truly radical magnanimity, published a manifesto, in which it was declared, that they would have neither protector, nor president, nor prince, nor any kind of authority whatever, but merely a custode; and this honourable office was conferred upon Crescembeni, now called Alfesibeo, not on account of any pre-eminence which he might claim, but merely as his patent sets forth, "che fu il primo chi mise piede in Arcadia." But though he was thus reminded that he was in no way superior to the other members of the society, his claim to that distinction was unanimously acknowledged in the poetical congratulations which accompanied his nomination. Thus, Nedisto, a pastore,

> "Te di Parnaso il gran collegio scelse
> Ristorator delle sue glorie prime,
> E al tuo genio fecondo
> Fidò dell' ardua impresa il grave pondo."

No sooner was the institution of the new academy made known than it increased to an enormous extent; and, whether they were attracted by the novelty of assembling in masks or the romantic miniature of pastoral life, cardinals, princes, and the most distinguished ladies, were emulous of becoming members of the new society. Under the mild direction of their custode, the Arcadians immediately sought a retreat where they might indulge in their favourite exercises; and they chose a small garden on the Monte Gianicolo, which, though but a short time occupied by them, was ever after considered classic ground, and continually celebrated as such by their members.

The garden on the Monte Gianicolo, where the Pastori at first met, became soon too confined for the Iniziati; and Alfesibeo was very much perplexed for an enlarged place of meeting. From this difficulty he was relieved by the munificence of Girolamo Mattei, Duca di Paganica, who very generously offered the Arcadians the use of his magnificent pleasure-grounds, on the Monte Esquilino. This offer was gratefully accepted; and the procession of the Arcadi from the Gianicolo to the Esquilino, evinced by its splendour the reputation which the new academy had so speedily attained. On their arrival at the entrance of their new bosco, Alfesibeo threw open the gates, and the Arcadi luxuriated in the shade of the ample foliage, and the more delightful occupation of reciting to musical accompaniment their compositions upon the occasion. It was not long, however, before they outgrew their new seat; and several of the Arcadi, who belonged to the Royal Academy founded by Christina, Queen of Sweden, proposed to adjourn to the Reale Giardino annexed to the Palazzo Riari sulla via della Lungaro, where that princess had lived and died. On this occasion the Arcadi strained the licence of poets to an unusual extent; for in tender and grateful recollection of the many favours some of them had received from Christina, they voted her, though two years dead, a

member of the society. The haughty Scandinavian queen was immediately converted into the shepherdess Basilissa, and she was scarcely christened before she was made the subject of a couplet:—

> Hos si spectaret vivens Basilissa labores,
> Præmia non voces, non rustica dona videres.

With the most extraordinary inconsistency they immediately commenced a solemn dirge; encomiastic funeral eclogues were written and performed by the Arcadi, and every thing was done to honour the departed patroness of genius that gratitude and inspiration could effect. Among the performances on this occasion, it is expressly stated in the records of the Academy, that one recited by the custode Alfesibeo, with Floriano Amigoni, *alias* Alpago, entitled Basilissa, received the most rapturous commendations. In order to fix the new academy upon a firm basis, it was thought proper to draw up a code of laws for its good government, to which the Arcadi promised submission, but which are of no particular interest, and too long for insertion here. They had about two years kept possession of the Giardino del Palazzo Riari, by the permission of the Marchese Pompeo Azzolini, *alias* Decilo, who had inherited the possessions and the liberality of Christina; but after his death, his property falling into the hands of a nobleman of a less imaginative turn, they received notice to quit. They immediately cast their longing eyes upon the Orti Palatini, now called Farnesiani, where the ancient Arcadian Evander had reigned, and which derived their name from his son Pallas. This very appropriate situation they obtained by the influence of the Conte Francesco Felini, *chargé d'affaires* at Rome from Ranuzzo the second Duke of Parma. Assisted by the liberality of that nobleman, the Arcadi immediately commenced, near the Fontana de' Platani, a spacious theatre, composed of several concentric rows of benches, decorated with laurel shrubs; in the midst of which was formed, from small plants of box-wood, a seringa or shepherd's pipe, which, by the growth of the trees and occasional trimming, became at length of considerable dimensions, and was considered the armorial bearing of the Academy. The Arcadi thought themselves extremely fortunate in obtaining this new Parnassus, as innumerable sonnets on its dedication to the tuneful Nine amply testified.

Seven times a year the Arcadi assembled at this Teatro to recite their compositions; and on important occasions, "the Palatino," says their annalist, "resounded with their songs," much in the same way, we humbly presume, as the neighbourhood of that London fairy-land, to which the juggler and the Fantoccini, and the fireworks, and Polly Hopkins and Mr. Tomkins, and the grand military band, have conspired to draw fashionables from the west, to the ceaseless wakefulness and musical satiety of the luckless inhabitants of Vauxhall. At the commencement of the institution it had been agreed, that in the computation of time, the Arcadi should adopt Olympiads; and Alfesibeo, with Francesco Bianchini, *alias* Selvaggio Afrodisio, undertook to make that method of calculation correspond with the Julian year, an operation for which, in the usual way, innumerable complimentary sonnets were their reward. On this occasion, too, Alfesibeo was honoured with the permission of adding to his family-arms those of the society; and a very splendid cornelian from the cabinet of Leone Strozzi, on which they

were engraved, was presented to him. Hitherto none of the compositions of the Arcadi had been permitted to transpire beyond the limits of their own members, and the public was anxiously expecting some proof of the reformation in taste, which was avowed as the original object of the institution. Crescembeni, with this view, published a pastoral poem, entitled "Elvio," which he dedicated to the Princess della Scalea, herself an Arcadian, under the name of Amarante Eleusina, and which he himself judiciously criticises in his celebrated work "Della Bellezza della volgar Poesia." This poem differed from all that until then had appeared in this particular, viz. that he introduced persons then alive into his dialogue, and accommodated the simplicity of pastoral life to the tenderness and dignity of tragic sentiment, in such a manner that the one in no way appeared to interfere to the disparagement of the other; and for this excellence he is particularly commended in a canzone, by his brother Arcade, Nedisto Collide.

Crescembeni's uncle perceiving that his nephew had become quite poetry mad, and being himself of opinion that, whether "*invitâ Minervâ*" or otherwise, his nephew should have pursued the noble study of the law, determined to punish his desertion, and forbade him his house. In these circumstances, poverty, "the badge of all his tribe," reduced him to such extremities, that, like Torquato Tasso, he had not even

Candele per iscrivere suoi versi.

Thus pitiably situated, his friends took compassion on him, and Alessandro Guidi received and entertained him for several months in the Palazzo Farnese. From these embarrassments, however, he was soon relieved by the opportune demise of the old gentleman, his uncle, from whom he inherited a comfortable independence.

Pope Innocent XII. dying A. D. 1700, Clement XI. was chosen his successor, an appointment which was particularly agreeable to the Arcadi, for he had been the first of the Cardinals to join the infant academy, in which he was known by the pastoral name of Alnano Melleo. On his elevation, Crescembeni, in his character of custode, was allowed the honour of kissing the foot of his Holiness. On this occasion he also ordered the celebration of the Olympic games as a tribute of respect to the new pope, and prescribed the formula by which these poetical amusements were to be conducted. While engaged in these literary occupations, which endeared him not only to the private circle of his friends, but likewise to the most distinguished characters in Italy, Crescembeni fell dangerously ill. By the care, however, of the Cardinal Ottoboni, he at length recovered, and was able, though still weak, to resume his duties as custode. On this occasion the whole strength of the Arcadi was put into requisition, and he was overwhelmed with congratulations upon his happy convalescence.

Francesco Gasparri particularly distinguished himself by a sonnet on this occasion, from which we extract the following lines, in order to shew the great esteem in which Crescembeni was held.

"Vivane Alfesibeo, vivane eterno
Lieto, lieti i suoi paschi il Sol rimiri,
Nè sentan le sue gregge, o state o verno.
Contra il gran nome in van l'obblio s'adiri,
Ma ogn'or sotto il di lui mite governo
Anni migliori Arcadia mia respiri."

His health being at length perfectly re-established, the first use he made of it was to express his acknowledgments to the Cardinal, to whom he was particularly indebted for it, in an eclogue, entitled "Il Ferragosto." This poem excited universal admiration, not only by its novelty and the circumstances under which it was written, but likewise by the polished elegance of the dialogue, and the enchanting songs with which it was interspersed.

It would be impossible here to enumerate all the works with which Crescembeni enriched the literature of his country, and which contributed to uphold the reputation he had so deservedly acquired. The most remarkable of these are, his "Storia della Poesia Volgare d'Italia," and "Trattato della Bellezza della Poesia Volgare," which, as Tiraboschi says, though not remarkable for depth of learning or research, are well deserving the attention of the dilettanti in Italian literature. It would equally surpass our limits to mention the various colonies of Arcadians which branched from the academy of which he was the founder. Arezzo, Macerata, Venice, Bologna, Ferrara, Sienna, Verona, and almost every town of consequence in Italy, possessed an Arcadia in connexion with that of Rome, and submitted to the regulations of their common parent. On the literature of Italy their effect has by some been declared injurious, by inducing too general an application to poetry among the youth of that country; but they, beyond a doubt, contributed to reform that ampullated and pedantic style which had prevailed before their establishment. We are aware that to many of our readers it will appear perfectly incredible that any considerable number of sensible men should agree to assemble in masks and under assumed names for the purpose of reciting poetical compositions. But they must recollect the diversity of manners between the two countries; and if they have travelled, or have at all associated with Italian literati, they cannot have failed to remark the indulgence with which they consider the productions of one another. The diversity of manners also renders it almost impossible to adhere to accuracy on the present subject without degenerating into the ludicrous and burlesque. We are quite willing to shew every decent deference to the customs and feelings of our neighbours; but we cannot help remarking that an establishment in this country of the kind we have described, would shock every preconceived notion of taste or delicacy. Crescembeni died on the 8th of March, 1728, of an ossification of the heart, and his obsequies were performed with great pomp by the Arcadians.

Whatever may be thought of the eligibility of the plan which Crescembeni adopted, there can be no doubt that he was actuated by a sincerely patriotic desire of advancing the literature of his country; and he seems to have had no other ambition than that those "*nobili studi*," in which he was himself engaged, should, through his exertions, be held after his death in honour and estimation.

> " Basta, che segno vile oggi non sieno
> Di scherno, e chi gli udrà dopo mia morte
> Preghi riposo alle fredd' ossa almeno."

THE WASSAILERS.*

Oh what a scene! the moon to-night
Spreads o'er the vale her silvery light;—
And hark! I catch, though far and faint,
A doubtful tone of cheer or plaint.

Open the lattice, Ellen dear,
And tell me, do I dream or hear?
The night is still—no wandering breeze
Is moaning through our coppice trees.

Nay, 'tis no fancy—now 'tis plain—
Clear and more clear the fitful strain,—
And now distinct, and loud and long,—
Right welcome! 'tis the Wassail song.

And now are hush'd the song, the shout,
And on there comes, a silent rout,
A dark group up the village green,
Like robbers in some moonlight scene;—

Who soon along the straggling street
In turn each modest mansion greet,
And raise the carol shout of yore
To sheltering roof and open door.

Where'er they turn—a welcome band—
They bless the master's liberal hand,
The mistress kind, the children dear,
The Christmas glee, and fireside cheer.

Now here they are by our own gate,
Beneath our eaves they must not wait.
Away! let every hand prepare,
For every hand some gift must bear.

The biscuit wallet one may take,
And one the cheese and Christmas cake;
One fill the foaming pitcher, one
Bear the full cider firkin on;—

And, what! my waken'd puppet here!
Oh! give me, nurse, my baby dear;—
In her own tiny hand she'll bear
The spicy nutmeg for her share.

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* This ancient rustic merry-making has been, I believe, very generally misunderstood,—Milton having alluded to the rude Wassailers of night, and Shakspeare, if I recollect rightly, has rendered them in no more respectable guise than "drunken revellers." I know not how this happened: I suppose the Wassail was once generally practised throughout England, though lately confined to the western counties, and now it is only the privilege of a few villages. As I remember, it was a rustic festival that ushered in the Christmas holidays: the peasantry of each village used to assemble and proceed from door to door, provided with large pitchers, singing the wassail song in the manner I have described. The song cannot be charged with any ribaldry, nor was it accompanied with any mummery, except that the group, passing on to the home-orchard, laid a toast dipped in cider on one of the trees, cut a branch of misletoe, and sung a few rude rhymes, charming the apple-tree "from blight and blast," and charging her "to blow and to bear." A simple address of thanks and good wishes was made to the master of the house and his family; and receiving some beer, cider, cake, cheese, &c. they departed. When they had gone through the village, they repaired to some house previously agreed upon, where meeting their wives and children, they passed the night in the usual gambols of the season.

Now for a shout!—all hands are up,
Each lip around shall press the cup,
To give the Wassail's hearty cheer—
'Merry Christmas tide and a happy New Year.'

The mother and her children bless'd,
The babe by each rough hind caress'd;—
Thus, once a year, the rich and poor
Met—where, alas! they meet no more.

SPECIMENS OF A PATENT POCKET DICTIONARY,

For the use of those who wish to understand the meaning of things as well as words.

NO. III.

Habit.—The covering worn by the body or mind: in the former case hiding Nature, and in the latter revealing her.

Happiness.—The health of the mind, produced by its virtuous exercise. They who would attain it otherwise may search for the word Will-o'-the-wisp.

Harmony of sentiment.—A much better ingredient in married life than that species of harmony which springs from discord.

Hassock.—Of special service to certain church-goers who like a nap upon their knees; and to poetasters, as affording the only rhime to cassock.

Haunch of venison.—That with which the dæmon of gout and gluttony baits his hook.

Head.—A bulbous excrescence, used for hanging a hat on, taking snuff with, shaking, or nodding; or as a target, which they who know its value offer to be shot at for a shilling a day.

Health.—Another word for temperance and exercise.

Heart.—The seat of feeling, and therefore supposed to be wanting in butchers and critics. According to a French author, those men pass the most comfortably through the world who have a good digestion and a bad heart.

Hemp.—The neckcloth, *alias* nec-quid, which rogues put on when they see company for the last time.

Hero.—A wholesale man-butcher.

Hearse.—The triumphal car in which bones and dust proceed in state to their final palace—the grave.

Heterodoxy—Has been defined to be another man's doxy, whereas orthodoxy is our own.

History.—The Newgate Calendar of Kings, which finds no materials in the happiness or virtue of States, and is therefore a mere record of human crime and misery.

Hoax, Hocus-pocus, Humbug.—See Holy Alliance, Constitutional Association, and in general all pharisaical pretenders to exclusive loyalty and sanctity.

Holidays.—The elysium of our boyhood; perhaps the only one of our life. Of this truth Anaxagoras seems to have been aware. Being asked by the people of Lampsacus before his death whether he wished

any thing to be done in commemoration of him, "Yes," he replied, "let the boys be allowed to play on the anniversary of my death."

Honour.—Conventional legislation for the correction and government of all those points which the law does not reach.

Hope.—A compensation for the realities of life, most enjoyed by those who have the least to lose, since they are generally rendered much happier by expectation than they would be by possession.

Hunger.—The universal stimulant of men and beasts: the same which gives the poor man his health and his appetite; the want of which afflicts the rich with disease and satiety.

Hypochondria.—The imaginary malady with which those are taxed who have no real one.

Idol.—What many worship in their own shape who would be shocked at doing it in any other.

Jealousy.—Tormenting yourself for fear you should be tormented by another.

Illuminati.—Men enlightened by nature, and of course particularly obnoxious to the hooded owls, royal bats, and chartered beasts of prey, who thrive best in the deepest darkness.

Immortality—of modern authors.—Drawing in imagination upon the future for that homage which the present age refuses to pay. At best a protracted oblivion.

Indigestion, Industry.—Two words which were never before found united.

Infant.—A mysterious meteor sent to us from the invisible world, into which, after performing the evolutions incidental to the seven ages of man, it will finally return.

Ink.—The liquid which renders thought visible and reason communicable: and of course the greatest enemy to the

Inquisition.—For which see Holy Alliance.

Judge, Jury.—A compound legal machine, somewhat resembling a clock,—the latter exhibiting twelve numbers, and giving warning to the former, before he can strike, or indicate the hour at which a criminal is to die.

Ivy.—A vegetable corruptionist, which, for the purpose of its own support, attaches itself with the greatest tenacity to that which is the most antiquated and untenable, and the fullest of holes, flaws, and imperfections.

King.—According to modern doctrine, the hereditary proprietor of a nation; according to reason, its accountable first magistrate.

Kitchen.—The temple for whose consumption hecatombs of animals are daily sacrificed, who, however, generally wreak a final revenge upon epicures and gluttons.

Knowledge.—A molehill removed from the mountain of our ignorance.

Laughter.—A faculty bestowed exclusively upon man, and which there is therefore a sort of impiety in not exercising as frequently as we can. We may say with Titus, that we have lost a day if it have passed without our laughing. The pilgrims at Mecca consider it so essential a part of their devotion, that they call upon the Prophet to preserve them from sad faces.

Lark.—The matin chorister, that first sets the light of heaven to music.

Law.—That in which we are still as far behind some portions of Europe as we are ahead of them in cottons and cutlery, owing principally to the blind obstinacy of its professors, who have in all ages been the last to abandon a legal abuse. Even the statutes against witchcraft were not repealed until after France had set us the example, and many of our law-officers strenuously opposed the measure to the last!

Labyrinth.—See Law.

Learning.—Too often a knowledge of words and an ignorance of things; a mere act of memory which may be exercised without common sense.

Licenser (dramatic).—One who attempts to atone for his own licentiousness by over-acting the puritan and the rigorist towards others.

Loan.—A means of robbing our successors for the purpose of destroying our contemporaries.

Logic.—Substituting sound for sense, and perverting reason by reasoning.

Logwood.—A dye much used in the manufacture of wine.

Longevity.—Adding a few years to the wrong end of life, and surviving oneself

Lottery.—The only game of chance where you are certain to lose your money.

Lover.—One who in his desire to obtain possession of another has lost possession of himself.

Loyalty.—Sometimes a profession, sometimes a trade, sometimes art; generally self-love disguised as a love of the king.

Martyr.—That which all faiths have produced in about equal proportions; so much easier is it to die for religion than to live for it.

Marriage.—Taking a yoke-fellow, who may lighten the burden of existence if you pull together, or render it insupportable if you drag different ways.

May.—"I had rather live twenty Mays," says Sir Thomas Wotton, "than forty Novembers," and yet in his old age he was anxious to prolong the winter of his days—

> "And from the dregs of life thought to receive
> What the first sprightly running would not give."

Medicine.—Guessing at Nature's intentions and wishes, and then endeavouring to substitute our own.

Melancholy.—Ingratitude to Heaven.

Milk, London.—The joint production of the cow and the pump.

Misanthrope.—One who is uncharitable enough to judge of others by himself.

Money—May be accused of injustice towards mankind,—inasmuch as there are only a few who make false money, whereas money makes many men false.

Monastery.—A house of ill-fame, where men and women are seduced from their public duties, and generally fall into guilt from attempting to preserve an unnatural innocence.

Mouth.—An useless instrument to some people,—in as far as it renders ideas audible, but of special service for rendering victuals invisible.

Mummy.—A flesh statue—an immortal of the dead.

Muzzle.—A contrivance to prevent biting or barking, put upon the mouths of dogs in England, and upon those of human beings in the dominions of the Holy Alliance.

Negro.—A creature treated as a brute, because he is black, by greater brutes who happen to be white.

Nightingale.—The musician kindly appointed by Heaven to cheer us in the darkness.

Nobleman.—One who is indebted to his ancestors for a name and an estate, and not unfrequently to himself for being unworthy of both.

Nose.—See Snuff-box.

Nonsense.—Generally applied to any sense that happens to differ from our own.

November.—The period at which every Englishman takes leave of the sun for nine months, and not a few of them for ever.

STANZAS.

I LOVE to hear at mournful eve
The ploughman's pensive tone,
And still be wending on my way
When the last note is done.

I love to see the misty moon,
And cross the gusty hill,
And wind the darksome homeward lane
When all is hush'd and still.

From way thus distant, lone and late,
How sweet it is to come,
And, leaving all behind so drear,
Approach our pleasant home;

While every lowly lattice shines
Along the village street,
Where round the blazing evening fire
The cheerful household meet!

And passing by each friendly door,
At length we reach our own,—
And find the smile of kindred love
More kind by absence grown.

To sit beside the fire, and hear
The threatening storm come on,—
And think upon the dreary way
And traveller alone.

To see the social tea prepared,
And hear the kettle's hum,
And still repeated from each tongue—
"How glad we are you're come!"

To sip our tea, to laugh and chat
With heartfelt social mirth,
And think no spot in all the world
Like our own pleasant hearth.

THE CANADIAN EMIGRANT.—NO. I.

After several years of active service, our battalion was *re-formed*, in the year 1816, and, like many others at the peace, I was thrown upon the world without fortune or profession. I was pressed by some friends to enter into their offices, and promised certain advancement; but I could not bear to think of submitting to the petty caprices of cold, calculating money-getters, after having for seven painful years lived the slave of military tyranny; and though my early education had qualified me for entering upon a learned profession, yet the time necessary for securing a subsistence by my own talents, my former habits of strenuous idleness, and the want of funds of my own to carry me through the trial, compelled me, without hesitation, to reject the choice of either. After looking about me for many months, and finding myself as far from a decided resolution as ever, I reluctantly accepted the invitation of a brother *demi-solde*, to settle in the wilderness of Upper Canada. To leave my native land at the moment I was beginning to enjoy it, was indeed painful to my feelings; but then I had a prospect of becoming free and independent by a few years of active exertion; and, at the worst, should be exposed to no scorn of the rich or powerful: but if adversity followed me to the New World, I could bear it boldly and recklessly, for "a stranger is a stranger in a strange land"—if I met no pity, I should feel no shame;—unknowing and unknown I could exert myself as far as honour and integrity would sanction in any situation, without the reluctance I must necessarily feel on entering the ranks of common life in such an aristocratical country as England. Such were the impressions that induced me to promise my friend B—— that I would accompany him to America. For myself, how little soever I relished the predominant feelings of English society, I felt no love for America nor the Americans; it was not, therefore, any political feeling, nor any romantic illusion of retirement in the woods, that had any influence on my decision. My resolution being once formed, I bustled through the preparations for my departure, and with a smiling face, but aching heart, jumped into the coach that conveyed us to Liverpool, there to embark for new scenes and adventures.

We decided on traversing the United States on our way to Upper Canada; and, accordingly, took our passage to New York. The evening before we embarked, I went out of the city alone, ascended a slight rising ground, and thence took a last survey of the wide prospect that lay before me of the wonders of commerce, the applications of science, and the splendid creations of wealth and knowledge. "Here," I said to myself, "is the last view I shall, perhaps, ever enjoy of the wonderful effects of human talent,—of the incessant dominion of mind over the properties of matter,—of civilized man over the distant and uncivilized regions of the earth! I go to scenes where Nature reigns supreme—where the influence of man is scarcely felt amidst the immensity of wilderness—where he appears only as the red hunter of the woods, or the wretched exile from distant and more genial climes. I am to lose the society that lightens all the evils of life, that makes life itself a boon—those friends whose smile gladdens the heart, whose sympathy consoles, whose experience guides:—all these I leave for cold, unsympathizing, uncultivated strangers,—for solitude in all its desolation,

—for seclusion from the very face of man;—and from the smile of woman, of educated woman, I must be for ever debarred. But why do I bring up these sad anticipations in ghostly perspective before my mental eye, when I must *now* stand the hazard of the die! Away, then, with regret! Let Adversity shower her pitiless arrows on my head: once embarked on the Western wave, my heart shall be steeled to fortune and to fate—every thought of the home of my fathers I will dissipate by constant exertion and by pressing forward to the hopes of the future. The wilderness I shall change into the fruitful field; I shall tame the wild Indian; guide the untutored emigrant; and, amidst the diversified cares of a rising colony, find no leisure to revert to the pleasures, hopes, or occupations of the country I have left behind." Fired with the thought, I speedily re-entered the city, and retired to my chamber to dream of woods, waterfalls, Indian hunters, the rifle, and the tomahawk.

Next morning we were at sea. To say that I was not sad on leaving England, would be untrue; but the second morning saw me rise careless of the past, and almost reckless of the future. Beyond the bounds of our vessel every thing was forgotten. I enjoyed, in a word, that delightful *quietude* which fine weather at sea can alone produce, when no fear of the future intrudes but " such as fancy can assuage,"—when every thought and feeling of the past is wholly obliterated from the mind. Whether other travellers have experienced at sea the same oblivion of care, I know not; but in my own case, the absence of mind was complete: every morning saw me rise calm and contented; every evening saw me retire to my couch careless of the morrow.

After a six weeks' passage we reached the bustling city of New York. The bay, with its beautiful islands, the neat houses and country-seats on the shore, offering to my fancy a grateful retreat from the toils and torments of European existence; and the city of "the Manhattans," rising proudly above the waters, surrounded by countless ships from every country on the globe, presented to me one of the most beautiful and interesting prospects I had ever beheld. Nor were we disappointed at the appearance of cultivated and uncultivated nature on the shore. The maize-fields were then waving in the full luxuriance of an American autumn; the gardens teemed with the finest fruits and most fragrant flowers; and the general impression made on me by the aspect of the New World, was one of joy and satisfaction. Notwithstanding their charms, New York, Hoboken, and Long Island did not detain us long; for like those who see an evil impending, and hasten forward to escape the anguish of suspense, we hastily left these interesting scenes, travelled by the steam-boat to Albany, thence on horseback to Lake Ontario, and, after visiting the falls of Niagara, reached York, the capital of Upper Canada.

We found here little to interest any one but a land-surveyor or a government-agent; the one to decoy the unwary emigrant to the *free* lands in the back settlements, and the other to pocket *the fee* required for making a *grant*. The *fee* for these poor lands is not *much greater* than the *selling price* of the most fertile tract! Not choosing to settle on the government lands, my friend and myself purchased two small *sections* that had been partially cleared by American emigrants, near the shores of Lake St. Clair, a few hundred miles from York; and we repaired immediately to our respective stations. Winter was approach-

ing, and not finding myself sufficiently acquainted with living in the woods to commence my career with the savage gloom of a Canadian winter, I left my small farm and log-house at the end of November, and established myself at Amherstburg with a pleasant Yankee family, which had lately removed from Detroit. Snow soon covered the ground, the rivers and lakes were frozen over, and travelling could only be performed in the sleigh or *traineau*. Upper Canada does not participate in the bustle, feasting, and jollity that pervade the Lower Province, where winter is the season of pleasure. The cold perhaps is not so intense, but the weather is infinitely more variable; the snow does not lie long on the ground at any one time; and what is worse than all, the inhabitants have none of the gaiety, open-heartedness, and hospitality for which the French Canadians are so distinguished. In fact, nothing could be more dismal than the face of the country: the lofty trees, covered with icicles or masses of frozen snow, seemed like obelisks on the banks of the solitary streams; a deer, a raccoon, or a wolf occasionally varied the monotony of the scene, but there was enough to appal the stoutest breast. I sometimes accompanied my fellow-boarders to hunt the bear and the raccoon, but the pleasures of the chase at this season and in this climate were not such as to create envy. With the thermometer at 20 degrees below zero, we passed ten or twelve hours without refreshment, and then perhaps found shelter in some log-hut, open to all the winds of heaven. Often, during the night, have I stretched my hand through the logs while asleep, and been hastily awaked by finding them resting on the snow without. The solitary blanket, or buffalo skin, that covered me, was each morning hard with the congealed respiration of the night. The morning light was always a relief to my wearied limbs, for I could then animate them by active exertion. Yet there were pleasant incidents even in a Canadian winter. Sometimes a numerous party in sleighs would set off in the afternoon to visit some neighbouring village, not more than thirty miles off; and there the plentiful, if not luxuriant, board of a *new* country,—the venison, the turkey, the apple-butter, the apple-toddy, and the numberless *hors d'œuvre* of American cookery, would console for the biting ferocity of the cold; while the dance, the song, and the frolicking of the evening, unconstrained by the fashionable prudery of European *mauvaise honte*, would have warmed the blood of the Esquimaux in their subterranean retreats, and were sufficiently attractive even to the *ci-devant* amateur of the waltzes of Vienna, the *entrechats* of Paris, and the luscious *boleras* of Andalusia! No inconsiderable part of the merriment of these frolics arose from the want of accommodation for the male and female visitors: some danced or courted till dawn; some adjourned to the twenty-bedded room, where travellers of all ages and sexes reposed, or did not repose, till the call of morn. But why expose the *memorabilia* of a Canadian frolic? Poor souls! they have but few relaxations in their monotonous existence; and from those that lie within their reach, who shall pretend to debar them? Not I, my dear Canadians! Sparkle away till the northern blast shall no longer freeze the stormy bosom of Michigan, till Niagara shall no longer pour its waters into the foaming abyss, till Erie shall be free from storms, snakes, and fevers! May your sleigh meet no stumps in its path—may your steed never refuse to glide you and your fair companion to

the neighbouring frolic—may you never find accommodation when you require none—and may you ever lose your way when you and your partners are agreed!

The dreary winter passed along, and the warm sun of May called me again to the woods: for what is a farm in the interior of America but the clearing away of a few trees from the forest—an oasis in the desert? My newly acquired property was little more than a mile from the lake, on the banks of a romantic creek, shaded by oaks, sycamores, and other majestic trees, and winding its course through a beautiful valley. On ascending a hill above the creek, a meadow of about fifteen acres appeared, and beyond it, in the very centre of my farm, amidst a tuft of apple-trees, rose the log-house on the declivity of the hill. Farther up the hill, immediately behind the house, was the orchard, containing about two hundred peach and apple-trees. Round these were the various fields, containing in all about sixty acres of excellent land. On all sides the forest bounded my little farm, and my view extended not beyond my own territory. "I was lord of all I surveyed." On one side of my dwelling was a large garden; and the orchard was on the other. Even in the intervening space, small though it was, between the house and garden, I enjoyed the delightful shade produced by a lofty apple-tree, which was nearly three feet in diameter. Round the trunk of this tree I constructed a verdant seat of turf, to which I was wont to retire in the heat of the day. To solace my leisure hours, I had a tolerable collection of books, but this summer they were little used.

Immediately on my arrival began the bustle of corn-planting, and this, my first essay in farming, proved highly agreeable; in fact, every occupation was pleasant after the repose of the winter. My garden became likewise an object of care; and my attentions were so amply rewarded that it formed ever afterwards a source of great and constant satisfaction. Could it be otherwise than delightful to behold the rapid progress of vegetation in such a fertile soil, shone upon by such a glorious sun? My attention to my garden was not at all consonant to the rude habits of the settlers; and, in fact, they began to entertain strong suspicions of my sanity when they saw me working in my garden before sunrise, watering it after sunset, and in the afternoon reposing under the shade of my spacious apple-tree, reading some book that contained not one particle of information respecting corn, cattle, flour, or lumber. Yet my crops were as plentiful as those of others, and my garden became a proverb through the country for beauty and fertility. My neighbours were beginning to form rather a favourable notion of my *savoir faire*, when their good opinion was totally altered at finding that I did not sell the produce of my garden, but gave it away to any one who thought proper to ask for it. This was indeed a proof of *dementia furiosa.*

My garden, my books, my occupations, and the novelty of every appearance around me, made me pass the summer without much *ennui*, and often even with high satisfaction. To a passing traveller, indeed, nothing can be more delightful than a summer's day in the lovely regions of the West. The coolness of morning braces the nerves, the beautiful variety of the birds of the forest is pleasant to the eye, the odour of the most splendid vegetation is grateful to the sense, and the

serenity of the world around dispels every sorrow from the breast. The splendour of the noontide-sun is unequalled in the fairest climes of Europe. The deep shade of the forest protects from the scorching rays of mid-day, and the delightful coolness of evening invites you to enjoy "the calm, the quiet hour" in peaceful meditation. On every side the whip-po-will pours its plaintive notes; the humming of birds of every species forms a grateful music that "steeps the senses in forgetfulness;" and the very lowing of the bull-frog is an agreeable variety in the scene. Oft have I enjoyed this delightful serenity till the midnight hour has passed along—till the brilliant unclouded moon has risen high in the heavens, and all Nature has been hushed to repose.

Yes! "'twas sublime, but sad."—Even in the most lovely scenes that Nature ever unfolded to man, we derive half our pleasure from the delight they afford to our companions, and from the associations we form between the animate and inanimate world. When we have no one to whom we can say—"How beautiful is the prospect of that lake—how delightful the aspect of Nature!"—we feel a dreariness within ourselves—wish to encounter every toil and every danger, so that we enjoy again the society of our fellow-beings, and can find no permanent pleasure in all the beauties and bountiful gifts of Nature without a companion:—we feel that "it is not good for man to be alone."

Such were some of the feelings that impressed me in my first Canadian summer. My *second* summer was spent among the Indians of Michigan, and the fur-traders of the Mississippi. There began my adventures in the West.

Y.

CHARITY.

O Charity, meek daughter of the skies!
Thou loveliest of the lovely sisters three,
(Sweet members of Heaven's holy family)
That with Religion walk in seraph guise—
Thou hast not Faith's fix'd eye, nor yet the smile,
The rainbow-smile of Hope, dispelling gloom;
But oh! Heaven's mildest radiance doth illume
Thy face with beaming love, that can beguile
The sigh from wasting Sorrow; and thy voice,
Like soothing harmony, doth gently raise
Despondence from his couch, and bids rejoice
Ev'n blank Despair, and, whispering sweet, allays
The frantic turbulence of Woe!—Fair saint!
In thee burns clear and bright the holy flame
Of pure benevolence; the voice of Fame
Thou lov'st not; but to Misery's feeble plaint
Thy heart is ever open, and thy hand
Brings instant succour! Gentle spirit blest!
No thought of evil harbours in thy breast;
In thy pure presence, Slander dumb doth stand,
And Malice melts to love. Thou mov'st the heart,
Long dead to pity's kindly throb; in the eye
That knows not how to weep in sympathy,
Thou tell'st the tear, the friendly tear, to start;
And oh! benign instructress, by thee taught,
Man feels to man that love which brothers ought!

C. C. C.

FAME.

——— Tentanda via est qua me quoque possim
Tollere humo victorque virûm volitare per ora.

The public papers related a short time since that a certain "*grande dame de par le monde*," (to borrow a phrase from Brantome) placing herself, in order to remove to the supper-room, between the conqueror of Waterloo and Signor Rossini, observed with complacence to her conductors, that she was between "the two greatest persons of the age." This was most likely intended to be very civil; but I would not give sixpence for the choice in betting on which side the compliment was worst taken, by the "*generalissimo des doubles-crochets*," or the "great captain." For however much the world may be agreed in thinking the slayer of many men no fit comparison for a fiddler, who, on the authority of Joe Miller, does not even kill time, for he only beats it, it is quite as clear that a fiddler "has the same organs and dimensions" for vanity, as *le marechal le mieux decoré* among the 1,500,000 troops of the Holy Alliance; and is quite as likely to exaggerate his own importance. In the Temple of Fame there are many chambers; and the inhabitants of its cellars and back garrets are very little disposed to yield in pretension to those of the loftier apartments: just as a French marquise is as proud of her "*au cinquieme*" in the Tuileries, as Charles the Tenth can for his life be of the "*au premier*," of which he has just taken possession. "*La vanité*," says Charron, "*est la plus essentielle et propre qualité de l'humaine nature;*" and the worst of it is, that jealousy not only subsists between the several candidates for reputation in its various departments, but even the mob are as open to the passion, and as angry at the success of a neighbour, as if he were "taking the bread out of their mouths;" insomuch that it is impossible for the *plus mince personage* to be great with impunity. An honest citizen cannot arrive at the "dignity of knighthood," or a thriving tradesman be elected for the ward, without being as much persecuted for his success, as if he had really done his fellow-creatures some essential service. Nay, if a man makes but "a neat and appropriate speech" at a parish meeting, or is voted a silver snuff-box by his club for telling fat stories, he will be sure to find some slavish rascal at his elbow to remind him that he is but mortal. Accordingly, when a great reputation gets a tumble, all the world of underlings flock to enjoy the sport, and run the round of their coteries, with an hypocritical and a lackadaisical air, wondering, pitying, and lamenting their victim out of every possible excellence, and leaving his reputation "not worth picking out of the gutter." Yet, after all, what is fame that it should be so desirable? Is it to hear oneself cited as Mr. Washerwoman Irwine by a malaprop pretender to literature? or, like the modern Anacreon, to hear a fair *imbecile* cry "*ah! que c'est drole!*" in the midst of one's most impressive and pathetic melody? Or is it (to mount from the ridiculous to the miserable) so vast a pleasure to have one's time occupied, and one's privacy broken in upon, by every stranger's affairs?—to find one's table covered with MS. epics, unpublishable novels, and unreadable sermons; all of which claim at least the trouble of a reply, more difficult to word so as to avoid offence, than if it were intended for the perusal of an Attorney-

General? Is it delight to be open to the impertinence of anonymous letters, from those to whom you have refused

> Your friendship, and a prologue, and ten pounds?

or to the still more impertinent communication of the existence of lampoons and criticisms against yourself, that may be bought in for the moderate sum of twenty guineas? Is it so exceedingly agreeable at all times, and in all places, to be "upon your best behaviour," and obliged to wear better clothes, lodge better and feed better, than you can afford, or than is compatible with ease and comfort, because you are conscious that the eyes of all the world are directed towards you, and that you cannot cross the street without the certainty of being recognized as the celebrated Mr. This, or the famous Mr. That, by half the blackguards in the parish? All this, however, and many more equally charming particulars, "too tedious to mention," do not prevent all sorts and conditions of people from aiming at notoriety; and as a few only of Nature's favourites can even attempt to acquire fame in the higher departments of renown, the mass of the species are compelled to seek the gratification of their darling passion by some strange by-path, and to achieve renown by some whimsical singularity, some unimagined affectation, some pleasant extravagance; or, to sum the whole in one word, since they cannot become eminent for virtue or talent, to make themselves notorious by being simply ridiculous.

This thirst for distinction is among the most pregnant sources of absurdity and miscarriage among the lower classes. However humble a man's station in life may be, he is dignified and respectable as long as he fulfils its duties simply and unaffectedly, and pretends to nothing beyond it. In the sober eye of philosophy, the London artisans assembling round the lecture-table of the Mechanic's Institution after their day's labour, and seeking knowledge in the midst of privation, will appear perhaps among the best specimens of the human species. But when once the being, whose habits, means, and education confine his ideas within a narrow sphere, looks down upon his condition as abject, and strives to carve for himself a personal notoriety, foreign from his circumstances, it is well if he only become "an eccentric," and does not lapse into some dangerous excess. This abominable passion for becoming conspicuous, breaks out in a thousand extravagances, turning "from grave to gay, from lively to severe," and shewing itself as much in the serious business of life, as in the idlest pastimes. It is this petty ambition which has sent to Coventry the good old Saxon term "shop," a term which is never now heard except at the banker's, with whom it is technical. One gentleman opens a register-office for servants, and strives to become "famous" by dignifying his *bureau* with the modern Greek title of Therapolegia (or, as the servants pronounce it, the-rap-o'-the-leg-ia) by which he thinks himself as high-sounding a personage as the Hospodar of Wallachia. Another ingenious artist, presiding over a second-hand carriage shop, and not contented with the modern neologism of "repository," christens his establishment Rhedarium. A third has a "hall" for selling stockings; a fourth opens "a warehouse" for green groceries and small beer; while blacking and polonies can be found in no place less elevated than an "emporium;" and if you are in want of a child's kite, it is no longer to be had in a

toyshop, but is readily to be met with in arcades and bazaars. This folly is not confined to the humbler walks of trade. Every tradesman is a merchant; every conspiracy of "two or more persons" against the purses of the community, is "a company," and the retailing instrument of the speculation, no longer a plain shopkeeper, but "an agent."

But the easiest road to personal distinction, and therefore the most frequented, is through dress; and in this particular, the ruling passion developes itself about the age of puberty, in a slight lateral and sinister inclination of the hat, a knowing tie of the silk handkerchief, or a full plaited shirt. Not but that dandyism, when it arrives at the dignity of an *état*, is a legitimate ground of fame. My remarks are confined to those who not being "*up*" to the true elements of Schneiderography, trade rather on the oddity than the perfection of their dress. Of this the apothecary's mulberry coat is an instance. (The Dalmahoy wig, "which should accompany it," has long fallen, with other remnants of the wisdom of our ancestors, "into the yellow leaf.") Another case in point is the enormous powdered cue of the French postilion, which still keeps its place in spite of all revolutions, knocking synchronously between his shoulders to the cracking of his own whip. Need I mention the violent mal-assortment of colours in dress, such as was many years exhibited on the persons of the three Mr. Wiggins's? As for genuine dandyism, the "*aliquid plus quam satis est*" in dress, is not less dangerous to the reputation than to the purse of the lower orders. It is ever a failure; dress alone will not make a shopboy look like a dragoon officer, nor convert an attorney's clerk into a guardsman; it will not do alone; dress may make a kiddy of a raff, but it will not make him a dandy; and so there's no more to be said on the matter. This sort of personage had therefore better look to some other ground of distinction; waggery, for instance, which is wonderfully taking. The singing a droll song, the smutting a friend's face, as an Irishman would say, behind his back, or sticking his wig full of straws, are claims to reputation rarely denied. Imitating a bassoon with a poker is a good passport to club-renown; so is mimicking the noise of a saw, or favouring one's friends with the loves of "two intriguing cats in a gutter." These, however, are but inferior routes to renown. At present there is no better sort of celebrity than that which is obtained through the police-office; beating a watchman or kicking a prostitute are sure cards. The youth who cannot get a wrangler's degree at Oxford may attain "an honour" by his disputations in the boxing-schools; and he who cannot cross the "*pons asinorum*" may distinguish himself by his calculations in Bennet-street, St. James's. It belongs exclusively to the age in which we live to have struck out a new route to celebrity through a chalk-pit, and to have founded reputations on the dead walls of the metropolis, where they glitter in cretaceous characters "in form so palpable" that he who runs may read them. What is the name of Byron to the bonassus? what the "great unknown" to the no less mysterious B. C. Y? or what even are the all-pervading "peptic precepts" of Dr. Kitchener to that metaphysical ubiquitarian Dr. Eady, who reminds one of the Frenchman of whom his friend said, "Le pauvre homme il est mort sans doute; je ne l'ai vu qu'une fois aujourd'hui." It is no longer true that wisdom cries out in the street and no one regards it.

The peccant "humour," however, of our lower orders, which shews itself in such various absurdities, is fortunately symptomatic of a strong constitution; and in this point of view may be considered with some indulgence. Under a despotism, the first wish of the humble and unprotected is to seek protection by being confounded with the mass, and to take shelter from persecution in personal obscurity. England, on the contrary, has at all times boasted of its candidates for vulgar fame. Every body being in the eyes of the law somebody, any body may without danger attract the notice of society; and the common fellow, like the patriot "that dares be honest in the worst of times," would scorn to shrink beneath the glance of a Bow-street officer or a spy. From the days of Addison's trunk-maker to Tiddidol, Sam House, the late Sir Geoffry Dunstan, and little Waddington, London has never wanted its candidates for mob notoriety. A reform in this particular might therefore be taken as a very bad sign of the times; and as such we heartily pray Heaven to avert it. The desire to become known "en faisant ses farces" may be injurious enough to the facetious underling, but it cannot compete in mischief to society with the graver follies of a high-born ambitious; and the 'prentice might reply to the reproving frown of the fanatical legislator, who would intrude on his pleasures, in the language of Martial,

> Innocuos permitte sales; cur ludere nobis
> Non liceat, licuit si jugulare tibi?

M.

LETTERS FROM THE EAST.—NO. X.

Mount Sinai.

At no great distance from the convent is the scene, in the solitudes of Midian, where tradition says Moses kept the sheep of Jethro, his father-in-law. It is a valley at the back of the Mount, between two ranges of mountains. A solitary group of trees stands in the middle. The superior apologised for his inability to supply us with any other than vegetable food, and advised us to buy a goat of the Arabs. This miserable creature, which had been obliged all its life to keep Lent on the rocks, was purchased for seven piastres; and, being pulled up through the window, was slain for the Christians' use, and served up, dressed in different ways, for dinner in the evening; but it proved so meagre, and had so unhappy a flavour, that we were obliged to abandon it.

A venerable monk, above ninety years of age, the oldest in the convent, paid us a visit in our apartments: he had resided here seventy years; and we asked him in what manner his life had passed during this best part of a century's confinement within the convent and garden-walls. One day, he said, had passed away like another; he had seen only the precipices, the sky, and the desert; and he strove now to fix all his thoughts on another world, and waited calmly the hour of his departure. He then dwelt much on the vanity of human pleasures and the nearness of eternity, and ended by asking me, very earnestly, for a bottle of rum. We had but one left for our future

journey, but gave it, however, to gratify the old father, who requested that my servant, when he brought it to his cell, would conceal it beneath his cloak, lest his brethren should catch a glimpse of it. On the third morning we set out early from the convent for the summit of Mount Sinai, with two Arab guides. The ascent was, for some time, over long and broken flights of stone steps, placed there by the Greeks. The path was often narrow and steep, and wound through lofty masses of rock on each side. In about half an hour we came to a well of excellent water; a short distance above which is a small ruined chapel. About half way up was a verdant and pleasant spot, in the midst of which stood a high and solitary palm, and the rocks rose in a small and wild amphitheatre around. We were not very long now in reaching the summit, which is of limited extent, having two small buildings on it, used formerly by the Greek pilgrims, probably for worship. But Sinai has four summits; and that of Moses stands almost in the middle of the others, and is not visible from below, so that the spot where he received the law must have been hid from the view of the multitudes around; and the smoke and flame, which, Scripture says, enveloped the entire Mount of Sinai, must have had the more awful appearance, by reason of its many summits and great extent; and the account delivered gives us reason to imagine the summit or scene where God appeared was shrouded from the hosts around; as the seventy elders only were permitted to behold, as "the body of heaven in its clearness, the feet of sapphire," &c. But what occasions no small surprise at first, is the scarcity of plains, valleys, or open places, where the children of Israel could have stood conveniently to behold the glory on the Mount. From the summit of Sinai you see only innumerable ranges of rocky mountains. One generally places, in imagination, around Sinai, extensive plains, or sandy deserts, where the camp of the hosts was placed, where the families of Israel stood at the doors of their tents, and the line was drawn round the mountain, which no one might break through on pain of death. But it is not thus: save the valley by which we approached Sinai, about half a mile wide, and a few miles in length, and a small plain we afterwards passed through, with a rocky hill in the middle, there appear to be few open places around the Mount. We did not, however, examine it on all sides. On putting the question to the superior of the convent, where he imagined the Israelites stood: every where, he replied, waving his hands about—in the ravines, the valleys, as well as the plains. Having spent an hour here, we descended to the place of verdure, and after resting awhile, took our road with one of the guides towards the mountain of St. Catherine. The rapture of Mr. W.'s feelings on the top of Sinai was indescribable; I expected to see him take flight for a better region. Being the son of a Rabbi at Munich, the conviction of being on the scene where God visited his people, and conferred such glory on them, was almost too much for him. After ascending again in another direction, we came at last to a long and steep descent that commanded a very noble scene, and reached at last a little valley at the bottom, that was to be our resting-place for the night. The mountains rose around this valley in vast precipices—a line of beautiful verdure ran along its whole extent, in the midst of which stood a deserted

monastery. The fathers had long been driven from it by the Arabs, but its various apartments were still entire, and afforded an excellent asylum for a traveller. This deep solitude had an exceeding and awful beauty;—the palms, the loftiest I ever saw, rose moveless, and the garden and grove were desolate and neglected; the fountain in the latter was now useless, and the channel of the rivulet that ran through the valley was quite dry; the walls were in ruins, and the olive, the poplar, and other trees, grew in wild luxuriance. Some old books of devotion were yet left behind within. Having chosen an apartment in the upper story, which opened into the corridor, and had been one of the cells of the exiled fathers, we took possession of it at night, kindled a fire on a large stone in a corner, and made a good supper of the rude provisions we had. There needed no spirit of romance in order to enjoy the situation exquisitely; few ideal pictures ever equalled the strangeness and savageness of this forsaken sanctuary in the retreats of Sinai. A quantity of dry shrubs had been spread on the floor for our bed, but it was impossible to sleep yet, as the moon had risen on the valley, and one of the Arabs went to another part of the corridor and played his rude guitar for our amusement. But still we slept soundly that night after our fatigues, and were called, long before sunrise next morning, by the Arabs, to ascend St. Catherine's. The path was almost always steep, sometimes even precipitous, and consisted of loose stones which gave way under the feet. The wind was extremely cold: the Arabs' hands were quite cramped by it. With great pleasure we reached a well of water deadly cold, beneath a perpendicular precipice, where it was never visited by the sun. After resting awhile, we again ascended, always amidst rocks of vast height, of the most grand and imposing forms, till we reached the summit, which was a very small peak, not above fifty feet in circumference; the wind here was so keen and subtile, that it seemed to pierce through us. St. Catherine's, supposed by some to be Mount Horeb, is the highest mountain in all the region around; but from its summit, as far as the eye could reach, nothing was to be seen on every side but ranges of naked mountains succeeding each other like waves of the sea. Between these rocky chains there are in general only ravines or narrow vallies. We at last began to descend, and with great pleasure reached the well again, and having climbed to the ledge of rock beneath which it stood, we kindled a fire and boiled some coffee, which drank like nectar; the cold was quickly banished from our frames, and we got into excellent spirits. Were my fancy stored with eastern imagery, I should exhaust it all in praise of this most excellent beverage, which is the real amulet and never-failing resource amidst fatigues and all sorts of hardships and privations. We now descended to the desolate monastery in the glen, and taking an Arab pipe, solaced ourselves in the abodes of the fathers, till the sultry heat was passed, and then proceeded for about two hours till we came to the celebrated rock of Meribah. It still bears striking evidence of the miracle about it, and is quite isolated in the midst of a narrow valley, which is here about two hundred yards broad. There are four or five fissures, one above the other, on the face of the rock, each of them about a foot and half long and a few inches deep. What is remarkable, they run along the breadth of the rock and are not

rent downwards; they are more than a foot asunder, and there is a channel worn between them by the gushing of the water. The Arabs still reverence this rock, and stuff shrubs into the holes, that when any of their camels are sick they may eat of it and recover. Two of the holes at this time were filled with reed for this purpose, and they believed it to be endowed with a peculiar virtue. The rock is of a beautiful granite, and is about five yards long, five in height, and four yards wide. This narrow valley soon opened into a plain, capable of containing a large number of people, where they probably stood, as well as around the rock, and in the valley, to receive the water that poured down. It is difficult to take that passage in Scripture literally, which says that the water from the rock followed them in their journeyings, when it is considered that from the nature of the country, their course was afterwards over rocky and rugged places and tracts of sand: to have carried that water over stony ascents and along dry and desert paths, which absorb all moisture, would have been an infinitely greater miracle than the bringing it at first out of the rock, or reproducing it in different parts of their journeys. Perhaps the passage may be intended to convey the latter meaning.

The two servants had been left behind in the convent, as Michel had been taken ill with a fever, and we were not aware that our Arab guides were disposed to act so treacherous a part.—We had left the spot about an hour; it was after sunset, and we were not very far from the convent, and were congratulating ourselves on being soon in our luxurious little cells, and enjoying a good supper after our fatigues, when we perceived some camels and dismounted Arabs standing at a small distance on the left; they had waited for us in this spot, and now called loudly to us to stop. We disregarded this, and walked on, when a Shieik advanced, and seized Mr. C. who shook him off: a young Arab, being enraged at this, drew his pistol, and presenting it, was about to fire, when another chief seized his arm; and in a moment we found ourselves surrounded and in the power of these Bedouins, who were twelve in number, among whom were three Sheiks; they were all armed with matchlock guns and sabres. Our effects and arms were in the convent, and we had nothing with us worth taking. They had arrived from their camp, some days distant, to demand a contribution of provisions from the monastery, which was refused by the fathers, the demand being so large, and they declared they could not comply with it without permission from the superior convent at Cairo. The Arabs being enraged, and aware of our being abroad, resolved to seize on, and detain us till a ransom was paid, or their demands complied with. In the confusion of the capture, and the noise of so many speaking at once, we hardly knew what they would be at; it was vain to tell them we were Ingleise, and at peace with them; that we were friends of the Pacha of Egypt. They lighted the matches of their musquets, and marched towards the convent, and, on approaching the garden wall, held a parley with two of the domestics on the top of it, and then proceeded beneath the high window, and, being much enraged, they were prepared for any violence. After calling loudly for some time, one of the monks reluctantly appeared at the window, and held a brief conversation with them; but it came to nothing. Had they

known any thing of an escalade, with what joy would they have stormed the convent, and put every one to the sword. We were then conducted some distance down the valley, till we arrived at the place where the night was to be passed; it was bright moonlight, and being very thinly clad, we felt the air extremely chill. Hassan, the chief, was a tall and noble-looking man, with eagle eyes, and teeth like the driven snow. He swore vehemently that he cared nothing for the Sultan of Turkey, of England, or for Mahmoud Ali; that no power should rescue us out of his hands. Beside some low and ruined walls a fire was kindled, the party soon assembled around it, and a cloak was laid on the ground behind, where the three captives were to rest. The fire was immensely large, and burnt fiercely, and threw its glare on the wild and dark features of the circle of Arabs around it, who conversed with vivid animation, and with passionate gestures. They had the civility to hand us a small cup of their coffee, a poor exchange for the good supper we had lost. If ever a day's exertion deserved a bed of down, it was the ascent of St. Catherine's; but our couch was the hard ground. I took a stone for my pillow, my companions were little better off, but we were quite exhausted with fatigue, and imagination fled in vain to our luxurious little chambers in the convent, with their soft cushions, and lamp already lighted, and the harmless monks gathering around. The cold wind awoke me in the night, the Arabs were fast asleep around the glowing embers of their fire, and, stepping cautiously over them, I got beside it, and never in my life enjoyed its warmth more. That night-scene was a fine subject for a painter: the precipices that rose close at hand, on which the moonlight rested; the sleeping figures of the Arabs round the fire beneath, and the ruined walls beside; the wild and solemn character of the scenery, fitted beyond all others to be a theatre for miracles, would have made an assemblage of objects but seldom beheld together.

The next morning, before sunrise, they were ready to depart for their camp, two or three days' journey distant. We made known to Hassan our uncertainty and apprehension of what would be their behaviour to us, when the chief lifted his right hand to Heaven, and swore by Allah, we should suffer no injury while in his power: an oath which is seldom violated by them. Being all mounted on camels, we set off; towards evening, we proceeded at a brisk trot, and entered the wilderness of Paran. The sun was setting, and we passed, at no great distance, Mount Paran: its form was most singular, yet indescribably grand; it had three sharp and pointed summits, and its side towards the wilderness was formed of perpendicular precipices of rock; between its three summits, which rose like towers, were cast the declining beams of the sun. It brought to mind the fine passage in the Prophet, "The glory of God shined from Mount Paran," &c.

The walk of the camel is not disagreeable, but the trot at which we had lately advanced, was no small inconvenience. Mr. W. who was rather unaccustomed to riding, disliked it much; he lamented our misfortune the most of any of the party; and he had reason, since his career of doing good to the people around Sinai and Tor was put a stop to, his journals and papers left in the convent, and it was uncertain how long this captivity was to last. He was an excellent young man, and

full of zeal in the prosecution of his object, but very unfit to meet with reverses of this kind, or to struggle with evils out of the path of his mission. He was our only interpreter with the Bedouins, as he had some knowledge of the Arabic language. The chief had given us reason to expect we should this night sleep under cover, and enjoy a comfortable meal, both of which we stood greatly in need of; but after travelling two or three hours after dark, and looking in vain for the light of some dwelling, we halted in the midst of the wilderness, where the sand was again to be our bed. Our supper consisted of some cake made of coarse flour and water, kneaded flat, and baked in the embers, and some coffee, without milk or sugar; however, we partook of it sociably with our captors, and then lay down to rest near some high bushes, through which the cold wind whistled shrill during the night. We set out long before sunrise next morning. The valley of Paran now became very narrow, the barriers of lofty rocks on each side approached each other closely; among them were often seen veins of various and beautiful marble. The hosts of Israel are supposed to have marched from the Red Sea to Sinai by this route. After advancing about three hours, we halted at a beautiful grove of palm-trees in the valley, in which was a spring of excellent water; some Arabs resided here, and we looked with anxiety for our breakfast. Of all modes of life upon earth, that of the Arabs possesses the fewest indulgences: they placed on a rock, a large piece of the cold cake left the night before, for our breakfast, and which being unleavened, was as heavy as lead; and the lonely grove of palms, and the sublime scenery of the wilderness, were insufficient at that moment to appease our vexation; for the pleasures of imagination, or the picturesque, would all have been instantly bartered for a good comfortable breakfast. We then proceeded, without halting, till about four o'clock, when we came to a small encampment of Arabs, who were the friends of Hassan's tribe. It was interesting to see the meeting of these friendly tribes in the desert; from their wandering habit of life, and their frequent and distant journeys, they seldom meet; but when they do, the pressing of the hand to the heart, the kiss on the cheek, the passionate exclamations and gestures of joy, prove the sincerity and fervour of their feelings. These Arabs insisted on our staying all night with them: we were very happy to hear this, as it was yet some hours ere sunset, and the journey of the day had been long enough. The camp consisted of ten tents ranged in a line; in one of these we were all accommodated. Our entertainers killed a goat for supper by way of a feast; it was boiled, as all their meat is, and served up, cut into large pieces, on dishes of wood; we had to help ourselves with our fingers; there were also thin cakes of bread, and a dish of melted butter to dip them in. This mountain-goat was eaten with great relish, and coffee was afterwards served round, with pipes. The Arabs appeared to enjoy themselves very much, and passed a long time in conversation; but as night drew on, they all dropped off one after another, and left us in possession of the tent, in common with a number of goats, who inhabited the further part. In the middle of the night, I was awoke by something moving near me, and putting out my hand, laid hold of a huge black goat, who, probably considering his territory invaded, had come to reconnoitre

the intruders—he then went and trampled over W. who was buried in a profound sleep, and the dim light from the desert scarcely allowed him to distinguish what kind of being molested him:—at last, having completely broken our repose, which we could scarcely afford to lose, the goat calmly walked off to his own quarters. Our servants at this time were living safely and luxuriously in the convent. Franco was quite at home, and ate his meals in peace and good will, although, being a Catholic, he could hold little Christian fellowship with such heathens as the Greeks; however he took possession of his master's room, reposed on the cushions, and sang his German hymns with much comfort. Michel was ill of a fever, and implored Franco to take a camel and follow and attend us during our captivity; but he shrunk at the idea of being in the hands of such lawless idolaters, where his outward man would be famished, and the inner one sorely buffeted and tried. The good fathers had wept at our capture, and protested their inability to afford the smallest alleviation. During the whole of the day that followed it, the convent was assailed by a fire of musketry from a number of Arabs, which rendered it unsafe to walk in the corridor or stir out of the apartments. This affords an illustration of the memorable print kept in the convents of Sinai and Cairo, and which is given to all pilgrims to carry to their homes, and several were presented to us. In this print is a lofty and vivid representation of Mount Sinai, rising up like a huge tower, Moses is seen toiling up the steep, with a long beard and staff, and nearly arrived at the top; beneath is the convent of Mount Sinai, out of the window of which is pushed the bald head of a monk, who is engaged in relieving the wants of the wicked Arabs, who, drawing their bows, cover the sands below; the arrows are seen flying and the loaves of bread falling at the same moment: the rock of Meribah, though some distance off, is brought in sight, and the water gushing forth. In the back-ground, although near two hundred miles off, is seen the passage of the Red Sea by the Egyptians, and Pharaoh, who leads them on, is shewn sinking in his chariot, to hasten which, Moses, who stands on the shore, has just aimed a tremendous blow at him with a cudgel. Few pilgrims, however, approach Mount Sinai now; and that intercourse with their fellow-creatures, which the resort to the convent formerly afforded the fathers, they are now almost entirely deprived of. The chief part of the day they are shut up in their cells or walking in the garden, and at evening they are to be seen seated on benches before the door of their apartments; each, when the weather is cold, with his little pot of charcoal burning before him.

WRITTEN AFTER READING THE CAPTURE OF THE ESMIRALDA BY LORD COCHRANE.

'Tis the still night hour,—hush'd lies the wide deep
Like eternity calm in its waveless sleep;
There is no moon in heaven, and between the dull clouds
But a pale lonely star here and there unshrouds
Its orb to the ocean's face.
Gloom reigns in thick silence around and around;
The muffled oars send not the shade of a sound—
Not a splash of the slow stricken water is heard,
Not the beat of a heart to bold enterprise spurred
By glory or dread of disgrace.

Softly on they are gliding, and with them is death
Ambush'd in the stillness that draws not a breath:
There are gallant hearts there that an hour will be
Sinking pulseless and cold in the fathomless sea,
Struck down in their daring deed.
They move solemn as moves a funereal band,
And nearer and nearer they make to the land—
Hath the darkness seal'd up every foeman's eye?—
Can no sentinel through the black midnight spy
The arm by whose power he shall bleed?

Rouse, Spaniard! they are on thee, and with them they bear
All high hope can cherish, and valour can dare,—
Up, Spaniard! and see, without breeze sweeping near,
Your ensign is waving in ominous fear
Where it never shall warn you again.
Yet nearer they float to the sleeping foe,
As the pestilence marches to havock they go;
And now they are seen by the weak star-shine,
And the death-shots bound over the slumbering brine
From the walls and the decks of Spain.

Now pull harder on through the deadly shower,
That the freeman may slay, but can never cower—
Through the smoke, and the blaze, and the iron hail,
And the shaking air and the sulphur pale,
On—on to the enemy's bow!
They are there! they have forced to the lofty deck—
They have widely scatter'd confusion and wreck,—
They have wither'd the Spaniard's courage and pride,
And the ocean reddens with the hot life-tide
That smokes down his gory prow.

He has turn'd from the combat—he runs below,
His flag flies not over his proud stern now,
His own Esmiralda is Liberty's prey,
She shall never again her vain tyrant obey;
Freedom's banner above her waves—
And *shall* wave, and *shall* triumph! for come is the hour
When, mocking the imposture of heaven-held power,
Man dares to be man, and no longer resign
To the Turk or the Spaniard his own right divine
Of resistance to tyrants and slaves!

L.

LOVE'S LABOUR LOST.

Mr. Editor.—Why this should be Shakspeare's labour lost is more than our love for the poet can answer. Inquire among his boasting admirers, ask the first ten you meet, if they have bestowed a second reading on this comedy, and if more than one assure you they have really gone through it twice, note it down as a curious fact. The English, with irreverence be it spoken, only admire acting plays; and presume to yield up, as an uncontested point, that Shakspeare could write bad ones. How sickening is the phrase of "it ranks among his inferior productions," and from those who crowd to see a favourite actor in "Richard the Third," and who have every speech at their tongues' end! Richard is not to be spoken of slightingly; nor is it, when we say that tragedy possesses less of the poet's soul than any other of his undisputed plays. But it works well on the stage, as it contains one all-absorbing character, and is full of changes and bustle. Uncommon actors and common audiences always delight in it,—that is, assisted by Cibber's legerdemain; for Avon's bard must be played tricks with, or he is not amusing. Shakspeare's plays lose on the stage, like Apollo tricked out by a tailor; others gain, like apprentices in their Sunday-clothes. To represent some of his works is avowedly beyond the power of the scene; and many, of quiet beauty, are cut down into operas, skeletons with shreds of nerve and sinew, stalking forward to take the silly town by the ears.

Did Shakspeare sometimes write to please himself, careless of the favour of a theatre? This is scarcely probable: he commenced writing for bread, and continued it for a competence in his age; he considered his plays as matters of profit, not of fame; for, in his Sonnets, he laments that Fortune had not provided for him better "than public means which public manners breed." Or was it that our ancestors at the Globe Theatre could feast on wit and poesy, in every varied shape, in the mirth, the whim of life, the witchery of fancy, and the passionate eloquence of the heart, and on these, and these alone, without a meretricious aid? Modern play-goers are one half for the show; and the remainder are spectators as much as auditors. Painters, dress-makers, and mechanists attempt to leave nothing to the imagination. Success or failure equally lays that faculty dormant; for who thinks of any thing but whether their labours are well or ill executed? Then comes the poet; and he must avoid all gentle feeling, as it will not "awake the snorting citizens;" nothing remains for him but the fiercest passions, as those who rejoice in a spectacle must rejoice in a noise. Whereas the audience at the Globe, aware they were to expect little more than mental enjoyment, went prepared to increase it. They were compelled to paint to themselves imaginary scenes; and that exertion of the fancy rendered them more capable of poetic feeling. The "Tempest," and "Midsummer Night's Dream," could then be heard unweariedly. The chorus to "Henry the Fifth" is omitted, with great propriety, on our modern stage, for who could obey his directions?

> 'Piece out our imperfections with your thoughts:
> Into a thousand parts divide one man,
> And make imaginary puissance:
> Think, when we talk of horses, that you see them

> Printing their proud hoofs i' the receiving earth:
> For 'tis your thoughts that now must deck our kings,
> Carry them here and there, &c."

We are not accustomed to such a call, and would refuse to listen to it. Instead of piecing out imperfections, the audience—the spectators I mean—find it more agreeable to criticise the costume of a crowd representing an army, the docility and evolutions of real horses, the profusion of costly robes, and the scene-painter's merits. If Shakspeare does not give a procession, the actors must, or the house will be thinly attended. Henry the Fifth shows his Coronation, Prospero his Triumph of Amphitrite, Juliet her Funeral, Titania gives us an Embassy from the "farthest steep of India," Antony and Cleopatra appear in the very thick of the battle of Actium, and the Two Gentlemen of Verona play their frolics in the Carnival. No, we need not be astonished at several of Shakspeare's plays being unfit for the stage. A melodrame, "full of sound and fury," signifies every thing for the town.

"Love's Labour Lost" is as perfect, in its kind, as "Hamlet." The purpose of the comedy is to ridicule artificial manners, the affectation of students, the forced pedantry of conversation, and the serious folly of striving against nature: and is not this done to the utmost? These are faults scarcely deserving of the lash, and the poet is generally content to place them in situations where they must inevitably expose themselves. The scene is ever out of doors, as if more effectually to confront them with nature. A good-humoured laugh is in every page, and we join in it throughout. Nothing disturbs the mild humanity of the poet. All the characters, men and women, courtly or clownish, are such as, in our best fellow-feelings, we long to take by the hand,—were it not from the dread of being forced to offer our drab-coloured discourse in exchange for their sparkling partycoloured wit. Here Majesty itself is a companionable gentleman; and we mix in the elegant groups of lords and ladies, or with Costard and Holofernes, and find ourselves always at home. We are carried back to the days of Elizabeth, when chivalrous knights began to understand that poetry was at least on a par with a tournament, and that a philosopher was not so dull as a day of state; when they first fell in love with the alphabet, and, in compliment to their modern Dulcinea, were ever careful not to open their mouths without due evidence of their having "fed of the dainties that are bred in a book."

Objections are made to the poverty of the fable, and to the want of skill in the contrivance. But this is a comedy of conversation, and the author would have destroyed his own purpose, had he admitted an intricacy of plot, or placed his characters in situations to call forth the wilder passions. A reader, who can enter into the spirit of the work, will find sufficient interest to keep his attention on the alert. As to the charge of a want of dramatic invention, where the four lovers follow each other to the same spot, and where three of them read their love-sonnets, and hide themselves, by turns, among the trees, possibly that may be considered of little weight. Three of the lovers are so artificial, that nothing could be more natural than for each to pen a sonnet to his lady, not only because it was out of his power to speak to her, but because it was the fashion to pen sonnets. Then again, each must sigh her name in a grove, because such had been, time out of

mind, the lover's humour. Besides, the pleasant discovery at the last, and Biron's eloquent poetry, make ample amends.

If Shakspeare had not assured us this young Ferdinand was King of Navarre, I could not have believed it. He is so unlike a king or a Ferdinand. He never once pleads his sacred anointment, nor threatens with his royal displeasure, nor receives flattery from great men of his own making, nor can he despise Costard the clown. His wit allows him to sport a jest, and his good temper to take one from others; and at all times he is superior to playing the monarch over his associates. Longaville, "well fitted in the arts, glorious in arms," and the "well accomplished youth," Dumain, are as much kings of the conversation as himself. A weariness of courtly pleasures, and the fashion and the idleness of the day, give these youths a butterfly-notion of being book-worms. Scholars they will be, and learned ones, and that at the end of three years; so they are to study very hard, and "not to see a woman in that term," with other strict observances touching fasting and watching,—easy to "record in a schedule." Their oaths are taken, and Biron, from pure good fellowship, joins the "Holy Alliance." Biron, whose ascendant mind cannot but convince their common sense, has no control over their folly. He argues, he rallies, but all in vain. Rousseau was not the first to "reason against reading;" Shakspeare's Biron was before him; and your hard spellers in a closet ought to con over the following passages betimes:

> "Study is like the Heaven's glorious sun,
> That will not be deep search'd with saucy looks;
> Small have continual plodders ever won,
> Save base authority from others books."
>
> * * * * * * *
>
> "So study evermore is overshot:
> While it doth study to have what it would,
> It doth forget to do the thing it should;
> And when it hath the thing it hunteth most,
> 'Tis won, as towns with fire; so won, so lost."

The "admired princess," "a maid of grace and complete majesty," with her three lovely girls, soon bring the gentlemen to their senses.

Then, for broad comic, what a list of unconscious drolls! We have a "refined traveller of Spain," a "tough Signor," "this child of fancy, that Armado hight."

> "One, whom the music of his own vain tongue
> Doth ravish like enchanting harmony;
> A man of compliments."

And he "is in love, yea, he loveth;" and asks favour of the "sweet welkin to sigh in his face." Holofernes stalks about with the ghost of a head; vanity was his Judith. This portentous schoolmaster was a satire on Florio, who gave the world a huge volume of hard words, mis-called a dictionary; he provoked Shakspeare by some ugly daubing, and Shakspeare, in return, painted him at full length. He "smells false Latin," and can "humour the ignorant" in bad verses,—"a gift," quoth he, "that I have, simple, simple! a foolish extravagant spirit, &c." and he is "thankful for it." Moreover he will play three of the worthies for his own share, "thrice worthy gentleman!" and "will not be put out of countenance." Sir Nathaniel, "the hedge-priest," is his

toad-eater, and piously says, "Sir, I praise the Lord for you, and so may my parishioners;" takes out his table-book to note a "most singular and choice epithet;" calls deer-shooting "very reverend sport, truly; and done in the testimony of a good conscience;" and gets a dinner gratis, "for society (saith the text) is the happiness of life." Some one says Shakspeare's characters are eternal,—God forbid! I beg pardon of the old courtier, Boyet, for placing him in such company, as "he is Cupid's grandfather, and learns news of him," one "that kissed away his hand in courtesy," and

* * * "Pecks up wit, as pigeons peas;
And utters it again when God doth please."

Costard, in his rusticity, looks on him as "a swain, a most simple clown!" and Costard is cunning,—he "had rather pray a month with mutton and porridge, than fast a week with bran and water," and has the capacity to hope he shall "fast on a full stomach." All these gentry speak, or ape to speak in

"Taffata phrases, silken terms precise,
Three-pil'd hyperboles, spruce affectation,
Figures pedantical."

"They have been at a great feast of languages, and stolen the scraps," as the little boy, Moth, tells us, that "handful of wit, who purchases his experience by his penny of observation," not too young to join, for the joke's sake, and with the best effect, in their full-blown talk, though old enough to laugh at it,—a character the poet has introduced to prove the absurdity of men priding themselves on the deformity of language. Oh! I have forgotten Dull the constable! "a man of good repute, carriage, bearing, and estimation."—"Via, goodman Dull! thou hast spoken no word all this while.

"*Dull.* Nor understood none neither, sir."

Thanks to these inverted commas, I have made a brilliant paragraph, and hope it will teach my readers to read "Love's Labour Lost." In the mean time let me refresh them with those often quoted lines, the character of Biron:

* * * * * "A merrier man,
Within the limit of becoming mirth,
I never spent an hour's talk withal:
His eye begets occasion for his wit;
For every object that the one doth catch,
The other turns to a mirth-moving jest:
Which his fair tongue (conceit's expositor),
Delivers in such apt and gracious words,
That aged ears play truant at his tales,
And younger hearings are quite ravished;
So sweet and voluble is his discourse."

And now, almost a novelty I believe, for it is to be feared the passage is little known, here is a long strain of Shakspeare's best poetry. It is put in the mouth of Biron, at the conclusion of the scene, after the discovery in the grove. Never was so true and so beautiful a compliment paid to women.

"Have at you then, affection's men at arms:
Consider what you first did swear unto;—
To fast,—to study,—and to see no woman,—
Flat treason 'gainst the kingly state of youth!

Say, can you fast? your stomachs are too young,
And abstinence engenders maladies.
And where that you have vow'd to study, lords,
In that each of you hath forsworn his book;
Can you still dream, and pore, and thereon look?
For when would you, my lord, or you, or you,
Have found the ground of study's excellence,
Without the beauty of a woman's face?
From women's eyes this doctrine I derive:
They are the ground, the books, the academies,
From which doth spring the true Promethian fire.
Why, universal plodding prisons up
The nimble spirits in the arteries;
As motion, and long-during action, tires
The sinewy vigour of the traveller.
Now, for not looking on a woman's face,
You have in that forsworn the use of eyes,
And study too, the causer of your vow;
For where is any author in the world
Teaches such beauty as a woman's eye?
Learning is but an adjunct to ourself,
And where we are, our learning likewise is.
Then, when ourselves we see in ladies' eyes,
Do we not likewise see our learning there?
O, we have made a vow to study, lords,
And in that vow we have forsworn our books;
For when would you, my liege, or you, or you,
In leaden contemplation, have found out
Such fiery numbers, as the prompting eyes
Of beauteous tutors have enrich'd you with?
Other slow arts entirely keep the brain,
And therefore finding barren practisers,
Scarce show a harvest of their heavy toil;
But love, first learned in a lady's eyes,
Lives not alone immured in the brain,
But with the motion of all elements,
Courses as swift as thought in every power,
And gives to every power a double power,
Above their functions and their offices.
It adds a precious seeing to the eye;
A lover's eyes will gaze an eagle blind;
A lover's ear will hear the lowest sound,
When the suspicious head of theft is stopp'd;
Love's feeling is more soft, and sensible,
Than are the tender horns of cockled snails;
Love's tongue proves dainty Bacchus gross in taste;
For valour is not love a Hercules
Still climbing trees in the Hesperides?
Subtle as sphinx; as sweet, and musical,
As bright Apollo's lute, strung with his hair;
And when love speaks, the voice of all the gods
Makes Heaven drowsy with the harmony.
Never durst poet touch a pen to write,
Until his ink were temper'd with love's sighs;
O, then his lines would ravish savage ears,
And plant in tyrants mild humility!
From women's eyes this doctrine I derive:
They sparkle still the right Promethian fire;
They are the books, the arts, the academies,
That show, contain, and nourish all the world;
Else, none at all in aught proves excellent.

Then fools you were these women to forswear,
Or, keeping what is sworn, you will prove fools.
For wisdom's sake, a word that all men love,—
Or, for love's sake, a word that loves all men,—
Or, for men's sake, the authors of these women,—
Or women's sake, by whom we men are men,
Let us once lose our oaths, to find ourselves,
Or else we lose ourselves to keep our oaths.
It is religion to be thus forsworn;
For charity itself fulfils the law,
And who can sever love from charity? H. M.

ROSEDALE AND ITS TENANTS.

About ten years ago the sober monotony of the quiet country neighbourhood in which I have passed the greater part of my life, was enlivened by the erection of one of the prettiest cottages that ever sprang into existence in brick or on paper. All strangers go to see Rosedale, and few "cots of spruce gentility" are so well worth seeing. Fancy a low irregular white rough-cast building thatched with reeds, covered with roses, clematis, and passion-flowers, standing on a knoll of fine turf amidst flower-beds and shrubberies and magnificent elms, backed by an abrupt hill, and looking over lawny fields to a green common, which is intersected by a gay high road, dappled with ponds of water, and terminated by a pretty village edging off into rich woodlands: imagine this picture of a place tricked out with ornaments of all sorts, conservatories, roseries, rustic seats, American borders, Gothic dairies, Spanish hermitages, and flowers stuck as close as pins in a pincushion, with every thing, in short, that might best become the walls of an exhibition-room, or the back scene of a play: conceive the interior adorned in a style of elegance still more fanciful, and it will hardly appear surprising that this "unique bijou," as the advertisements call it, should seldom want a tenant. The rapid succession of these occupiers is the more extraordinary matter. Every body is willing to come to Rosedale, but nobody stays.

In the first place it has the original sin of most ornamented cottages, that of being built on the foundation and within the walls of a real labourer's dwelling; by which notable piece of economy the owner saved some thirty pounds at the expense of making half his rooms mere nutshells, and the whole house incurably damp—to say nothing of the inconvenience of the many apartments which were erected as after-thoughts, the addenda of the work, and are only to be come at by outside passages and French window-doors. Secondly, that necessary part of a two-story mansion, the staircase, was utterly forgotten by architect, proprietor, and builder, and never missed by any person, till, the ladder being one day taken away at the dinner-hour, an Irish labourer accidentally left behind was discovered by the workmen on his return perched like a bird on the top of the roof, he having taken the method of going up the chimney as the quickest way of getting down. This adventure occasioned a call for the staircase, which was at length inserted by the by, and is as much like a step-ladder in a dark corner as any thing well can be.* Thirdly and lastly, this beautiful abode is

* This forgetfulness is not unexampled. A similar accident is said to have happened to Madame d'Arblay in the erection of a cottage built from the profits of her admirable Camilla.

most thoroughly inconvenient and uncomfortable. In the winter one might have as much protection in the hollow of a tree,—cold, gusty, sleety, wet,—snow threatening from above like an avalanche,—water gushing up from below like a fountain,—a house of cardpaper would be the solider refuge; in the summer it is proportionably close and hot, giving little shade and no shelter; and all the year round it is overdone with frippery and finery, a toy-shop in action, a Brobdignagian babyhouse. Every room is in masquerade: the saloon Chinese, full of jars and mandarins and pagodas; the library Egyptian, all covered with hieroglyphics, and swarming with furniture, crocodiles, and sphynxes. Only think of a crocodile couch and a sphynx sofa! They sleep in Turkish tents, and dine in a Gothic chapel. Now English ladies and gentlemen in their everyday apparel look exceedingly out of place amongst such mummery. The costume won't do—it is not in keeping. Besides, the properties themselves are apt to get shifted from one scene to another, and all manner of anomalies are the consequence. The mitred chairs and screens of the chapel, so very upright and tall and carved and priestly, were mixed up oddly enough with the squat Chinese bonzes; whilst by some strange transposition a pair of nodding mandarins figured amongst the Egyptian monsters, and by the aid of their supernatural ugliness, really looked human. Then the room taken up by the various knicknackery, the unnamed and unnameable generation of gewgaws! It always seemed to me to require more housemaids than the house would hold. And the same with the garden. You are so begirt with garlands and festoons, flowers above and flowers below, that you walk about under a perpetual sense of trespass, of taking care, of doing mischief, now bobbing against a sweetbriar, in which rencontre you have the worst; now flapped against by a woodbine, to the discomfiture of both parties; now revenging all your wrongs by tripping up an unfortunate balsam;—bonnets, coatskirts, and flounces in equal peril! The very gardeners step gingerly, and tuck their aprons tightly round them before they venture into that fair demesne of theirs which is, so to say, overpeopled. In short, Rosedale is a place to look at rather than to live in—a fact which will be received without dispute by some scores of tenants, by the proprietor of the County Chronicle, who keeps the advertisement of this "matchless villa" constantly set, to his no small emolument, and by the neighbourhood at large, to whom the succession of new faces, new liveries, and new equipages driving about our rustic lanes, and sometimes occupying a very tasty pew in our village-church, has long supplied a source of conversation as constant and as various as the weather.

The first person who ascertained, by painful experiment, that Rosedale was uninhabitable, was the proprietor, a simple young man from the next town, who unluckily took it into his head that he had a taste for architecture, and landscape-gardening, and so forth; and falling into the hands of a London upholsterer and a country nurseryman, assisted by a scene-painter from one of the theatres, produced the effort of genius that I have endeavoured to describe. At the end of a month he found that nobody could live there; and with the advice of the nurseryman, the upholsterer, and the scene-painter, began to talk of improving and rebuilding and new-modelling; nay he actually went so far as to send for the bricklayer—but, fortunately for our man of taste, he had a wife, and she

and the bills stopped the complaints and the improvements, sent her spouse back to his roomy comfortable red-brick house in the market-place at B——, drew up a flaming advertisement, and turned the grumbling occupant into a thriving landlord. Lucky for him was the day in which William Tasty, Esq. married Miss Bridget Smith, second daughter of Mr. Samuel Smith, attorney at law! And lucky for Mr. Samuel Smith was the hour in which he acquired a son-in-law, more profitable in the article of leases than the two lords to whom he acted as steward, both put together!

First on the list was a bride and bridegroom come to spend the first six months of their nuptials in this sweet retirement. They arrived towards the end of August with a great retinue of servants, horses, dogs, and carriages, well bedecked with bridal favours. The very pointers had white ribbons round their necks, so splendid was their rejoicing; and had each, as we were credibly informed, eaten a huge slice of wedding-cake when the happy couple returned from church. The bride, whom every body except myself called plain, and whom I thought pretty, had been a great heiress, and married for love the day she came of age. She was slight of form, and pale of complexion, with a profusion of brown hair, mild hazel eyes, a sweet smile, a soft voice, and an air of modesty that clung about her like a veil. I never saw a more loveable creature. He was dark and tall, and stout and bold, with an assured yet gentlemanly air, a loud voice, a confident manner, and a real passion for shooting. They stayed just a fortnight, during which time he contrived to get warned off half the manors in the neighbourhood, and cut down the finest elm on the lawn, one wet morning, to open a view of the high road. I hope the marriage has turned out happy, for she was a sweet gentle creature. I used to see her leaning over the gate, watching his return from shooting, with such a fond patience! And her bound to meet him when he did appear! And the pretty coaxing playfulness with which she patted and chided her rivals, the dogs! Oh I hope she is happy! but I fear, I fear.

Next succeeded a couple from India, before whom floated reports, golden and gorgeous as the clouds at sunset. Inexhaustible riches—profuse expenditure; tremendous ostentation; unheard-of luxury; ortolans; becaficos; French-beans at Christmas; green-peas at Easter; strawberries all the year round; a chariot and six; twelve black footmen; and parrots and monkeys beyond all count:—these were amongst the most moderate of the rumours that preceded them; and every idle person in the village was preparing to be a hanger-on, and every shopkeeper in B. on the look-out for a customer, when up drove a quiet-looking old gentleman in a pony-cart, with a quiet-looking old lady at his side, and took possession, their retinue following in a hack post-chaise. Whether the habits of this eastern Crœsus corresponded with his modest *debut* or his magnificent reputation, we had not time to discover, although from certain indications I conceive that much might be said on both sides. They arrived in the middle of a fine October, while the China roses covered the walls, and the China asters and Dahlias, and fuschias and geraniums in full blow, gave a summer brilliancy to the lawn; but scarcely had a pair of superb Common Prayer-books, bound in velvet, and a Bible with gold clasps entered in possession of the pew at church, before there "came a frost, a nipping frost,"

which turned the China asters and China roses brown, the Dahlias and geraniums black, and the nabob and nabobess blue. They disappeared the next day, and have never been seen or heard of since.

Then arrived a fox-hunting baronet, with a splendid stud and a splendid fortune. A young man, a single man, a handsome man! Every speculating mamma in the country fixed her eyes on Sir Robert for a son-in-law; papas were sent to call; brothers were enjoined to go out hunting and get acquainted; nay even the young ladies (I grieve to say it) shewed symptoms of condescension, which might almost have made their grandmothers start from their graves. But what could they do? The baronet, with the instinct of a determined bachelor, avoided a young lady as a sparrow does a hawk, and discovering this shyness, they followed their instinct as the hawk would do in a similar case, and pursued the coy bird. It was what sportsmen call a fine open season, which being translated, means every variety of wintry weather except frost,—dirty, foggy, sleety, wet; so such of our belles as looked well on horseback took the opportunity to ride to cover and see the hounds throw off, and such as shone more as pedestrians would take an early walk, exquisitely drest, for their health's sake, towards the general rendezvous. Still Sir Robert was immovable. He made no morning calls, accepted no invitations, spoke to no mortal till he had ascertained that there was neither sister, aunt, nor cousin in the case. He kept from every petticoat as if it contained the contagion of the plague, shunned ball-rooms and drawing-rooms as if they were pest-houses, and finally had the comfort of leaving Rosedale without having even bowed to a female during his stay. The final cause of his departure has been differently reported. Some hold that he was frightened away by Miss Anna Maria Simmons, who had nearly caused him to commit involuntary homicide (is that the word for killing a woman?) by crossing and recrossing before his hunter in Sallowfield-lane, thereby putting him in danger of a coroner's inquest; whilst others assert that Mr. Tasty happening to call one snowy day, found his tenant in dirty boots on the sphynx sofa, and a Newfoundland dog dripping with mud on the crocodile couch, and gave him warning on the spot. I regard this legend as altogether apocryphal, invented to save the credit of the house, by assuming that one of its many inhabitants was turned out contrary to his own wish. My faith goes entirely with the Anna Maria version of the history; the more so, as that gentle damsel was so inconsolable as to marry a former beau, a small squire of the neighbourhood, rather weatherbeaten, and not quite so young as he had been, within a month after she had the ill-luck not to be run over by Sir Robert.

However that may have been, "there ensued a vacancy" in Rosedale, which was supplied the same week by a musical family, a travelling band, drums, trumpets, harps, pianos, violins, violincellos, tambourines and German-flutes—noise personified! an incarnation of din! The family consisted of three young ladies who practised regularly six hours a day, a governess who played on some instrument or other from morning till night, one fluting brother, one fiddling ditto, a violincelloing music-master, and a singing papa. The only quiet person amongst them, the "one poor halfpennyworth of bread to this monstrous quantity of sack," was the unfortunate mamma, sole listener, as

it seemed, of her innumerous choir. Oh how we pitied her! she was a sweet placid-looking woman, handsome, and younger in appearance than either of her daughters, with a fair open forehead, full dark eyes, lips that seemed waiting to smile, a deep yet cool colour, and a heavenly composure of countenance, resembling in features, expression and complexion, the small Madonnas of Raphael. We never ceased to wonder at her happy serenity till we discovered that the good lady was deaf, which somewhat diminished the ardour of our admiration. How this enviable calamity befel her, I did not hear,—but of course that din! The very jars and mandarins became cracked under the incessant vibration; I only wonder that the poor house did not break the drum of its ears, did not burst from its own report, like an overloaded gun. One could not see that unlucky habitation half a mile off without such a feeling of noise as comes over one in looking at Hogarth's Enraged Musician; to pass it was really dangerous. One stage-coach was overturned, and two postchaises and four ran away in consequence of these uproarious doings; and a sturdy old-fashioned squire, who rode a particularly anti-musical startlish blood-horse, began to talk of indicting Rosedale as a nuisance, when, just at the critical moment, its tenants had the good fortune to discover, that although the hermitage with its vaulted roof made a capital concert-room, yet that there was not space enough within doors for their several practisings, that the apartments were too small and the partitions too thin, so that concord was turned into discord, and harmonies went crossing each other all over the house—Mozart jostled by Rossini, and Handel put down by Weber. And away they went also.

Our next neighbours were two ladies, not sisters, except, as one of them said, in soul, kindred spirits determined to retire from the world and emulate, in this sweet retreat, the immortal friendship of the ladies of Llangollen. The names of our pair of friends were Brown and Green, Miss Letitia Brown and Miss Dorothea Green, commonly called Dolly. Both were of that unfortunate class of young ladies, whom the malicious world is apt to call old maids, both rich, both independent, and both in the fullest sense of the word Cockneys. Letitia was tall and lean and scraggy and yellow, dressing in an Arcadian sort of way, pretty much like a shepherdess without a crook, singing pastoral songs prodigiously out of tune, and talking in a deep voice, with much emphasis and astounding fluency, all sorts of sentimentalities all day long. Miss Dorothea, on the other hand, was short and plump, and round-faced and ruddy, inclining to vulgarity, as Letitia to affectation, with a great love of dancing, a pleasant chuckling laugh, and a most agreeable habit of assentation. Juxtaposition laid the corner-stone of this immortal friendship, which had already lasted four months and a half, and, cemented by resemblance of situation and dissimilarity of character, really bade fair to continue some months longer. Both had been heartily tired of their previous situations; Letitia keeping house for a brother in Aldersgate-street, where she was overwhelmed with business, Dolly living with an aunt on Fish-street-hill, where she had nothing to do. Both had a passion for the country; Letitia, who, except one jaunt to Margate, had never been out of the sound of Bow-bells, that she might ruralise after the fashion of the poets, sit under trees, and gather roses all day long; Dolly, who, in spite of yearly trips to Paris and

Brussels and Amsterdam and Brighton, had hardly seen a green field, except through a coach-window, was on her side possessed with a mania for management and notability; she yearned to keep cows, fat pigs, breed poultry, grow cabbages, make hay, brew and bake and wash and churn. Visions of killing her own mutton flitted over her delighted fancy; and when one evening, at a ball in the Borough, her favourite partner had deserted her to dance with her niece, and Miss Letitia, who had been reading Miss Seward's Letters, proposed to her to retire from the world and its vanities, in imitation of the illustrious recluses of Llangollen, Miss Dolly, caught above all things with the circumstance of making her own butter every morning for breakfast *, acceded to the proposal most joyfully.

The vow of friendship was taken, and nothing remained but to look out for a house. Dorothy wanted a farm, Letitia a cottage. Dorothy talked of cows and clover, Letitia of nightingales and violets. Dorothy longed for Yorkshire pastures, Letitia for Welsh mountains; and the scheme seemed likely to go off for want of an habitation, when Rosedale, in all the glory of advertisement, shone on Miss Letitia in the Morning Post, and was immediately engaged by the delighted friends, on a lease of seven, fourteen, or one-and-twenty years.

It was a raw, blowy March evening when the fair partners arrived at the cottage. Miss Letitia made a speech in her usual style on taking possession, an invocation to friendship and rural nature, and a deprecation of cities, society, and man; at the conclusion of which, Miss Dolly underwent an embrassade; and having sufficiently admired the wonders within, they sallied forth with a candle and lanthorn to view their ruralities without. Miss Letitia was better satisfied with this ramble than her companion; she found at least trees and primroses, whilst the country felicities of ducks and chickens were entirely wanting. Dolly, however, reconciled the matter by supposing they were gone to roost, and, a little worn out by the journey, wisely followed their example. The next day saw Miss Letitia obliged to infringe her own rule, and admit a man—the apothecary—into this maiden abode. She had sate under a tree nearly an hour the night before, listening for a nightingale, and was laid up by a most unpastoral fit of the rheumatism. Dorothea in the meanwhile was examining her territory by daylight, and discovering fresh cause of vexation at every step. Here she was in the country, in a cottage, "comprising," as the advertisement set forth, "all manner of convenience and accommodation," without cow or sheep, or grass or corn, or pig or chicken, or turkey or goose;—no laundry, no brewhouse, no pigsty, no poultry-yard! not a cabbage in the garden! not a useful thing about the house! Imagine her consternation!

But Dolly was a person of activity and resource. She sallied out forthwith to the neighbouring village, bought utensils and live stock, turned the coach-house into a cow-stall, projected a pigsty in the rosery, installed her ducks and geese in the orangery, introduced the novelty of real milk-pans, churns, and butter-prints, amongst the old China, Dutch tiles, and stained glass of that make-believe toy the Gothic dairy, placed her brewing vessels in the housekeeper's room, which to

* Vide Anna Seward's Correspondence.

accord with the genius of the place, had been fitted up to represent a robber's cave, and deposited her washing-tubs in the butler's pantry, which, with a similar regard to congruity, had been decorated with spars and shells like a Nereid's grotto; and finally, in spite of all warning and remonstrance, drove her sheep into the shrubbery, and tethered her cows upon the lawn. This last stroke was too much for the gardener's patience. He walked over to B. to apprise Mr. Tasty; and Mr. Tasty, armed with Mr. Samuel Smith and a copy of the lease, made his appearance with breathless speed at Rosedale. Dolly, in spite of her usual placidity, made good battle on this occasion; she cried and scolded, and reasoned and implored; it was as much as Mr. Tasty and Mr. Samuel Smith, aided by that mute witness the lease, and that very clamorous one the gardener, could do to out-talk her. At last, however, they were victorious. Dolly's live stock were forced to make a rapid retreat, and she would probably have retreated at the same time, had not an incident occurred, which brought her visions of rural felicity much nearer to reality than could have been anticipated by the liveliest imagination. The farmer's wife, of whom she had made her purchases, and to whom she unwillingly addressed herself to resume them, seeing, to use her own words, "how much madam seemed to take on at parting with the poor dumb things," kindly offered to take them as boarders at a moderate stipend, volunteering also lessons in the chicken-rearing and pig-feeding department, of which the lady did, to be sure, seem rather in need. Of course, Dolly closed with this proposal at a word. She never was so happy in her life—her cows, pigs, and poultry *en pension*, and herself with both hands full learning at the farm, and ordering at the cottage, and displaying all that can be imagined of ignorance and good-humour at both. Her mistakes were innumerable. Once, for instance, she carried away by main force from a turkey, whose nest she had the ill luck to discover, thirteen eggs just ready to hatch, and after a severe combat with the furious and injured hen, brought them home to Rosedale as fresh—under a notion, rather new in natural history, that turkeys lay all their eggs in one day. Another time, she discovered a hoard of choice double Dahlia roots in a tool-house belonging to her old enemy the gardener, and delivered them to the cook for Jerusalem artichokes, who dressed them as such accordingly. No end to Dolly's blunders! but her good-humour and cheerfulness, and the happy frankness with which she laughed at her own errors, carried her triumphantly through. Every body liked her, especially a smug little curate who boarded along with her pigs and cattle at the farm, and said twenty times a day that Miss Dorothea Green was the pleasantest woman in England. Dolly was never so happy in her life.

Miss Letitia, on her part, continued rheumatic and poorly, and kept closely to her Turkish tent, with no other consolations than novels from the next town, and the daily visits of the apothecary. She was shocked at Miss Dorothy's intimacy with the farm-people, and took every opportunity of telling her so. Dolly, never very fond of her fair companion's harangues, and not the more reconciled to them from their being directed against her own particular favourites, ran away as often as she could. So that the two friends had nearly arrived at

the point of not speaking, when they met one afternoon by mutual appointment in the Chinese saloon. Miss Dorothy blushed and looked silly, and seemed trying to say something which she could not bring out. Miss Letitia tried to blush, but failed. She could however talk; and at the end of an oration in which she proved, as was pretty evident, that they had been mistaken in supposing the company of each all sufficient to the other, as well as in their plan of seclusion from the world, she invited Miss Dorothea (after another vain attempt at a blush) to pay the last honours to their friendship, by attending her to the hymeneal altar, whither she had promised to accompany Mr. Opodeldoc on the morning after the next. "I can't," replied Miss Dolly.—"And why not?" resumed Miss Letitia, "Surely Mr. Opodel——" "Now don't be angry," interrupted Dolly, "I can't be your bridemaid the day after to-morrow, because I am going to be married to-morrow myself." And so they left Rosedale; and so I shall leave them. L.

CHARACTERISTIC EPISTLES.—NO. IV.

As it regards our readers, we need make no apology for exposing before them a few more specimens of the interesting characteristics appertaining to that (by comparison) happy class of dramatic authors—the *would-be's*. The private sentiments of an author of this class can scarcely fail to furnish more curious matter for observation and study than those of any other; especially when those sentiments spring from and refer to (as when do they not?) the *works* of the parties in question. There are no passages in the writers of antiquity which we treasure up so carefully, and set so great a store by, as those which supply us with notices and references—however slight and obscure—to literary works which no longer exist. How much more valuable, then, must such notices and references be, when they appertain to works which never have existed, or will exist—*for us*—and which notices come to us directly from those who must be so intimately and exclusively acquainted with the nature and value of the said works—namely, the authors themselves!

That the last-named persons should see any thing objectionable in the interesting exposure which we are meditating, seems more than unlikely—inasmuch as we shall at once afford them an opportunity of claiming that fame and publicity, which all their *direct* efforts to that effect have hitherto failed in securing; and this, without subjecting them to the acknowledged perils of the passage, which all dramatic authors must now-a-days be content to brave, and which lies between the Scylla of damnation on the one side, and the Charybdis of criticism on the other.

It is only on our own account, therefore, that we need seek excuses for our premeditated inroad upon what was intended for the particular eye of managers and committee-men alone. It may be urged that the *esprit de corps*, which is said to belong to authors no less than to autocrats, might deter us from voluntarily contributing any thing to the public stock of information, which might tend to disprove the important fact, that the said authors are destined, by "divine right," to reign as despotically over the minds of other people, as the said autocrats are over

their persons. But, to say nothing of such "a deed without a name," as a paper in a periodical work, not entitling its doer to the dignity of authorship,—we do hold that Truth is a thing of positive value, at all times and in all places; and that, if telling it should even prove, to the satisfaction of all present, that an author and an ass are not unfrequently convertible terms, it should still be told. But, in fact, there is no reason whatever why an author should be one to his valet-de-chambre,—any more than a hero should be a hero. On the contrary, it will generally be found that those who *are* authors or heroes under the above circumstances, are none at all.

Seriously, however—if one may be serious on the subject of such epistles as we are now about to lay before the reader—it does seem to us that the following specimens of the kind of addresses which managers are in the habit of receiving from authors, are highly curious and interesting on various accounts, and no less in a serious point of view than a ludicrous one. At all events, they, in conjunction with some others of a similar kind which we gave in a former number, go near to prove, what may almost be laid down as a literary axiom,—that it requires nearly as rare qualities of mind to appreciate the difficulty of producing a great work, as to produce one; and that, moreover, the said production is difficult to any given person, in the exact proportion that he believes it to be easy to him.

Our first specimen refers to "a new tragedy," which, according to its author, (who should be a competent judge, seeing that he is "addicted to letters, and forty years of age,")—is "a classical work of the first order." It should seem that the letter now to be perused did not accompany the work, but was despatched beforehand, duly to prepare the way for it. Accordingly, it launches at some length into the "scope and tendency" of the said tragedy, detailing its plot, under-plot, design, architecture, movement, moral, &c. &c. What Mr. Harris, and "the cognoscenti" alluded to in the letter, may have been able to make of all this, is more than we can guess; but to us it is as utterly mystical, as were the most inspired of Wilhelm Meister's dissertations on Hamlet to the manager Melina. How "the Madonna" can be brought into connexion with the amours of Henry the First, and the consequent revenges of his Queen, must be left to time to discover.

THOMAS HARRIS, Esq.

Sir, 25th July, 1817.

From Mr. Kembles advice, have taken advantage of the Theatrical Recess, To Submit to your notice a New Tragedy. It is I hope a Classical Work of the first Order.—It is written near as Correctly as these first half Dozen Lines, therefore will Require no great Pains to give It a Lecture, (in that Respect,) but Solicit a due Critical Pondering and Examination.

In this Piece, It has been the Design to Unravel the Social Attributes In Various Aspects, As well as the Sublime Capabilities and Moral Attributes of Man. It is Original in this drift, having selected *The Madonna*, as the Prominent Feature, and also in the almost Entire deriliction of the Hacknied, Old, and Stale subject of Love, This forms but a distant Shade in the Back Ground. Thus It is Novel.

The *Plot* is Fertile but Simple, and tho', to the *Cognoscenti*, More will be found than meets either the Eye or Ear; yet, This Point which so often insures Success I think is sufficiently Constructed to Take the Throng.

The Architectural part in respect of *Movement*;—Theatrical Practice, must Arbitrate the defect, which, it would be a pleasure to Rectify.

The *Blank Verse*, I think does not Halt,—and the diction, tho' simple and Chaste, I hope is Classical.

The *Vivida Vis Animæ*, of M'Beath, may be wanting, but it does not strike me to be wanting of Rapidity, tho' in this Piece, Saintly Meekness has the Disadvantage of Contrast, In point of Munition to Excite the Passions, Yet it may be Found;—Tho' Deep yet Clear, Tho' Gentle, yet not dull, Strong without Rage, without Oreflowing full. Shakespeare always seizes on every thing that is most Magnificent, Prominent, Time, Place, Rank, every thing. But, indeed, in this Piece there is a little Visible and Invisible Machinery, Yet my Subject is Sequestered, but with the Apanage of High Life.

The *Unities* are Rigidly Preserved, The *Incident* Is *Varied* and *Prolific*, The *Grouping* in many Instances Forcible, and I think, Some Occasional *Coup's de Theatre*.

The *Disign* Is to Shear in a Measure Vice and Arrogance of their Beams; —(No, Not the most distant Political Stricture) The Scenes have almost all of them distinctly their own Moral, yet are brought like the Suns Rays to Bear to one Eye, Center, and Design;— To Compose a Work so Connected Expressive and Convergent to a Sole design has been very Arduous;—Therefore while you Read, let me solicit the Indulgence that This be Remembered:—Remembered also what Milton Says—

> " Or what Tho' Rare of Later Age
> " Ennobled has the Buskin'd Stage—

Remembered also, That Tragedy Treats,

> " Of Fate, and Chance, and change In Human Life,
> " High Actions and High Passions best describing.

An Attempt so Arduous must I am Sure, Secure Indulgence and Consideration.

Some Passages Breathe an Expansion, nay Crown with a Sublimity even New, Some of the first Rate Paintings and Sculpture,—and I Hope the Alto Relievo of my Design has been Achieved.

As this Play is as Long, as any of Shakespeares, The Essence of It, would be Ample, (If so Fortunate) for Representation.—The Story and Incidents, I think do not Flag or Halt, but, From the High Tone in the *Outset*, It Arrives by due Progression (If the Movements Are sufficiently Varied, If the Matter Fertile, Original) to the Acme and the Climax.—The Thread of the Story not Infract by loose digression, or what is Irrelevent or Trifling. If Variety and Animation are wanting on this Score I wou'd never Willingly Help It.

The Expected public tendency and result of this Piece is to the Furtherance of Good Order, Morality and Virtue, and to Alleviate the Pangs of Virtue, while groaning as Victims at the Shrine of Vice.

I have taken License with History In making the Sanguinary Wife of Henry the 2d as to Fair Rosamond; Parellel In the Wife of Henry 1st.—But this Transposition is by no means Improbable, As Henry the 1st had a Mistress and Natural Children.

I have depicted the Consequences and Horrors of Licentiousness; a design that may be Salutary in the Present Times, Both to Sacrificers and Victims.

The *Fable of the Madonna.*

The Queen of Henry 1st. demands the Kings Private Amour and Family, as the Sacrifise to Conciliate her Alliance, to Usurp the English Throne and Normandy.

The Projecting Plot therefore turns on the Violation of the Social Attributes—The under Plot, the Machinations and Schemes of the Queen, the

Dupation of the King; The Moral and Retribution; the Death of his own Son, Induced from the very Person Inhumanly Persecuted. There is a Poetic License In the Catastrope I think not Material, as It alters no Important Fact of History.

I should Esteem myself much obliged by being Favored by any Intimation or Directions; and tho' Addicted to Letters and 40 years of age this is the first thing that ever Escaped my Closet, therefore am in no ways Conversant In these Matters—Should I be Favored with your Sanction to Submit to You Sir this Play I shall Forward It to You, if It is Specified where, by a safe Person, and as I have no Copy, Pray, it may be taken Care of—I was intended for the Church, have been in the Army, and of decent Independence, Not being Author yet at all, or ever So by Profession, I Trust will not depreciate this Effort. I cou'd wish Miss O'Neil and Mr. Kemble to Peruse It. My Name Possibly *Never will be Mentioned.*

Sir, Your Obed Hble Servant

*—— *——

So much for an author who "was intended for the church, and has been in the army;" and whose work was not only calculated to "breathe an expansion,—nay crown with a sublimity even new, some of the first-rate paintings and sculpture;" but of which even "the *essence* would be ample for *representation.*" Turn we now to a contrast—a less violent one, however, than it may at first seem to unthinking readers.

To Mr. Harris.

Walworth, Nov. 1, 1815.

Sir.—I Have Just Finished A New Pantimine and Can Havet Well Recomended By Sum Hundreds of the Metropeless, Butt Do Wish to Know wat Incuragement You will alow Mee For My Truble. For Referance Apley to Mr. Key, N101 London Road, Mr. Deynes Cheane Warehouse, Walworth, Roger Smith, Esq. Maner House D°. Richard Roffey, Esq. D°. Mr. Hughes, Butcher, D°. &c. &c. Direct To J—— D—— Market Gardner, West Lane, Walworth, Surrey.

Yours &c.,

M—— D——

This young person seems to be of opinion that, in order to prove one's qualifications for producing a good pantomime, it is only necessary to be able to command a good character from one's last place!

Let us now take a step higher in the scale of dramatic authors. The young gentleman to whom we are indebted for the following is evidently, from his hand-writing and address,

"Some clerk foredoom'd his father's soul to cross,
Who pens a drama when he should engross."

It is equally evident, however, that he will not break his father's heart by persisting too pertinaciously in his attempts on the Muse of Tragedy. He has wooed her for her supposed wealth alone; and when he finds that any favours she may have granted him will not sell for sufficient to remunerate him for his time and trouble in obtaining them, he will bid her a very brief adieu, and try some more promising speculation. He has not been articled to an attorney for nothing.

Charles Kemble, Esq.

Sir.—Having composed a Tragedy, I now offer it for your Inspection.—The Work I own is plain, but I trust not defective. My Study has been entirely devoted to it, and trusting therefore my Exertions will not prove unavailing. I am a New Author, which my name will convince you, and as

such I hope and trust that this Work will, when produced before an Audience, receive that patronage that is so highly gratifying to an Author, which encourages them and gives them a spirit to write more. —If this deserves your approbation, I hope that you will early as possible bring it forth and try it to see if it will be upheld or condemned.

The terms on which I stand are of a reasonable nature, namely, what is usual for an Author to have in such Cases. I speak candidly that I feel reluctant to give it for nothing, which I cannot do without receiving a Compensation for this arduous task. You must be aware that a Work of such a Nature is not composed without taking up a good deal of Time and likewise Study, and I think I address you in Terms that are truly honorable and fair. —You as a Gentleman that is highly Esteemed for your great Talents induces me to submit this Work for your inspection, thinking within myself that as a Gentleman you will act with honor and uprightness. I send you a fair Copy, which when inspected by you I beg that you will return me an Answer as early as possible, and if it meets your Approbation so that you produce it on the Stage, you will oblige me by giving your Terms. The Prologue and Epilogue are not composed yet. I Remain, Sir,

Your most obt. and Humble Servt.

R. S——.

One more specimen of this class, and we will look about for something different; though any thing more curious than these are in their way, we despair of finding. The drama of a youth who expresses himself after the following fashion, must have been a rarity in its kind. That it was a unique, is not improbable; but that it preserved the unities, the *style* of its author affords good reason to doubt.

To Mr. Smith, New Surrey Theatre.

Sir,—While submitting my work to the ordeal of your criticism, permit me boldly, Sir, to hope that you will not pass over this as unworthy of attention, as one whose cause is on the dawn of infancy. Young, though not a stranger to those obstacles which Patronage may plant in my course—yet fearless of them all. Though not decked with the laurelled wreath of high-born Patronage—though obscured from its resplendent beam—yet alike undaunted —I press not my Essay for unmerited approbation, nor for vain flattery. Though this in a youth may look presumptuous, yet believe me, Sir, the plainest word is the best. Ever confident that you are too generous and too just for to weigh my youth as ought against me in the scale of your opinion —and if possessed of true generosity you surely will not deny my MS. that due attention which it may perchance merit.

I remain yours, Sir,
With respect,

V. W.

P. S. As soon as circumstances will admit an answer will oblige.

The following letter is, perhaps, the most extraordinary that we have yet had occasion to present to the reader. It is from a servant who has robbed her mistress, and who, fancying herself at the point of death, is conscience-stricken, and would fain make her peace with Heaven by a well-timed confession on earth. Let the reader observe the "horrible imaginings" that haunt her—the "religious musings" that are mixed up with them—and above all, the cunning way in which she provides for the best as well as the worst, by declining to sign her name, lest she should lay herself open to the law in case of her recovering!

Honored Madam,—I thout larst night I was going hout ov the warld, and then I felt that I culd not di in Pease hif my conscunce was trubblet—these fritfool looks lade huppon mi mind loike a lode ov led—and so I preyed to God omitee to spear mi sinfool soale ontill soach tim too day.—I got hup a litel beter and crawled to yowre hows, when Mister Richard got me the dirikshun,—has i hope for a redeemin hart ov grase to pooryfye the soales o. soache sinfool wreatches loike me, I ave now givun hup all as his left ov what I ronged you on.—I ope now I mai bee let di in quiete and not bee tor-minted a nites with develish grines and oulings ov blak sperritus conshuns—if yow moy deer missus wold pray for furgifnuss apon all as I tuke and pleged, I think it mite be ov sarvis to me at godgmint da.—So no moor for the pre-sunt frum *yow no hoo* as lived withe yow when you was at Britun,

A repintfool sennur.

We may venture to guess that, in all the four tragedies referred to in the letters which precede the above, there is nothing so well calculated as this to effect the alleged purpose of tragedy—namely, "to instruct the human mind through the medium of terror and pity." All the blood, the bell-tolling, and the black cloth of George Barnwell are nothing, to the "frightful looks," and "the devilish grins and howl-ings," which haunt the dreams of this "repentful sinner." Let us forget her remorse, in more light and ludicrous matter.

The following is in reply to an advertisement from a lady requiring "board and lodging." The writer evidently understands something of the female character, and knows that widow ladies are not always to be taken *au pied de la lettre*.

Dear Madam,—Seeing an advertisement in Trewman's paper, that you was in want of board and lodgings, should have no objections to taking you as a boarder and lodger if we can come to proper terms. I am a widower with a family, one daughter twenty-one years of age—myself about forty-five years of age—strong and healthy as any man. My residence is in the town of Tiverton, in a comfortable house, &c. with a good business and a comfortable house in the country if I choose to live in it—with about £180 a year landed property. Should this meet your approbation I should like to have an interview with you—then we can explain matters more fully.

I am, Dear Madam,
Your most humble servant,
A. B.

Tiverton, 1822.

At this stage of our search we again find ourselves among numerous applications to hard-hearted managers, from youthful aspirants after dramatic fame. We cannot do better than extract one or two, in ad-dition to those we have already given of a similar nature.—The young person who indites the following seems to rest his claims to attention on "the advantage of his want of experience;" and offers, as a specimen of his powers as an actor, "the draught scean in Julet."—This is something like another applicant whose letter is lying before us, but is rather too long for insertion. He says, "as a description of my per-son may be necessary, I will say nothing in praise of myself farther than that I am twenty-four years of age, six feet high, and *weighing from one hundred and sixty to seventy pounds.*"

To Mr. Trotter, Theatre Royal, Worthing.

Sir—If you are in want of a Theatrical servant, and would take a beginner, and you find him stage-worthy, which I offer myself up to, free of any engage-ment, you will, I trust Sir, find me a most desirous member of the stage, to get into the public voice. This pursute I wish for very much, and therfor

would enter into an engagement that would allow my employer the advantage of my want of exsperance, although I flatter myself (I possess) the materals of theatrecal performents in its principal parts. I am very confidant that my present situation of life is much against my views, but the beautys of Nature are not known untill they are shown. Therfor for trial sake I ask it as a favor of you to give me an oppertunity to present myself to your servis and notice. Allow me to say, if you will make your appointment, you will find me faithfull to my engagement, and shall trust to futer events to subscribe myself Your very humble Servant,

J. T.

P. S. If you will allow me to ask the opportunity of seeing you as soon as an oppertunity offers, as I wish to offer myself, if it would be of any use or novelty to you, the part of Julet in the draught scean, and Richard in the Dream—which will correspond in following each other, any night that you please to name.

Worthing, Sussex,
Aug. 21, 1816.

The following is "from the same to the same,"—written a few weeks before.

Sir.—I offer myself to your servis and notice, seeking to get into the Elements of my soul's desire, which is to become a theatrecal member, and one in the public voice, and to obtain that organ will best prove the servis I render to myself and to them that I may have the honour to serve. And as, Sir, my pretentions are not beyond a beginer, acknowledging myself unacquainted with the theatre or any of its members, yet I flatter myself I have the stamp, &c. for the stage, and as such, Sir, you will find if you should be in want of a *Don Felix*, or any thing that you shall think best.

I am,
Your very humble servant,
J. T.

P. S. The present situation of life that I move in, makes me dought of success—but I will trust to fortune and your good opinion, as but few things pass without a polish.

One more only, in connexion with theatrical matters, and then we must finally take leave of them for "metal," if not "more attractive," at least more refined.

We shall entertain a less high opinion than we have hitherto been accustomed to do, of the taste and judgment of that class of readers for whom it is *our* lot to cater, if they turn away with contempt from the following effusion, as trifling or vulgar. Many a farce, not to say a comedy, has owed much of its success to a less natural incident, less naturally and simply told. Mr. ——, to whom the following is addressed, has evidently been what the writer of the letter would call "a gay deceiver;" and we are sadly afraid that, like all such, he was ashamed to keep a promise, being a great man in London, which was made when he was but a little man in the country.

Dear Sir.—I wright to ask you whether you intend to preform your promeece cunscurning my going to see opry—if you do, pray let me know as soon as posible you can—if i am to go i will weight againest the opry door til i see you. pray excuse my boldenes, but if you remember you sade i should go if ever i cam to London—so now preform your promes—if you can i should like it very much as i shall be blidge to leave London soon—pray let me know whether i can or not—if i can not i must stop away—but i should like very much to go—so no more from me at present.—i am your very humble

Servant,
E. M.

i am weighting againest the oppry door for your answer—pray be quick for i am in a hurry—pray wright your answer, for i shall be ashamed to see you after sutch boldeness.

We shall now close our extracts for this month, with perhaps the most accomplished instance on record of foreign English. But this is far from being the only merit of the following epistle. Surely the writer must have been the most romantic of clerks; aud moreover infinitely unacquainted with the nature of an Englishman, to suppose that he would do all that is required in this epistle, for an utter stranger, never before heard of, and living a thousand miles off. We shall for once depart from our plan of omitting *names*,* as, in this instance, it can do no harm, and may by possibility assist in this romantic search after a lost father—if he still remains such.

Mr. John Bell, London.

Trieste, (in Germany), 10th March, 1815.

Sir,—I take myself the freedom to write you this present Letter, which shall only serve as to beg you, my dear Sir, a great favor, and this is; It is abbout past Tene Years that I have not received any news of my Father, *Mr. Gasparo Anth. Jordan*, who is, I bellieve, still in London for the Course of Tweenty and more Years, I find me in a great ansiety, and continue perplessity, to donn't known if this my Father is a live, or not, or perhaps thead; I am for this reason so free to advance and disturbe you with this few linens, with the Kindness prayer to enquire by some Brokers of the Exchange, or ellsewere of him, and otherwise to leted putting in Printing in the News Paper as *a Note*, if any Person Know if this Subject is here at London, and possitively his Living place, Number of the House and by hum he is to be found; Assured you my dear Sir, that for this favor I shall never pay, and I find it no words to express you my anticipate gratitude for this uman kindness, which I do nothing doubt you shall do for me.

All and every Expenses that you may do for this information, I beg to send me word with Account, anthen I shall ready send you the amount of the valuing with one short Bill of Exchange payable oppon a good House or Bankers of this Citty, that you shall encashed and supplied.

If you will be so good allso by this occasion to do me the favor, and send me only one part of the Printing News Paper withe the expression of said my father of this requiring, and this doo by way of Post, and pray to Debit my account for the Postage, for this as allso for any others that you may send me.

This part is only to inform you, that I am a Clerck of one Tradingshouse of Trieste, and hoppe you shall be kind enough to writing me some linen and excuse me for taking this liberty.

Ready I allso at any yours Command in this our part, and in wanting of one yours agreable answer as soon as you can,

I remain with regard Sir, Your most humble Servant

John Jordan.

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* A gentleman, to whom one of the letters printed in a previous number was addressed, has received a remonstrative epistle (which he has, no doubt, added to his collection of "characteristic" ones, and which *we* were of two minds whether we should not add to *ours*) insisting, in not the most delicate terms, on the "indelicacy" of publishing "real" letters. If they had been fictitious ones he would not have minded. But he does not seem to be aware that the kind of "indelicacy," to which he alludes, can only exist in connexion with *a name*. If we had avowedly *invented* the letters, he would not have seen any "indelicacy" in such a proceeding. And yet, so far as regards any real person, they *might* have been invented; for we have not, with the above exception, made any one, living or dead, answerable for a single word contained in them.

P. S. I pray to write me without put at the Letter any address, as only my name—then I am very well know in our Post office, and the Letters come me surly in the hand. Excuse the difective Stille in this lenguage in which I am a Beginer. J——.

Our selections have hitherto been confined to the effusions of "illustrious obscure," and have rested their claims to attention almost entirely on their intrinsic merits. In our next number, we shall probably treat the reader with a few specimens from pens which could not pass over paper without giving a value to it, provided they did but subscribe, at the foot of it, the name of the hand that guided them.

THE CRUSADER'S RETURN.

"Alas! the mother that him bare,
If she had been in presence there,
In his wan cheeks and sunburnt hair,
She had not known her child!"—Marmion.

Rest, pilgrim, rest! thou'rt from the Syrian Land,
Thou 'rt from the wild and wondrous East, I know
By the long-wither'd palm-branch in thy hand,
And by the darkness of thy sunburnt brow.
Alas! the bright, the beautiful, who part,
So full of hope, for that far country's bourne!
Alas! the weary and the sunk in heart,
And dimm'd in aspect, who like thee return!

Thou 'rt faint—stay, rest thee from thy toils at last,
Through the high chesnuts lightly plays the breeze,
The stars gleam out, the *Ave* hour is past,
The sailor's hymn hath died along the seas.
Thou 'rt faint and worn—hear'st thou the fountain, welling
Midst the grey pillars of yon ruin'd shrine?
Seest thou the dewy grapes before thee swelling?
—He that hath left me train'd that loaded vine!

He was a child when thus the bower he wove,
(Oh! hath a day fled since his childhood's time?)
That I might sit and hear the sound I love,
Beneath its shade—the convent's vesper-chime.
And sit *thou* there!—for he was gentle ever;
With his glad voice he would have welcomed thee,
And brought fresh fruits to cool thy parch'd lip's fever—
—There, in his place thou 'rt resting—Where is he?

If I could hear that laughing voice again,
But once again!—how oft it wanders by,
In the still hours, like some remember'd strain,
Troubling the heart with its wild melody!
Thou hast seen much, tired pilgrim! hast thou seen
In that far land, the chosen land of yore,
A youth—my Guido—with the fiery mien,
And the dark eye of this Italian shore?

The dark, clear, lightning eye!—on heaven and earth
It smiled—as if man were not dust—it smiled!
The very air seem'd kindling with his mirth,
And I—my heart grew young before my child!
My blessed child!—I had but him—yet he
Fill'd all my home ev'n with o'erflowing joy,
Sweet laughter, and wild song, and footstep free—
—Where is he now?—my pride, my flower, my boy!

His sunny childhood melted from my sight,
Like a spring dew-drop—then his forehead wore
A prouder look—his eye a keener light—
—I knew these woods might be his world no more!
He loved me—but he left me!—thus they go,
Whom we have rear'd, watch'd, bless'd, too much adored!
He heard the trumpet of the Red-Cross blow,
And bounded from me, with his father's sword!

Thou weep'st!—I tremble—Thou hast seen the slain
Pressing a bloody turf—the young and fair,
With their pale beauty strewing o'er the plain
Where hosts have met—speak!—answer!—was *he* there?
Oh! hath his smile departed?—Could the grave
Shut o'er those bursts of bright and tameless glee?
—No!—I shall yet behold his dark locks wave—
That look gives hope—I knew it could not be!

Still weep'st thou, wanderer?—Some fond mother's glance
O'er thee, too, brooded in thine early years—
Think'st thou of her, whose gentle eye, perchance,
Bathed all thy faded hair in parting tears?
Speak, for thy tears disturb me!—What art thou?
Why dost thou hide thy face, yet weeping on?
Look up!—Oh! is it—that wan cheek and brow!—
—Is it—alas! yet joy!—my Son, my Son!

F. H.

AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF THEOBALD WOLFE TONE.*

"All parties were now (1793) fully employed preparing for the ensuing Session of Parliament. The Government, through the organ of the corporations and grand juries, opened a heavy fire upon us, of manifestoes and resolutions. At first we were, like young soldiers, a little stunned with the noise, but after a few rounds we began to look about us, and, seeing nobody drop with all this furious cannonade, we took courage and determined to return the fire. In consequence, wherever there was a meeting of the Protestant Ascendancy (which was the title assumed by that party, and a very impudent one it was,) we took care it should be followed by a meeting of the Catholics, who spoke as loud and louder than their adversaries; and as we had the right clearly on our side, we found no great difficulty in silencing the enemy on this quarter. The Catholics likewise took care, at the same time that they branded their enemies, to mark their gratitude to their friends, who were daily increasing, and especially to the people of Belfast, between whom and the Catholics the union was now completely established. Among the various attacks made on us this summer, the most remarkable for their virulence were those of the Grand Jury of Louth, headed by the Speaker of the House of Commons; of Limerick, at which the Lord Chancellor assisted; and of the Corporation of the City of Dublin, which last published a most furious manifesto, threatening us in so many words with a resistance by force. In consequence, a meeting was held of the Catholics of Dublin at large, which was attended by several thousands, where the manifesto was read, and most ably commented upon by John Keogh, Dr. R——, Dr. Mac Nevin, and several others, and a counter-manifesto being proposed, which was written by my friend Emmett and incomparably well done, it was carried unanimously and published in all the papers, together with the speeches above-mentioned; and both the speeches and the manifesto had such an infinite superiority over those of the Corporation, which were also published and diligently circulated by the Government, that it put an end effectually

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* Concluded from page 423.

to the warfare of resolutions. The people of Belfast were not idle on their part. They spared neither pains nor expense to propagate the new doctrine of the *Union of Irishmen,* through the whole North of Ireland; and they had the satisfaction to see their proselytes rapidly extending in every direction. In order more effectually to spread their principles, twelve of the most active and intelligent among them subscribed 250*l.* each, in order to set on foot a paper whose object should be to give a fair statement of all that passed in France, whither every one turned their eyes, to inculcate the necessity of union among Irishmen of all religious persuasions, to support the Emancipation of the Catholics, and finally, as the necessary though not avowed consequence of all this, to erect Ireland into a Republic independent of England. This paper, which they called very appositely the *Northern Star,* was conducted by my friend S—— N——n, who was unanimously chosen Editor, and it could not be delivered into abler hands. It is in truth a most incomparable paper, and it rose instantly on its appearance into a most rapid and extensive sale. The Catholics every where through Ireland, (I mean the leading Catholics,) were of course subscribers, and the Northern Star was one great means of effectually accomplishing the union of the two great sects by the simple process of making their mutual sentiments better known to each other.

It was determined by the citizens of Belfast to commemorate this year, the anniversary of the taking of the Bastille, with great ceremony. For this purpose, they planned a review of the volunteers of the town and neighbourhood, to be followed by a grand procession with emblematic devices, &c. They also determined to avail themselves of the opportunity to bring forward the Catholic question in force; and in consequence, they resolved to publish two addresses, one to the people of France, and one to the people of Ireland. They gave instructions to Dr. Drennan to prepare the former, and the latter fell to my lot. Drennan executed his task admirably, and I made my address for my part as good as I knew how. We were invited to assist at the ceremony, and a great number of the leading members of the Catholic Committee determined to avail themselves of the opportunity to shew their zeal for the success of the cause of liberty in France, as well as their respect and gratitude to their friends in Belfast. In consequence of all this, a grand assembly took place on the 14th of July. After the review, the volunteers and inhabitants to the number of about six thousand assembled in the Linen-Hall, and voted the address to the French people unanimously. The address to the people of Ireland followed, and, as it was directly and unequivocally in favour of the Catholic claims, we expected some opposition—but we were soon relieved from our anxiety, for the address passed (I may say) unanimously. A few ventured to oppose it indirectly, but their arguments were exposed and overset by the friends to Catholic Emancipation, among the foremost of whom we had the satisfaction to see several Dissenting clergymen of great popularity in that country, as S——r, K——c, Wm. D——n, and F. B——h. It was S——r who moved the two addresses. It is the less necessary for me to detail what passed at this period, as every thing material is recorded in my Diary (No. .) Suffice it to say, that the hospitality shewn by the people of Belfast to the Catholics on this occasion, and the personal acquaintance which the parties formed, riveted the bonds of their recent union, and produced in the sequel the most beneficial and powerful effects.

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Rennes, September 28th, 1796.

As my time is growing shorter, I pass over a very busy interval of my life, all the events of which are detailed in different Diaries among my papers, and I hasten to the period when, in consequence of the conviction of William Jackson for high treason,* I was obliged to quit my country, and go into exile in America. A short time before my departure, my friend Russell

* 1795.

being in town, he and I walked out together to Rathfarnham to see Emmett, who has a charming villa there. He shewed us a little study of an elliptical form, which he was building at the bottom of the lawn, and which he said he would consecrate to our meetings, if ever we lived to see our country emancipated. I begged of him, if he intended Russell should be of the party, in addition to the books and maps it would naturally contain, to fit up a small cellar, which would contain a few dozen of his best old claret. He shewed me that he had not omitted that circumstance, which he acknowledged to be essential; and we both rallied Russell with considerable success. I mention this trifling anecdote, because I love the men, and because it seems now at least possible that we may meet again in Emmett's study. As we walked together into town, I opened my plan to them both. I told them that I considered my compromise with Government to extend no further than the banks of the Delaware, and that the moment I landed, I was free to follow any plan which might suggest itself to me for the emancipation of my country; that undoubtedly I was guilty of a great offence against the existing Government; that in consequence I was going into exile, and that I considered that exile as a full expiation for the offence, and consequently I felt myself at liberty, having made that sacrifice, to begin again on a fresh score. They both agreed with me in these principles, and I then proceeded to tell them, that my intentions were, immediately upon my arrival in Philadelphia, to wait on the French minister, to detail to him fully the situation of affairs in Ireland, to endeavour to obtain a recommendation to the French Government, and, if I succeeded so far, to leave my family in America, and to set off instantly for Paris, and to apply in the name of my country for the assistance of France, to enable us to assert our independence. It is unnecessary, I believe, to say that this plan met with the warmest approbation and support from both Russell and Emmett. We shook hands, and having repeated our professions of unalterable regard and esteem for each other, we parted; and this was the last interview which I was so happy as to have with these two invaluable friends together. I remember it was in a little triangular field that this conversation took place; and Emmett remarked to us, that it was in one exactly like it in Switzerland, where William Tell and his two associates planned the downfall of the tyranny of Austria. The next day, Russell returned to Belfast.

As I was determined not to appear to leave Ireland clandestinely, whatever might be the hazard to myself, I took care, on the day of Jackson's trial, to walk up and down in the most public streets in Dublin, and to go, contrary to my usual custom, into several of the most frequented coffeehouses, and to my bookseller's, which was still more frequented. In this last place I was seen by Lord Mountjoy, who gave himself the pains to call on the Attorney-general the next day, and inform him that I was to be found, for that he had seen me at Archer's the day before. The Attorney-general, however, gave him no thanks for his pains; and so the affair ended. My obligation, however, to his Lordship, is not the less for his good intentions. Having made this sacrifice to appearances, I set out with all diligence to prepare for my departure. I sold off all my little property of every kind, reserving only my books, of which I had a very good selection of about 600 volumes; and I determined to take leave of nobody. I also resolved not to call on any of my friends, not even Knox or Emmett; for, as I knew the part I had taken in Jackson's affair had raised a violent outcry against me with a very numerous and powerful party, I resolved not to implicate any of those I regarded in the difficulties of my situation. Satisfied as I was of the rectitude of my own conduct, and of the purity of my motives, I believe I should have had fortitude to bear the desertion of my best friends; yet, to their honour be it spoken, I was not put to so severe a trial. I did not lose the countenance and support of any one man whom I esteemed; and I believe now that I secured the continuance of their regard by the firmness I had shewn all along through this most arduous and painful trial, and especially by my

repeated declarations that I was ready to sacrifice my life if necessary, but that I would never degrade myself by giving testimony against a man who had spoken to me in the confidence that I would not betray him. I have said that after Jackson's death I visited nobody; but my friends made it, I believe, a point to call on me; so that, for the short time I remained in Dublin after, we were never an hour alone. My friends M'Cormick and Keogh, who had interested themselves extremely all along in my behalf, and had been principally instrumental in passing the vote for granting me 300*l.* in addition to the arrears due to me by the Catholics, were, of course, among the foremost.

It has often astonished me, that the Government, knowing there was a French minister in Philadelphia, ever suffered me to go thither, at least without exacting some positive assurance on my part that I should hold no communication with him, direct or indirect. So it was, however, that either despising my efforts, or looking on themselves as too firmly established to dread any thing from France, they suffered me to depart without demanding any satisfaction whatsoever on that topic, a circumstance of which I was most sincerely glad; for if I had been obliged to give my parole, I should have been exceedingly distracted between opposite duties. Luckily, however, I was spared this difficulty, for they suffered me to depart without any stipulation whatever. Perhaps it would have been better for them if they had adhered to their first proposal of sending me out to India; but as to that the event will determine.

Having paid all my debts, and settled with every body, I set off from Dublin for Belfast, on the 20th May, 1795, with my wife, sister, and three children, leaving, as may be well supposed, my father and mother in very sincere affliction. My whole property consisted in our clothes, my books, and about 700*l.* in money and bills on Philadelphia. We kept our spirits admirably. The great attention manifested to us, the conviction that we were suffering in the best of causes, the hurry attending so great a change, and perhaps a little vanity in shewing ourselves superior to fortune, supported us under what was certainly a trial of the severest kind. But if our friends in Dublin were kind and affectionate, those in Belfast were, if possible, still more so. During near a month that we remained there, we were every day engaged by one or other. Even those who scarcely knew me were eager to entertain us. Parties and excursions were planned for our amusement, and certainly the whole of our deportment and reception at Belfast very little resembled those of a man who escaped with his life only by a miracle, and who was driven into exile to avoid a more disagreeable fate. I remember particularly two days that we passed on the Cavehill; on the first, R———, N———, and M'C———, and one or two more of us, on the summit of Mac Art's Fort took a solemn obligation (which I think I may say I have on my part endeavoured to fulfil) never to desist in our efforts till we had subverted the authority of England over our country, and asserted her independence. Another day we had the tent of the 1st regiment pitched in the Deer-Park, and a company of thirty of us, including the family of the S——s, N——s, M'C——s, and my own, dined and spent the day deliciously together. But the most agreeable day we passed during our stay, and one of the most agreeable of our lives, was in an excursion we made with the S——s, N——s, and R——s, to Ram's Island, a beautiful and romantic spot in Lough Neagh. Nothing can be imagined more delightful; and we agreed, in whatever quarter we might find ourselves respectively, to commemorate the anniversary of that day, the 11th of June. At length the hour of our departure arrived. On the 13th June, we embarked on board the Cincinnatus of Wilmington, Captain James Robinson; and I flatter myself we carried with us the regret of all who knew us. Even some of my former friends, who had long since deserted me, returned on this reverse of my fortune, struck, I believe, by the steadiness with which we all looked it in the face. Our friends in Belfast loaded us with presents on our departure, and filled our little cabin with sea-store, fresh

provisions, sweetmeats, and every thing they could devise for the comfort of my wife and children. Never while I live will I forget the affectionate kindness of their behaviour.

We were now at sea, and at leisure to examine our situation. I had hired a state-room, which was about eight feet by six, in which we had fitted up three births. My wife and my youngest little boy occupied one, my sister and my little girl the second, and my eldest boy and myself the third. It was at first grievously inconvenient, but necessity and custom, by degrees, reconciled us to our situation. Our greatest suffering was want of good water, under which we laboured the whole passage, and which we found it impossible to replace by wine, porter, or spirits, of which we had abundance. The captain was tolerably civil, the vessel was stout, and we had good weather almost the whole of our voyage; but we were 300 passengers on board a ship of 230 tons, and of course crowded to a degree not to be conceived by those who have not been on board a passage-ship. The slaves who are carried from the coast of Africa have much more room allowed them than the miserable emigrants who pass from Ireland to America; for the avarice of the captains in that trade is such, that they think they never can load their vessels sufficiently; and they trouble their heads, in general, no more about the accommodation and stowage of their passengers than of any other lumber on board. I laboured, and with some success, to introduce something like a police, and a certain degree, though a very imperfect one, of cleanliness among them. Certainly the air of the sea must be wonderfully wholesome, for if the same number of wretches of us had been shut up in the same space ashore with so much inconvenience of every kind about us, two thirds of us would have died in the time of our voyage. As it was, in spite of every thing, we were tolerably healthy: we lost but one passenger (a woman). We had some sick aboard, and the friendship of James M'Donnell, of Belfast, having supplied me with a small medicine-chest and written directions, I took on myself the office of physician. I prescribed and administered accordingly, and I had the satisfaction to land all my patients safe and sound. As we distributed liberally the surplus of our sea-stores, of which we had great abundance, and especially as we gave from time to time wine and porter to the sick and aged, we soon became very popular aboard, and I am sure there was no sacrifice to our ease or convenience in the power of our poor fellow-passengers to make that we might not have commanded. Thirty days of our voyage had now passed over without any event, save the ordinary ones of seeing now a shoal of porpoises, now a shark, now a set of dolphins, the peacocks of the sea, playing about, and once or twice a whale. We had indeed been brought to, when a week at sea, by the William Pitt Indiaman, which was returning to Europe with about twenty other ships, under convoy of four or five men of war; but, on examining our papers, they suffered us to proceed. At length, about the 20th of July, some time after we had cleared the banks of Newfoundland, we were stopt by three British frigates, the Thetis, Captain Cochrane, the Hussar, Captain ———, and the Esperance, Wood, who boarded us, and after treating us with the greatest insolence, both officers and sailors, they pressed every one of our hands save one, and near fifty of my unfortunate fellow-passengers, who were most of them flying to America to avoid the tyranny of a bad government at home, and who thus most unexpectedly fell under the severest tyranny, one of them at least, which exists. As I was in a jacket and trowsers, one of the lieutenants ordered me to the boat as a fit man to serve the King, and it was only the screams of my wife and sister which induced him to desist. It would have been a pretty termination to my adventures, if I had been pressed and sent on board a man of war. The insolence of those tyrants to myself, as well as to my poor fellow-passengers, in whose fate a fellowship in misfortune had interested me, I have not since forgotten, and I never will. At length, after detaining us two days, during which they rummaged us at least twenty times, they suffered us to proceed. On the 30th July we made Cape Henlopen;

the 31st we ran up the Delaware, and on the 1st of August we landed safe at Wilmington, not one of us providentially having been for an hour indisposed on the passage, nor even sea-sick. Those only who have had their wives, their children, and all, in short, that is dear to them, floating for seven or eight weeks at the mercy of the winds and waves, can conceive the transport I felt at seeing my wife and our darling babies ashore once again in health and in safety. We set up at the principal tavern, kept by an Irishman, one Captain O'Flynn (I think), for all the taverns in America are kept by Majors and Captains either of Militia or Continentals; and in a few days we had entirely recruited our strength and spirits, and totally forgotten the fatigues of the voyage.

During our stay in Wilmington, we formed an acquaintance, which was of some service and a great deal of pleasure to us, with a General Hampton, an old Continental officer. He was an Englishman, born in Yorkshire, and had been a major in the 25th regiment, but on the breaking out of the American war he resigned his commission and offered his services to Congress, who immediately gave him a regiment, from which he rose by degrees to his present rank. He was a beautiful, hale, stout old man of near seventy, perfectly the soldier and the gentleman; and he took a great liking to us, as we did to him on our part. On our removal to Philadelphia, he found us a lodging with one of his acquaintance, and rendered us all the little services and attentions that our situation as strangers required, which indeed he continued without remission during the whole of my stay in America, and I doubt not equally since my departure. I have a sincere and grateful sense of the kindness of this worthy veteran.

Immediately on my arrival in Philadelphia, which was about the 7th or 8th of August, I found out my old friend and brother exile Dr. ——, who seemed, to my very great satisfaction, to be very comfortably settled. From him I learned that ——* had arrived about six weeks before me from France; and that same evening we all three met. It was a singular rencontre, and our several escapes from an ignominious death seemed little short of a miracle. We communicated respectively our several adventures which took place in the gaol of Newgate in Dublin fourteen months before. In Dr. —— there was nothing very extraordinary. —— had been seized and thrown into prison immediately on his landing near Brest, from whence he was rescued by the interference of a young man named ——, an Irishman, in the service of the Republic, and sent on to Paris to the Committee of Public Safety by *Prieur de la Marne*, the deputy on mission. On his arrival he was seized with a most dangerous fever, from which he narrowly escaped with his life. When he recovered, as well as during his illness, he was maintained by the Government. He was examined on the state of Ireland; but immediately after came on the famous 9th Thermidor, the downfal of Robespierre, and the dissolution of the Committee of Public Safety. The total change which this produced in the politics of France, and the attention of every man being occupied with his own immediate personal safety, were the causes that —— was forgotten in the confusion. After remaining there for several months, he yielded to the solicitude of his family and friends, and embarked at Havre for New York, where he arrived about the middle of June 1795, after a tedious passage of eleven weeks. It is unnecessary to detail again my adventures which I related to them at full length, as well as every thing relating to the state of politics in Ireland, about which it may be well supposed their curiosity and anxiety were extreme. I then proceeded to tell them my designs, and that I intended waiting the next day on the French minister with such credentials as I had brought with me, which were the two votes of thanks of the Catholics, and my certificate of admission into

* The name is suppressed in the manuscript, but from the facts, and the initial R—— occurring in the sequel, we conjecture that the person in question must have been Mr. Hamilton Rowan.

the Belfast volunteers, engrossed on vellum and signed by the chairman and secretaries. I added that I would refer to them both for my credibility in case the minister had any doubts.

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The next day I waited on the minister (Citizen Adet) who received me very politely. He spoke English very imperfectly, and I French a great deal worse. However we made a shift to understand one another. He read my certificate, &c. and he begged me to throw on paper in the form of a memorial all I had to communicate on the subject of Ireland. This I accordingly did in the course of two or three days, though with great difficulty on account of the burning heat of the climate, so different from what I had been used to, the thermometer varying between 90° and 97°. At length, however, I finished my memorial, such as it was, and brought it to Adet, and I offered him at the same time, if he thought it would forward the business, to embark in the first vessel which sailed for France; but the minister for some reason seemed not much to desire this, and he eluded my offer by reminding me of the great risk I ran, as the English stopped and carried into their ports indiscriminately all American vessels bound for France. He assured me, however, I might rely on my memorial being transmitted to the French government and backed with his strongest recommendations; and he also promised to write particularly to procure the enlargement of my brother Matthew, who was then in prison at Guire—all which I have since found he faithfully performed.

I had now discharged my conscience as to my duty to my country, and it was with the sincerest and deepest contristation of mind that I saw this my last effort likely to be of so little effect. It was barely possible, but I did not much expect that the French Government might take notice of my memorial; and if they did not, there was an end of all my hopes. I now began to endeavour to bend my mind to my situation, but to no purpose. I moved my family, first to West Chester, and then to Downingstown, both in the state of Pensylvania, about thirty miles from Philadelphia, and I began to look about for a small plantation, such as might suit the shattered state of my finances, on which the enormous expense of living in Philadelphia (three times as dear as at Paris or even London) was beginning to make a sensible inroad. While they remained there in the neighbourhood of our kind friend General Hampton, whose kindness and attention continued unabated, I made divers excursions on foot and in the stage-waggon, in quest of a farm. The situation of Prince Town in New Jersey struck me for a variety of reasons, and I determined, if possible, to settle in that neighbourhood. I accordingly agreed with a Dutch boor for a plantation of 100 acres, with a small wooden house, which would have suited me well enough, for which I was to pay £750 of that currency; but the fellow was too covetous, and wanted to screw more out of me, on which I broke off the treaty in a rage, and he began to repent; but I was obstinate. At length I agreed with a Captain Leonard for a plantation of 180 acres, beautifully situated within two miles of Prince Town, and half of it under timber, for which I was to pay 1180*l.* currency, and I believe it was worth the money. I moved in consequence my family to Prince Town, where I hired a small house for the winter, which I furnished frugally and decently. I fitted up my study, and I began to think that my lot was cast to be an American farmer. For myself, I believe I could have borne it; and for my wife, it was sufficient to her that I was with her; her incomparable firmness of mind, and never-failing cheerfulness and equanimity of temper sustaining her, (and me also, whose happiness depended solely upon hers,) under every difficulty; but when we looked on our little children, we felt, both of us, our courage fail. Our little boys we could hardly bear to think of rearing in the boorish ignorance of the peasants about us; and to what purpose give them an education which could only tend to discontent them with the state wherein they were thrown, and wherein learning and talents were useless? But especially our little girl, now eight

or nine years old, was our principal uneasiness. How could we bear to see her the wife of a clown, without delicacy or refinement, incapable to feel or to estimate the value of a mind which even already developed the strongest marks of sensibility and tenderness. For my own part, this idea tormented me beyond enduring; and I am sure that no unfortunate lover, in the paroxysm of jealousy, ever looked forward with greater horror to the union of his mistress with his rival, than I did to the probability of seeing my darling child sacrificed to one of the boors by whom we were surrounded. I could better bear to see her dead; for with regard to the delicacy and purity of woman, I entertain notions of perhaps extravagant refinement. But to return. In this gloomy frame of mind, I remained for some time waiting for the lawyer who was employed to draw the deeds, and expecting next spring to remove to my purchase, and to begin farming at last, when one day I was roused from my lethargy by the receipt of letters from N——, R——, and ——, wherein after professions of the warmest and sincerest regard, they proceeded to acquaint me that the state of the public mind in Ireland was advancing to Republicanism faster than even I could believe, and they pressed me in the strongest manner to fulfil the engagement that I had made with them at my departure, and to move heaven and earth to force my way to the French Government, in order to supplicate their assistance. —— at the end of a most friendly and affectionate letter, desired me to draw on him for 200*l.*, and that my bill should be punctually paid; an offer, at the liberality of which, well as I knew the man, I confess I was surprised. I immediately handed the letters to my wife and sister, and desired their opinion, which I foresaw would be that I should immediately, if possible, set out for France. My wife especially, whose courage and whose zeal for my honour and interests were not in the least rebated by all her past sufferings, supplicated me to let no consideration for her or our children stand for a moment in the way of my engagements to my friends and my duty to my country, adding that she would answer for our family during my absence, and that the same Providence which had so often, as it were, miraculously preserved us, would, she was confident, not desert us now. My sister joined her in these entreaties, and it may be well supposed I required no great supplication to induce me to make one more attempt in a cause to which I had been so long devoted. I set off accordingly the next morning (it being this time about the end of November) for Philadelphia, and went immediately on my arrival to Adet, to whom I shewed the letters I had just received, and I referred him to ———, who was then in town, for the characters of the writers. I had the satisfaction, contrary to my expectations, to find Adet as willing to forward and assist my design now, as he seemed (to me at least) lukewarm when I saw him before in August. He told me immediately that he would give me letters to the French Government, recommending me in the strongest manner, and also money to bear my expenses, if necessary. I thanked him most sincerely for the letters, but I declined accepting any pecuniary assistance. Having thus far surmounted my difficulties, I wrote for my brother Arthur, who was at Prince Town, to come to me immediately, and I fitted him out with all expedition for sea. Having instructed him with my determination of sailing for France in the first vessel, I ordered him to communicate this immediately on his arrival in Ireland, to N—— and R—— in Belfast, and to M'Nevin and —— only in Dublin. To every one else, including especially my father and mother, I desired him to say that I had purchased, and was settled upon my farm near Prince Town. Having fully instructed him, I put him on board the Susannah, Captain Baird, bound for Belfast, and on the 10th December, 1795, he sailed from Philadelphia, and I presume he arrived safe, but as yet I have had no opportunity of hearing of him.* Having despatched him, I settled all my affairs as

* This mission presents a curious specimen of the kind of instruments that may be employed in revolutionary undertakings. The fact of Tone's being about to

speedily as possible; I drew on ——— for 200*l.* agreeable to his letter, 150*l.* of which I devoted to my voyage. My friend R—— procured me Louis-d'ors at the bank for an hundred pounds worth of silver. I converted the remainder of my little property into bank-stock, and having signed a general power of attorney to my wife, I waited finally on Adet, who gave me a letter in cypher, directed to the Committee *du salut public*, the only credential which I intended to bring with me to France. I spent one day in Philadelphia with R——, and my old friend and fellow-sufferer James Napper Tandy, who, after a long concealment and many adventures, was recently arrived from Hamburgh; and at length on the 13th December at night, I arrived at Prince Town, whither ——— accompanied me, bringing with him a few presents for my wife, sister, and our dear little babies. That night we supped together in high spirits, and ——— retiring to the inn immediately after, my wife, sister, and I sat together till very late, engaged in that kind of animated and enthusiastic conversation, which our characters, and the nature of the enterprise I was embarked in, may be supposed to give rise to. The courage and firmness of the women supported me, and them too, beyond my expectations. We had neither tears nor lamentations, but on the contrary the most ardent hopes, and the most steady resolution. At length at five the next morning I embraced them both for the last time, and we parted with a steadiness which astonished me. On the 16th December I arrived in New York, and took my passage on board the ship Jersey, Captain John Barnes, commander. I remained in New York ten days, during which time I wrote continually to my family; and a day or two before my departure, I received a letter from my wife, informing me that she was with child, a circumstance which she had concealed so far, I am sure, lest it might have had some influence on my determination. On the 1st of January, 1796, I sailed from Sandy Hook with nine fellow-passengers, all French, bound for Havre de Grace. Our voyage lasted exactly a month. * * * * * * * On the 1st of February we landed in safety at Havre, having met with not the smallest accident during our voyage.

My adventures from this date are fully detailed in the diary, which I have regularly kept since my arrival in France.

Here the manuscript ends. The sequel of Tone's story is matter of public history. He accompanied the French expedition, about to sail at the time he closed his narrative, to Ireland. The fleet was dispersed in a gale, and returned to France without effecting its object. The vessel in which he sailed was among those that were driven into, and wind-bound for some days in Bantry Bay. Two years after (in the autumn of 1798) another armament, destined for the North of Ireland, sailed from Brest; and the principal part of it was captured by Admiral Warren's squadron off Lough-swilly. Tone, as already mentioned, under the mistaken impression that his French commission would save him, refused to escape. He bore the name of Smith Tone, with the rank of *Chef-de-brigade*, in the French service; and for some time passed unnoticed among the other prisoners. After they were landed,

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make his way to France, with a prospect of succeeding in his object, was a piece of information the most important that could be transmitted to his associates in Ireland, and the subsequent knowledge of it had no small influence on their proceedings; yet this, it seems, was to be communicated verbally to them by a child of thirteen years; for such, it appears in another part of these memoirs, was the age of this little tyro in high treason. He had been bred to the sea, and accompanied his brother to America, who describes him as "a fine smart boy, as idle as possible, with very quick parts, and as stout as a lion," and expresses his confidence that "he would discharge his commission with ability and discretion."

Lord Cavan, the commanding officer in that part of Ireland, invited the prisoners of a certain rank to breakfast. On the way, Tone was recognised by, or, according to another account, had the impudence to make himself known to, an old acquaintance, that chanced to be on the spot. Lord Cavan was speedily apprised that Wolfe Tone was sitting at his table. The latter was accordingly made to pass into an adjoining room, where, his identity being ascertained, he was formally placed under close arrest on a charge of high treason, and soon after put in irons. This latter indignity he appears to have felt most acutely. Alluding to it upon his trial, he says, "After a combat nobly sustained, and which would have inspired a sentiment of interest in a generous enemy, to the eternal shame of those who gave the order, I have been dragged hither in chains." The friends of Lord Cavan asserted that this extreme severity was provoked by Tone's outrageous deportment, when he found that he was not to have the privileges of a prisoner of war. It may have been so; but the ordinary character of the man strongly contradicts the supposition. He was sent on to Dublin on horseback, and guarded by an escort of dragoons. A gentleman, then in Ireland, who saw him pass through one of the northern towns, remembers two strong impressions which Tone's appearance made:—first, its extreme singularity from his foreign uniform, and still more from his incapacity (encumbered with irons as he was) of sitting with tolerable ease in his saddle; and, secondly, the admirable serenity of countenance with which he bore his fate. Among the groups of females that thronged the windows, his eye caught the features of a young lady whom he had not seen for many years. He instantly recognised her, and carelessly observed, "There is my old friend Miss Beresford, I see: how well she looks!"

Upon his arrival in Dublin he was brought up for trial before a court-martial, convicted, and sentenced to die in eight-and-forty hours. His address to the court—a dying declaration rather than a defence—was manly and eloquent. His only concern was to die with dignity: the only favour he asked was to be indulged "in a soldier's privilege of being shot by a file of grenadiers." This being refused, he resolved to die by his own hand.

There is a tragic singularity of interest in what followed. The only point that Tone had urged in the way of defence, was his commission in the French service; and this the court could not listen to. But it subsequently appeared that as far as *that* trial was concerned, he had a valid legal defence, of which he had been unaware. His execution was fixed for one o'clock on the 12th of November. On the evening of the 11th, his father, then in Dublin, was induced to take the opinion of counsel on the legality of his trial and conviction. The opinion given was, that the whole proceedings were illegal, for want of jurisdiction in a court-martial to try the offence; and Mr. Tone (the father) was advised to prepare an affidavit of the circumstances, and to move the King's Bench, at the sitting of the court the following morning, to have the body of his son brought up by a writ of Habeas Corpus. This was accordingly done; but no intimation of the intended proceeding was made to the prisoner. The court at once admitted the case to be one demanding its instant interference; and, while the writ was preparing, despatched the sheriff to the barracks of Dublin to

prevent the execution. The scene upon this occasion, as awfully dramatic as any of Sir Walter Scott's, is detailed, but scantily, in Howell's State Trials. The sheriff speedily returned from the barracks, and announced that the authorities there refused to obey the order of the court. This was followed by an intimation that the writ of Habeas Corpus, which had been made out and served by the father, had been equally disregarded. Such was the period, that the general impression now was that the prisoner would be led out to execution in defiance of the court and the law.* This apprehension was legible in the countenance of Lord Kilwarden, the chief-justice; a man who, in the worst of times, preserved a religious respect for the laws. A witness of the scene, describing its effect upon him, observed, that "his agitation was magnificent." The notorious indifference of some of his contemporaries to legal observances, when blood was to be shed, suggested a phrase which would otherwise savour of Irish exaggeration. The sheriff was again despatched to the barracks, with directions to take the prisoner into his custody; and, further, to apprehend the Prevot-marshal and Major Sandys, who had so presumptuously disobeyed the former order of the Court. The sheriff was refused admittance to the barracks. He was, however, given to understand there (and this was the first announcement of the fact), that Wolfe Tone had the night before attempted his life, by cutting his throat with a penknife, and was in such a condition that his removal would occasion instant death. It is by no means improbable that this latter circumstance may have operated fully as much as the injunction of the Court of King's Bench to prevent his execution. He died a few days after of his wound. The last words recorded of him are his reply to the surgeon, who, upon examining the wound, observed that though dangerous it might not prove fatal, the carotid artery having escaped incision—"I am sorry to find that I have been so bad an anatomist."

In perusing these extracts from Wolfe Tone's biography, some classes of our readers cannot fail to have been struck by the ardent terms in which his wife is mentioned, and will be naturally desirous to know what became of her and her infant family after the catastrophe just narrated. We have been enabled to subjoin a few particulars on this head. After the death of her husband, she settled in France, where a pension was assigned her by the Government of that country. She resided in France until the fall of Napoleon, greatly regarded and admired by all who knew her. Her conversation was in a high degree animated and eloquent. She never murmured at her destiny, but sustained it with that cheerful elevation of mind which springs from an early and unabated sympathy with important objects. Her firmness of character may be collected from a single instance. The anecdote is also too honourable to a man whom it was once considered a national duty to dishonour, to be suppressed. A large arrear of her pension, her only means of support, being unpaid, and all her official applications and remonstrances on the subject treated with neglect, she determined upon applying in person to the Emperor for redress. With this view, she proceeded alone to the Forest of St. Germain at an hour when she

* The cart and military escort were already in attendance outside the barracks.

knew that he was to pass through it. As soon as the royal equipage appeared, she placed herself in the middle of the road, and compelling the postilions to draw up, advanced to the carriage and told her story. Napoleon no sooner discovered who she was, than he treated her with the most marked kindness and respect. He promised that his first care upon his arrival in Paris should be to order the instant payment of her arrears; and he kept his word. He further delayed for a considerable time, to inquire minutely into the situation of herself and her family, and entreated that in future, whenever she had any object to attain for herself or them, she would not hesitate to make him acquainted with her wishes. She was too self-denying and proud to use this privilege as others would have done. The few favours that she afterwards solicited were immediately granted. These related to her son, her only surviving child, for the rest perished in their infancy. There is one fact connected with him, so highly characteristic of one "of the great men now no more," that it deserves to be recorded. Young Tone, who had industry and literary talents, was anxious, and it was also his mother's wish, to advance himself in a civil line; but the rigorous spirit of French institutions compelled him to become a soldier. While yet a boy, he was placed by the laws of France in a military school, and in due season transferred to the army. He attained the rank of lieutenant; and in the celebrated retreat from Leipsic, where he distinguished himself, acted as aid-de-camp to a general. After the battle of Waterloo he extricated himself from the French service; and, a wealthy connexion of his mother's having invited him to settle in England, he resolved to return to his original country, and, being still extremely young, to try his fortune at the English bar. The only obstacle to this scheme was the fact of his having committed the technical offence of high treason, by serving in the French army. The British ambassador at Paris, upon the circumstances being represented to him, acted like a man of sense and feeling. He transmitted the particulars to his government, and strongly recommended that young Tone should have the protection of a pardon for his involuntary breach of the laws of England. This was refused. Lord Castlereagh (as the family were informed) objecting to the influence which the proximity of a son of Wolfe Tone might have upon the political feelings that prevailed in Ireland. The young man offered to bind himself under any penalty never to set foot in Ireland, but unavailingly. He soon after went to America, where he is now serving in the army of the United States. A son of Wolfe Tone, as an English barrister, would have been perfectly innocuous. If there be any ground for the recent prediction, that America is destined "to settle the Catholic question," he may not prove equally so where he is. His mother is still living, and, if we are rightly informed, is now the wife of an opulent gentleman of Scotland.

VALENTINE.—CANTO II.

Beauty ! queen in all time, to whom the crown
Of bard and soldier is an offering made ;
Before whom Age is warm and Youth bows down,
Priests gloat, and Kings forget ambition's trade ;
To thee morality is air,—renown,
Honour and truth, the shadows of a shade
When they oppose thy arbitrary sway—
Yet they who wish thy reign diminish'd may—

I do not—for thy presence oft can bring,
Like music, influence to charm away
Base thoughts and mitigate affliction's sting ;
Thou art an emanation from the ray
That lights up heaven, tinting the seraph's wing
And form of glory with a hue more gay—
Strong without strength, o'erreaching without guile,
In tears resistless, mighty with a smile—

In solitude all potent, when the scene
From Nature's decoration adds its charm,
And makes the brilliant seem more bright in sheen,
Set as in precious metal, glowing warm
From its rich case—there 's something too, I ween,
Like selfish pleasure when without alarm
Alone, unseen, th' eye feasts on loveliness,
None else partaking it and making less.

And thus it first appear'd to Valentine,
Improved by Nature—with a tenfold power
The sight impress'd him, as it made the shine
Of female grace the stronger at the hour
When no restraint was on it, when the fine
And mellow evening did around it pour
Rich and warm shadows that the background hid,
Heightening the scene of light as Rembrandt did ;—

And flinging over it a mantle grey—
A tone romantic which the soul may feel,
But never painter's art nor poet's lay
Can limn as we experience, or reveal
The saddening, softening, thrilling ecstasy
It makes pervade us—as when roses steal
In odours on the eastern Cashmire air,
So sad and killing sweet they almost wake despair.

Nature is the best guide—better than masters
Who point the way among society,
And warn maid-hunting youths of sad disasters,
If they imagine love can needful be
In marriage *à la mode ;* right faithful pastors,
Bred in the base world's university ;
Who for love's god preach an attorney vile,
To woo by rent-roll, settlement, and guile.

But I am wandering—Valentine knew not
What are call'd social comforts such as these,
He had them yet to learn—Love first had got,
If any thing he'd lost, his bosom's ease :
He ponder'd much upon the scene, the spot
Where he had seen those creatures ; many days
Past over him, and still in his soul's eye
Their forms were uppermost incessantly.

Walking or sitting—when he woke at night
  They were seen the strongest, just as if the mind
Expatiated more, the bodily sight
  Being pent up and in the dark confined :
And sleep brought her gay visions clothed in light,
  All glorious as reality—combined
Together they engross'd the youth's whole thought—
Eating or hunting all things else were nought.

Deliberating between filial devotion,
  And his desire to get another gaze
At what had so o'erpower'd him with emotion—
  First he fear'd evil, then a doubt would seize
Upon his mind, as wind upon the ocean
  Making it restless—then a wish would raise,
Upon the side he wish'd, a lacking reason
That he 'd deem good though 'twere to license treason.

Where was the mischief should he merely go
  And cautiously obtain another look ?
For he would take his hunting-spear or bow
  With which much fiercer creatures he had strook—
In case they should attack him ; who would know
  What his intentions were ?—and Nature's book,
The only one he 'd read, shew'd many things
Dangerous alone from mere imaginings.

Thus caution's warning reasonably he past,
  Somewhat as virgins conquer love's first fears
By leaping boldly o'er them, when at last,
  Love or no love, the only chance appears—
Steering upon self-power and holding fast
  Hope's cobweb cords for cables—thus careers
Their bark, and so did that of Valentine,
Led by an instinct powerful and divine.

For there is power encircling woman's form,
  Experienced once, fixing the soul for ever—
There is a circle like a glory, warm
  With life and joy drawn close around her, never
To be unfelt, once felt, until the storm
  Of death the invisible influence shall sever—
There is a spell mysterious, which man's soul
Can tame and bind, give licence or control—

A spell that holds in every nook of being,
  Which to evade is fruitless, break is vain—
Like the old Scythian, 'tis a victor fleeing,
  And cleaves as closely as the brand of Cain ;
It penetrates the heart with eye all-seeing—
  It mingles with the blood in every vein—
It steals into the springs of animation,
And breathes from every object in creation.

Then how should Valentine who 'd seen her miss
  To feel her power !—he could not dream about
The thrilling rapture of the passionate kiss,
  In which the very soul is given out—
The eloquence of eyes, the lover's bliss,
  The hand's warm pressure, and the lips that pout—
The sweet consenting of a virgin heart—
The long-drawn sigh breathed forth when lovers part—

The words and things to lovers passing great,
  So very tame to all the world beside;
The enjoyment of short seasons in a state
  Without a void and every wish supplied;
The happiness that seems to mock at fate,
  The full heart's heaven, life's feast, and passion's pride;
The generous emotions, and the scorn
Of selfish acts, mean deeds, and cares suspicion-born.

But Nature hinted right, that best of mothers—
  And told him there was something, though not what,
Of joy conceal'd from him, perhaps known to others—
  Joy undiscover'd that might be his lot
Spite of his sire's forebodings—youth ne'er bothers
  Its scene of happiness, a verdant spot,
With thoughts of snakes that haunt it—youth is right,
They are the curse with which man slays delight—

By dread of future evils, when an hour
  He cannot call his own—poor finite man!—
And Valentine lived yet in youth's gay bower,
  To enjoy the innocent present was his plan:
And so his father having gone to scour
  The woods for game—he hesitating ran
Half fearful, buoyant half with hope, and took
His hunting-spear, and turning to a brook,

Which ran close by, drank of the living stream
  To brace his resolution—then like hart
Lightly he sprang cross its reflected beam,
  And took the path that led him far apart
From his accustom'd haunts—the morning's gleam
  Peep'd through the umbrage here and there, his heart
Gladness lit up, thus cherishing a hope
That gave his curious fancies ample scope.

For doubtless they were busy, as they are
  Most in the bosoms of the human race
Untutor'd in the world; for ever there
  Chill reason and reality take their place,
And let them—better is the mountain bare
  Its head in heaven, caves, woods, the lake's pure face,
And the sweet dreams and wild imaginings
They feast us with, than such low-thoughted things.

'Tis better live on dreams and keep humanity,
  And sweet sensations, ever fresh and young,
Than grope amid a lying world's inanity,
  And cant, on garbage feed, be slander-stung,
And blunt the senses, and give up from vanity,
  Nature's pure fane with starry truths thick hung—
And so would Valentine, I have no doubt,
If he like some had tried both modes about.

I marvel what he mused of as he paced
  Towards the place where he those beings met;
Strange notions and wild thoughts each other chased,
  And doubtless he had tremours too, and yet
His curiosity all fear displaced,
  Or fear his curiosity but set
To dare all obstacles, and gratify
His sovereign wish though without knowing why.

So nimbly on he went o'er beds of thyme
In open spots, hedged round with lofty trees;
And then he plunged where tangling wild vines climb,
And dew-wet herbage rises to his knees;
And dark o'ershadowing foliage, half sublime
From its obscurity, shut out the breeze—
Then suddenly to open sunshine came,
Where all beam'd glory from a sky of flame,

Dazzling from contrast—now the deer upsprung
From his fresh breakfast, shook the dew away
And bounded off; the leveret shy and young,
Her ears erecting, halted in her play,
Look'd back and fled—the choir of nature sung,
To love attuning every little lay,
For well they knew it while the youth did not—
But he felt something wanting in life's lot.

Thus he went cautious every where about,
Almost on tiptoe, lest he be surprised;
But all was silent—scarce the green leaves flout
And rustle with each other—self-advised
He first thought of returning, when a shout
Of laughter struck his ear, and he surmised
It came from the fair creatures he was seeking,—
It was not far to judge by the sounds breaking.

Then on again he stole, like Indian chief
Skulking in war, to where the wood seem'd ended,
And cots of which he caught a glance though brief,
Again broke on his sight with verdure blended;
And one was in a garden that a thief
Might easily enter, for no fence ascended
To keep it from the wood, and bowers were there,
Which the huge trees hung over in mid air.

Nought else he saw, until a corner turning
Somewhat incautiously, before him stood
Scarce four yards distant, hid from the sun's burning—
The blue-eyed maid he'd seen within the wood,
And further the brunette appear'd, returning
To her companion in a playful mood,
Loaded with sweets and flowers, like laughing May
When down the gale she comes in Spring array.

Each stood in mute astonishment—the fair
To see the intruder in his curious dress,
That spoke him, despite of his noble air,
A colonist of the wide wilderness;
They gazed and gazed some minutes on him there,
Nor changed an attitude, nor moved a tress,
Waiting, perhaps, to hear the stranger speak,
Not knowing what he suffer'd for his freak.

Fear, hope, surprise,—surprise, hope, fear, changed hands,
Alternate dancing on his visage brown,
He could not speak—his soul had no commands
To spare for language, that was swallow'd down
And left his tongue inert, as scorching brands
Struck on his heart his father's words and frown;
He wish'd himself at home, grasp'd firm his spear,
And backward stept as if he were too near

Those creatures strange, until he saw the foe
  Made no advancement, and the gay brunette
Laugh heartily in the o'erpowering flow
  Of mirth that she was bursting with—she set
Her flowers upon the ground, and needs must go
  Towards the stranger, who in terror yet
Couch'd his keen hunting-spear, retiring still
As she came on, but could not find the will

To deal a blow—she was unarm'd as well,
  Her power look'd small to his, and then her face,
Her beauty might a raging tiger quell,
  And its enchantment every moment's space
Wove with more influence its magic spell:
  She smiled upon him, ask'd him if the chace
Had stolen his faculties, and hoped he'd ne'er
Kill her as he would kill the forest deer.

And then the blue-eyed maid her sister joins,
  Her long bright locks in waves luxuriant spread;
Her sister's arm she takes, and thus purloins
  Part of the youth's wild gaze, her lovely head
Archly inclined, around her forehead coins
  Of her fair hair hung rich, bordering the red,
The morning flush on snow, of her pure cheek—
To Valentine she said in accent meek:—

"Come, stranger, tired with hunting you must be,
  Seat yourself in that bower, for rest is good;
And you can travel homeward presently,
  When you have eat some fruit or homely food."—
"Yes, come," the gay brunette rejoin'd with glee,
  And took his wrist to put him in the road.
He could not speak between delight and fear—
Which he felt most of is not quite so clear.

But at the maiden's touch there something rush'd
  Into his frame he never knew before—
Something that thrill'd through every vein, then gush'd
  In lightning fire from every bursting pore:—
Now chill he felt, and now with heat was flush'd,
  And all before a moment had gone o'er—
Then suddenly, as by magician's wand,
His spear dropped idly from his trembling hand.

Thus offering no resistance, passive led
  As by superior power where will is vain,
He went toward the bower with faltering tread,
  Speechless, confused, and on his brow like rain
Damp vapours stood, and in his swimming head
  Fever and faintness held alternate reign;
He heavily breathed, his heart beat quick, his eye
Was to suffusion wet, his lips were dry.

On one side walk'd the fair and blue-eyed maid,
  Smiling upon him with a witching air;
On the other she with eyes of darkest shade,
  As moonless heaven when clouds are mustering there;
But they had living fire deeply inlaid
  That now and then flash'd forth—she knew not care;
Generous and gay, in spirit passionate,
She fear'd not fortune, and she laugh'd at fate—

In short at every thing—her sister showed
The counterpart in temper, soft, sedate,
Easily impress'd, and her mind's current flowed
More equable, and for her rural state
Much she had thought, though nothing had she owed
To the world's art—now to a grassy seat
Like an automaton the youth they led,
And the brunette ran off for fruit and bread.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

Mr. Editor.—The gentleman to whom I addressed the following letter, having taken no notice of it; I conclude (mistakes or miscarriage out of the question) he is wroth against me for only discharging the duties, by himself often solicited, of a very old friendship; and as, in such a mood of mind, misconceptions of my letter may get abroad, I appeal to you, for the sake of public as well as individual justice, to honour it with insertion in The New Monthly Magazine. C. P.

To George Colman, Esq. Deputy-Licenser of Plays.

Dear George.—Thanks for the MS. two first acts of your new play; but do you really wish my opinion?—Am I to speak out in earnest? or are all your ardent demands for my criticism, like those of the archbishop to his dear *enfant* Gil Blas? You are so peremptory, however, that come what may come, I must tell you the blessed truth; therefore, dear old friend, burn those two acts. They will never do. People will say, if you persist in them, that the author gives proof of the dotage, (your pardon, but you know I only quote,) of which a royal academician, and others, had delicately accused the licenser. Put them up, at least, if you do not light your cigar with them; tie a little string round them, and fling them into a corner of your deepest drawer, and don't look at them again till we meet.

How is all this, George? what have you been at? in what steeped your brains? or have you wrung them so hard, that they are only fit for hanging out to dry, like a sunday shirt, of old, under the hands of our esteemed washerwoman?—The "Law of Java" was bad enough, as the booksellers know to their cost; a thin mixture of maudlin sentiment and melodrama; but your embryo play!—take my advice, my good fellow, about it.

Can it be that your late religious turn, while it laudably inspires the reforming course you take with all other authors, destroys your own powers as an author? And is sunday-reading and psalm-singing necessarily at war with poetical spirit in the same person? I suspect so, and exhort you to look about you; beware of drivel, and twaddle, and the sonorousness of mere cant. I own I thought the last set of pious people you introduced me to, rather dangerous: even in your official capacity, such violent though good-hearted enthusiasts may injure you. I see no objection, indeed, to your recent change, particularly at your time of life, and after such a life; it is decorous, and becomes a little elderly gentleman in a Christian country; but every thing still in reason, my dear deputy-licenser; impossibilities are not expected from even the most perfect of us; and you are not

called upon, by any text I know of, to play the zany in your situation; while you pervert or overstrain the duties of it.

Your austere resolve to banish from the stage, as far as it can be done by chastening the modern drama, all disloyalty, immorality, and wickedness, I admire; you know my principles, though my election is not yet as decided as your own, and you will credit this assertion; yet, I say, have a care of nonsense, even for your place sake.

The last day I saw you, you may recollect I parted in great anxiety to begin my journey to the country that evening; yet I believe I mentioned I should hazard a flying visit to W. H. late as it was. I did so; and found poor H. in a tolerable three-pair apartment, with Mrs. H. and the two Misses and little Master H. I knocked at his door, and hailed him, in good spirits, but was chilled at the gloom of his welcome. Mrs. H. too met me in a mysterious manner, and even the elder girl looked dull, and sighed as she curtsied. The same strange depression continued around me. I rallied our old acquaintance, complimented his wife, chucked Miss H. under the chin, and took the little boy on my knee; all to no purpose. I mentioned I had just seen you, and that you looked fresh-faced and lumbering as ever; and then they stared at each other, and turned pale; and, in fact, after a warm preface from H. the murder came out at last; another "trick" of yours, George, in your "brief authority:" our poor friend H. stept to a drawer, and placed before me a drama that had been accepted at a Theatre Royal, but that you had prohibited; with two others, also approved by the manager, but that you had so bravely cut up and cut down, he had scarce any hopes left about them. By the first, that is, by your sweeping prohibition of it, the poor fellow lost an almost certain two hundred and fifty; Mrs. H. a long-ambitioned and long-promised addition to her summer finery! and the Misses and Master H. I know not what.

All very fair, however, if on fair grounds; but as a common friend between you and H. I must conscientiously reject the *if*. He has let me have the MSS. home to the country with me; I have attentively perused the drama that you altogether prohibited, and attentively weighed the official cuts you have made in the two others, and laugh at you I must, my dear George: you are either hoaxing us, or you in reality approach that archbishop's state, before glanced at, and indeed require my friendly interference. If you do not jest, you dribble—dote; that's certain.

First and foremost, in the name of the consistency of things, how could you, in such a wholesale way, condemn that piece with the queer name?—you know little of logic; but on what grounds of reasoning competent to any journeyman carpenter who reads the Mechanic's Magazine?—Let me remind you of the facts, in two words. A drama comes before you, called after a petty disturber of his Majesty's peace, and having him for its hero, but of which the tendency and catastrophe are to read a lesson to all who have been led astray by that doughty hero; and in this view, the brigand himself absolutely renounces and expresses contrition for his evil courses, and commands his followers to go home and become peaceable subjects. This you never denied. You did not call the tendency of the piece disloyal; but it brought forward (only to reprobate them) local disturbances; it brought for-

ward (only to denounce him) a local disturber; and you prohibited it. Why, George? If those acts and that incendiary were shewn in an approved light, then indeed must you have been warranted by the duties of your office, by your sense of religion, and by your common sense (if any is left), in suppressing the play; but when it is on all hands admitted that the thing is all the other way, by what kind of ratiocination have you acted as if it were not?

But no "political allusions" of any kind will you allow. No! Not even such as must promote the King's peace and serve to discountenance those who break it? And if not, George, *why* not? Answer us, my friend. Is it treason or disaffection to write a play against the Government, and in favour of its enemies, and is it also treason or disaffection to write one in favour of it, and against its enemies?—Ridicule must overtake the wight that reasons with you; but would you conceive yourself behaving like a man of the humblest good-sense in prohibiting, this moment, a play of which the object should be to laud the principles that called the house of Brunswick to the throne, and to brand, at the same time, the adverse principles?—Or, coming closer on the point—suppose a little drama was sent in to you with a little Radical for its hero, and the plot built on Radical nonsense, but serving, every line, temperately to denounce it and him—how would you decide? Suppress it, as you have suppressed your old friend's drama, which, from your admissions, is so precisely a case in point? Would you, George?

As, "in one fell swoop," you have excluded from the stage the totality of the piece here spoken of, I cannot, in illustration of your loyalty, quote a whole play against you; but through another, which you have partially damned, I find abundance of passages that serve this purpose. To begin. An Irish reaper enters, singing four lines of *an old song that has been sung a hundred times before*, indeed as often thrummed as Mrs. Carey, or Paddy Carey, which *you* ought to know something about;—Scene, a street—in London; mark, in London;

> "'Twas there I met wid *Bonyparte*, who tuck me by de hand,
> An', says he, how's poor ould Ireland, an' how does she stand?
> *Och! a poor distressed nation, as never yet war seen,*
> *Where dey 're hangin' men an' women for de wearin' o' de green.*"—

And here I have preserved your cuts; and this is a sample of your sense of disloyalty. In the mouth of such a character, in such a situation, and at such a time as the present, the Irish reaper's mention of "Bonyparte," and the playful and, on the face of it, ridiculous allusion to events now nearly thirty years gone by—this is disloyalty, and something too violent to be hummed in a song; you smell a rat, here; and with an intense gravity, that none but Dogberry and yourself were ever able to assume, you "cry stand in the Prince's name."—Talking of princes, do you remember the burlesque farce of which the name smelt odious in your nostrils, the other day at Drury Lane? and what was that name?—"The Prince of—Pimlico!"—yes, George; "Disloyalty, again," said you; "this name must be changed."—Well; returning to H.'s pieces, just another instance from them. The same Irishman comes before a magistrate, (not as an offender,) and the magistrate, in calling on him for an account of himself, jocosely observes, "Deserted from Captain Rock, I presume?"—to which Pat anxiously answers,—"No, in truth, then; I'll never deny there was

a trifle o' that same goin' on in the place, an' they war for swearin' me; but I never liked their night-walkin', from a boy up; an', 'case they might be angry, I left them all, an' came to where there's pace an' plenty, God bless your reverance, an' a fine harvest only for cuttin' it; so, there's the blessed truth, since your Honor put me on sayin' it out."

Every word of which, question and answer, you have angrily drawn your pen over. In the awful discharge of official duty, this, too, spoken in such a vein, by such persons, is disloyalty. Tell me quietly, George, is it to such a bungling and most absurd "comprehension" of "flat perjury" and "flat burglary," that literary gentlemen, and the enlightened many whom they write to amuse, are to knuckle down? Do you think it can long be tolerated, that, in such a view of right and wrong, of fit and unfit, of jest and earnest, you shall enjoy the unquestioned and unquestionable privilege of depriving honest people of the results of their talent or industry? Or do you think, while you run on at such a rate, there is one of those, for whose honour and glory you imagine yourself acting—I put out of the question your immediate master, the Lord Chamberlain, because his note to Mr. Shee had bad grammar in it, and at once decides his qualifications as a judge;—but do you suppose there is one grammarian among all the other lords and gentlemen you die to fascinate, who (although "the angels" may "weep") does not laugh heartily and contemptuously at your "tricks before high heaven?" But more of this before I conclude:—now to pass from your loyalty to your morality.

Your Licenser's Act, you say, empowers you to strike from every new play that comes before you, the most holy name. This is no place to transcribe a long-winded Act of Parliament, but I join issue with you on the following point; I assert (disprove it if you can) that the spirit and aim of the bill only go to control the irreverent and wanton use of that name; to hinder it from being invoked lightly, or in passion; from being sworn by, or rashly imprecated. And so far the bill is right, and you are right, and all sensible men think you are right. But all sensible men also think, that, in some instances, the name may be properly and beautifully uttered on the stage; and in others, harmlessly. You know I could cite, from Shakspeare alone, a score illustrations of the first case; one, however, will fully explain my meaning.

"The quality of mercy is not strain'd,"—&c.
"It is an attribute of *God Himself!*"

Here,—recollecting the situation, with which all are familiar, and the sermon-like form in which the whole of the fine speech is delivered,—here, surely, the occurrence of the name is not impious: the effect always produced by it, is deeply impressive, deeply religious; and unless you have so entirely embraced the raving bigotry of your new religious friends as to deny to the stage all power of conveying to the heart good, nay, pious feelings, most certainly, George, you could not, if the speech came before you, in a new play, destroy altogether its climax and effect, by erasing the name. Yet, look at an erasure of it, under your hand, in one of poor H.'s unpretending dramas. A simple country girl, come up with her sister to London, after suffering ill-treatment from certain persons, meets others who offer her assistance; her necessities urge her to accept, her dread of renewed injury to decline

the offer, and in this struggle of feeling she exclaims—"Give my little sister shelter, and you will be rewarded—our family—*God* will reward you!"—and here you zealously strike out the word, thereby effectually blunting, in delivery, the point and force of the passage, and so far injuring the author; and for what reason? Is the name here used irreverently, or lightly? Is it an imprecation or a wantonness? George, is this twaddle, or is it not?

Again; the name may be harmlessly used; as, for example, in Shakspeare, too; during the pathetic description of Richard the Second's entry into York, it is said

"None cried, *God bless him!*"

This union of the word to other words, merely for the purpose of preserving the simple yet forcible phrase, is assuredly innocent; yet, in the same drama by H., where the persecuted Irishman, before spoken of, comes up to two strangers, in the street, with his "*God save yez*, kindly"—out goes the word again. Why, man, after this, "*God save*—the King," is either an immorality or a treason, or both.

But if your Licenser's bill gives you power (denied) to blot that name "wherever" you find it, whence do you derive your warrant for striking out words and phrases, absolutely substituted to avoid the too frequent occurrence of the very name? You dash your pen over "Power omnipotent!" &c. in H.'s pieces; and where find you an act of parliament for that? And do you remember expressions you have since allowed to take place of those? Do you remember them?—One is—"oh heaven!"—and in another place, where a man in a passion swears "by *Him* that is to judge between us!" you reject "*Him*," and afterwards permit "by *heaven*!" Pray, Georgy, if the first was immorality, is the second moral? What do you mean, or what do you flatter yourself you mean, by this—consistency?

But, abandoning many other illustrations of this particular feature of your morality, let me follow you into more open ground, where (a fico for the act!) you are moral by wholesale. Listen. A silly, superstitious valet, conceiving that his master is a wizard, or some such thing, says of him, in soliloquy—"He shall repeat a prayer with me, to-night, which no devil dares, or I'll meet my death for not knowing my catechism." And this blasphemous sentence you dash out. A few scenes on, the servant is found on his knees by his master, who remarks—"I did not think you so godly,"—to which is answered—"A sinner, but I believe and fear;"—and all this, blasphemy again, you again dash out: and in the progress of the play, where the same servant, carrying into effect his first determination with the same master, says to him—"I did not say my prayers last night, master;"—the master replying—"What then, idiot?"—and the other rejoining—"I would say them now, therefore; aloud; and if you love me, join;"—every word of the shocking impiety here quoted, you also, in a fine, religious frenzy, exterminate. To continue a little. A ruffianly soldier who has inflicted wrong upon two defenceless girls, feels a twitch of conscience, and says, in the idiom of character and of nature—"'Tis a *damned* unhandsome trick I have played those girls;" and away goes, as a piece of horrid profligacy—"*damned*:"—his comrade says, in a different scene—"*damn* coachee," and away with the word here, too. But

of all creatures that have come under your pen, the poor Irishman is, over and over, a branded disloyalist and profligate. While urging a suit to a superior, he exclaims, according to the *patois* of his country—"Do, my lard; an' may you have a long life, a happy death, an'—— a *favourable judgement*;"—and the manifest wickedness of the last member of the sentence, feels your chastening hand. Afterwards, while expressing his abhorrence of any one who could commit a certain act of treachery, he says—"Musha, my curse, an' the curse o' Saint Patrick, an' their own mother's curse on their heads!"—and how, George, do you manage this sentence? how, in the glorious name of nonsense? You allow "the curse o' Saint Patrick" to stand; but the curse of the living Paddy himself, and of his venerable mother, you seriously and decidedly object to—out they go. Distinguish for us, will you? Explain; deliver; be particular, "Oh thou particular fellow!"

But if any thing be wanted to fill up the huge and yet overflowing measure of your inscrutable absurdity, it is two illustrations more, which I have gathered from other authors (not H.'s) who have also been lately before you. "I'm like a goblin damned!" says a merry fellow, in a light piece, quoting from the well-known passage in Hamlet; yet you—put—the—expression—out! and in another case where a man exclaims "Oh, holy virgin!"—out with it too! I can only repeat, in spite of you,—Oh, holy virgin!

And all this is morality. George! George!—it cannot be your doing. I'll never believe it. You submitted the MSS. at a love-feast of old women, male and female, and the erasures are theirs, not yours. Nothing else saves you from my direct laughter and scorn, or can save you from that of the world, if, unfortunately for you, these snuffling efforts to keep your place and save your soul, ever meet the world's eye. An inordinate fear of the devil, working on a mind reduced to the last gasp of imbecility, could alone originate such a ludicrous, yet injurious abuse of paltry power; if, indeed, the still meaner vanity of feeling one's self unexpectedly in a situation to do harm, has not, still working on the same kind of mind, assisted the process.

Again and again, I cry out, what do you mean? With the sentiments I know you have, and with those you ought to have, answer me! I do not want to build on your past literary life any thing against your present niceties (though, if worth the while, what a silencing battery might on that ground be raised!); it is reasonable for you to argue that we must not hinder from at last making all others moral, the man who, even till "his hair was silvered," did his little best the other way; I shall not open your plays, and array against you endless instances of the very freedoms—if freedoms they be—which, before you grew an Examiner, you took with the stage, and now, open-mouthed, prohibit; much less am I inclined to quote from your other literary works, passages that would soil my paper, and that no gentleman could read to sister, wife, or daughter; I always admired your being appointed licenser; indeed, under favour of the old proverb—"Set a thief to catch a thief," have we not both fattened on our laugh at the conceit?—so, let all that pass:—but I wonder, and in my wonder will I die, how, with your candid opinions of your own past courses, you cannot afford to be a little more charitable to those who sin not within a thousand degrees of your sin, *if*, as I before premised, they sin at all; and next I

am astounded that, by calling back the days when the results, of which you now so bravely and preposterously deprive others, were to your proper flesh and blood desirable,—when you stood in the place of H. an aspirant for dramatic name, and nothing else—I am astounded, I say, that a chance-recollection of this kind does not help to make you more merciful.

Zounds, man! before you set up your little mud-coloured chaise (which, by the way, unless you take my last advice as to new-painting, &c. you had better chip up for winter-fuel), drawn by the two black animals that mutely proclaim their skill in trailing over the *pavé*, corpses, rather than living men, as if they had been purchased of an undertaker; ere this—and ere, along with your regular official salary, you had two hard guineas from the poor managers for every piece you damned; before all this happened, how would you like to have found in your present situation, and in the insane or inexplicable abuse of an unconstitutional power, some drivelling old fellow, ready to suppress or hash up your immortal pieces, just as you now suppress or hash up the pieces of a new generation? Does this natural question never occur to you?

I have called your place an unconstitutional one, and, in appeal to the whole and entire frame of the constitution, I hold fast by my word. There is no second to it throughout all the places and offices of the state; there is nothing to balance it, or agree with it. I say, George, in more distinct words, there is no other office or officer, that, without *trial by jury*, or some such resource, presumes to sit in individual judgment upon the political or moral sentiments of any man, no matter how expressed, and by a single, private word, to censure him, hold him up as a person to be avoided by those who are disposed to serve him, take character from his claims, and the very money out of his pocket. In England in the public criminal tribunals men have their fair trials before God and their country; but Shee and H. were tried, sentenced, executed, and cut up by your tremendous self, alone. Your place, then, and the act which creates it, are a solitary excrescence on the otherwise healthy and beautiful frame of the constitution; as richly deserving to be lopped off, as, in all conscience, the edict for burning old women, which was repealed only so late as 1822. And should not this view of the matter, in which I know you agree, exact, even from your policy (if you are not altogether infatuated), an additional reason for pursuing a more quiet course? In the name of the loaves and fishes, why should you wantonly compel to a close and philosophical analysis of the nature of your office, the eyes of a great and enlightened country and administration, whose ancestors have toiled hard and bled profusely, to give them a charter undisfigured with any such blemish? Depend upon it, George, the time is not far off when that blemish will be removed. I sincerely hope you and I may not live to see it; it will gladden my heart to behold your rubicund countenance and little globular person bask, to the hour of your death, in the sunny light of office and pay; but the people, the senate, the cabinet, and the monarch who live in, legislate for, and govern a free state, cannot much longer consent to an enslaved drama; free representation in Parliament, take my word for it, George, is friendly to free representation on the stage; and those who have allowed to poor debtors the benefit of their one act, will not refuse to poor authors the benefit of their five acts, also.

C. P.

THE BENDED BOW.

It is supposed that War was anciently proclaimed in Britain, by sending messengers in different directions through the land, each bearing a *bent bow*, and that Peace was in like manner announced by a bow unstrung, and therefore straight.

See Cambrian Antiquities.

THERE was heard the sound of a coming foe,
There was sent through Britain a bended bow,
And a voice was pour'd on the free winds far,
As the land rose up at the sign of war.

"Heard ye not the battle-horn?
—Reaper! leave thy golden corn!
Leave it for the birds of Heaven,
Swords must flash, and shields be riven!
Leave it for the winds to shed—
Arm! ere Britain's turf grow red!"

And the reaper arm'd, like a freeman's son,
And the bended bow and the voice pass'd on.

"Hunter! leave the mountain-chase,
Take the falchion from its place!
Let the wolf go free to-day,
Leave him for a nobler prey!
Let the deer ungall'd sweep by—
Arm thee! Britain's foes are nigh!"

And the hunter arm'd ere his chase was done,
And the bended bow and the voice pass'd on.

"Chieftain! quit the joyous feast!
Stay not till the song hath ceased.
Though the mead be foaming bright,
Though the fires give ruddy light,
Leave the hearth, and leave the hall—
Arm thee! Britain's foes must fall."

And the chieftain arm'd, and the horn was blown,
And the bended bow and the voice pass'd on.

"Prince! thy father's deeds are told,
In the bower and in the hold!
Where the goatherd's lay is sung,
Where the minstrel's harp is strung!
—Foes are on thy native sea—
Give our bards a tale of thee!"

And the prince came arm'd, like a leader's son,
And the bended bow and the voice pass'd on.

"Mother! stay thou not thy boy!
He must learn the battle's joy.
Sister! bring the sword and spear,
Give thy brother words of cheer!
Maiden! bid thy lover part,
Britain calls the strong in heart!"

And the bended bow and the voice pass'd on,
And the bards made song for a battle won.

F. H.

GRIMM'S GHOST.

LETTER XXI.

Society for the Propagation of Gentility.

This society held its first anniversary dinner at the Albion tavern in Aldersgate-street, on Wednesday last. It is the laudable object of this Institution to rescue from vulgarity the inhabitants of the eastern parts of the metropolis: and when we consider the thousands of living beings who haunt the Royal Exchange, and who in their eagerness to turn a penny, are too apt to drill holes in their manners, the utility of an Establishment like the present must be obvious to the eyes of blindness itself. The gallery was filled with elegantly dressed ladies, and the waiters spoke French. The dinner consisted of every delicacy in and out of season, and would have been unexceptionable if it had not been for the appearance of some roast-beef and plum-pudding at the lower end of one of the tables. Several stock-brokers, who sat near those obnoxious articles, were seized with a faintness, which was only removed by the prompt substitution of a dish of *cotellettes aux concombres* and an *omelette soufflée.* One gentleman drank hock out of a white glass, and claret out of a green one, and was consequently desired to leave the room. An undertaker from Budge-row, during the singing of "Non nobis Domine," ejaculated "sed tuo," half a note too sharp; and an executor from Watling-street dropped his mourning-ring in his finger-glass. With the exception of the above accidents the dinner passed off with the most edifying decorum. The following toasts were then drunk.

"The King,—and may he never forget his German tailor in Cork street, Burlington-gardens!"

"The Duke of York, and the last new hussar uniform!"

"The Duke of Clarence, and success to the new ambassador's yacht!"

The noble chairman now rose, and begged the attention of the gentlemen present while he explained the meaning of the latter part of the last-delivered toast. It might not have occurred to every gentleman who heard him to do what he had himself recently done, namely, to visit in person the new ambassador's yacht then lying off Woolwich. Such a vessel, he was proud to say, was not to be matched in gentility by any vessel in his Majesty's navy. Cleopatra sailed not down the Cydnus in half so elegant a bark *(applause)*. Cut-glass decanters, Sèvres china, Turkey carpets, or-molu inkstands, chintz hangings, graced every part of this truly genteel establishment. The rude rope that communicates between the tiller and the rudder was cased in a mahogany coating, and he had actually seen Burke on the "Sublime and Beautiful" in a port-hole. The sailors, a race of men who called in a peculiar manner for the fostering aid of this establishment, were, on board the new ambassador's yacht, what sailors should be, perfect gentlemen. In such a vessel so manned and so decorated, if any thing unpleasant should happen in the Atlantic, an ambassador would have the satisfaction of going to the bottom like a gentleman. One little anecdote he could not but communicate. It has hitherto been the heathen custom with sailors, when they want the aid of any of their brethren, to exclaim,

with a corresponding hitch of their trowsers, "Lend a hand, ye lubbers!" In lieu of this ungenteel salutation, he, the chairman, heard a remarkably modest well-dressed sailor on board the yacht in question, with a polite bow thus accost his brethren :—" Gentlemen, may I request your co-operation?" (*great applause.*)

Song from Miss Povey in the gallery, "Hail Politeness, Power divine!"

Silence was then requested while the secretary read the report of the committee.

The committee commenced their report by drawing a parallel between London in its present state and as it existed fifty years ago. Gentility, at the period last mentioned, was confined to a few streets and squares westward, while all the rest of the metropolis was devoted to vulgarity. Since that period Bedford-square had shewn to an astonished aristocracy that traders could be as genteel as viscounts. (*Applause.*) In this square was first set that glorious example, since so well followed by more recent edifices, that human nature could not exist without two drawing-rooms communicating by folding-doors. Young children might require nurseries, and grown ones school-rooms: the father of a family might want his library, and the mother of it her store-room. But what, continued the report, are wants like these compared with the want of routs? (*Applause.*) Upon this plan, therefore, was every new house erected, from the massy structures in Connaught-place to their humble brethren in Coram-street; and Vitruvius forbid that they should ever be erected upon any other principle! If the time should ever arrive when utility should shoulder the hod and convenience handle the trowel, farewell to fashion, and good-b'ye to the Society for the Propagation of Gentility. (The Secretary at this period of the report drank a tumbler of champagne and water, and then resumed his labours.) The report next adverted to the Propagation of Gentility in Euston-square and other environs of Gower-street, and proceeded to set forth a letter addressed, by a widow lady residing in the lastmentioned street, to the Secretary, covering two notices which the writer alleged herself to have received from neighbours and tenants, expressive of the intention of the parties to quit their residences at Michaelmas-day then next ensuing. The two writers, who appeared to be of the softer sex, intimated no feeling of hostility as inducing them to take that step. They both of them ascribed it to an article which had appeared in a respectable monthly publication, entitled "Every-day People," in which it is insinuated that Gower-street is apt to be tenanted by persons of that stamp. (*Murmurs.*) The writers alleged that in transplanting themselves to Gower-street, the one from Hatton-garden and the other from the Crescent in the Minories, they were actuated by the laudable motive of being genteel and something out of the common way: but, finding from the article in question, that those objects were not to be attained, or if attained, not prolonged in their present residences, they had resolved upon moving a little more westward, namely, to Alfred-place and Howland-street.

A gentleman in a genteel suit of black, at the middle table, here interrupted the secretary, and begged to know whether the houses in Gower-street possessed verandahs to the windows of the first floor.

One of the committee, in answer, regretted to be obliged to confess that, so far from this being the case, only one mansion, tenanted, he believed, by Mr. John Bannister, even possessed a balcony. He added, however, that since the publication of the pasquinade, to which allusion had been made, the inhabitants had generally determined upon the adoption of verandahs. It had also been resolved to break the king's peace a little later at night, by a more prolonged system of routing and quadrilling. The sons of three resident householders had determined to indulge the natives with an occasional *lark* at half past two in the morning: the daughters of seven other proprietors were learning to march, and taking lessons on the kettledrum: Mr. MacAdam was contracting to mud them and dust them in the latest fashion; and the wives of the tenants in general had come to a resolution of giving no balls without requiring the parties to appear in fancy dresses. This conversion of young policy-brokers, Blackwell-hall factors, proctors, attornies, and clergymen in deacons orders, into Turks, pilgrims, kings of Prussia, Swiss peasants, and Spanish banditti, it was hoped and trusted, would in process of time enable the inhabitants no longer to groan under the appellation of "Every-day People."—The gentleman in the genteel suit of black expressed himself satisfied.

Song, Mr. Fitzwilliam—"Oh what a town! what a wonderful metropolis!"

The chairman now begged, before the continuation of the reading of the report, to propose a toast. He had to draw the attention of the meeting to the memory of a departed nobleman, whom mankind in general, and this society in particular, were bound to reverence. But for him and his "Letters to his Son," where would our feet have been at this moment? Not turned out, but protruded forward in parallel lines, like those of a porter bending under the weight of two firkins of butter. Where would our finger-nails have been? Not rounded in sightly semicircles, but lengthened *ad infinitum*, like those of the poor benighted Brahmin, who makes nine million of bows in one year to the blazing mid-day sun. He therefore begged to propose as a toast, "The immortal memory of Philip Dormer, Earl of Chesterfield." This toast was drunk in solemn silence, and with empty glasses.

The meeting was at this period thrown into a temporary confusion, owing to a dispute between two gentlemen who sat near the middle of the centre table. One of the gentlemen taxed the other with having been helped twice to soup, which his adversary retorted with a charge of having called for table-beer after his cheese. Both charges were verified by the testimony of one of the stewards. The gentlemen apologized for having committed two acts so flagrantly opposite to the rules of the Society for the Propagation of Gentility; and harmony was restored.

The report next adverted to the object which the Society had more particularly in view, namely, the propagation of gentility eastward. "And here," said that document, "your committee, amid occasional causes for despondence, have much motive for continuing their labours. Gentility is greatly on the increase in Moorfields: a rout has been given in Cross-street, Finsbury: Stepney Fields are white for the harvest: a harp has been heard to vibrate in Crutched Friars: a footman in a white livery has been seen to deliver a card of condolence in

Seething-lane: a book-club has sprung up in Trinity-square, and the dinner-hour in the Minories is half-past six for seven. (*Great applause.*) Your committee have further to report, that in individual instances the effect of their labours is beginning to be gloriously apparent: two cutlers' apprentices were seen by the secretary to accost each other at an accidental rencontre in Aldgate on the Saturday preceding. These very individuals, who six months ago would have seized each other's hands, and worked away as if they were pumping for dear life on board the Bellerophon, now satisfied themselves with a slight touch of the hat, a graceful drop of the chin and the eyelids, and a mutual soft exclamation, in which the usual health-inquiry was Mac-Adamized into "Addy do." Your committee takes leave to doubt whether the thing could have been better done at the corner of Park-lane, Piccadilly. The report concluded by expressing the hope of the committee, that the meeting would not relax in its persevering efforts to uphold the Society, exhausted as its funds were, by a pretty general distribution of brass spurs for bankers' clerks, agate necklaces for special pleaders' wives, Irish Melodies for copper smiths' daughters, French kid gloves for journeymen printers, and cockades for brewers' grooms. The subscription was liberal, and the company departed in cabriolets at an early hour, after bestowing a merited compliment upon Mr. Kay for the genteel untavernlike appearance of his establishment.

HOMER* ON THE BANKS OF THE SCAMANDER.

LONE stream! and is *this* all
Thy banks recall,
Of valour, glory, grief, and beauty gone?
Retains thy silver flood
No trace of tears or blood?
And towers thy Troy in Homer's dreams alone?

Are these the scenes deplored,
Where shield and sword
Bade the red field with splendid terrors burn?
Did e'er this sweet wind's breath
Waft the dread sounds of death,
Or charger's hoof the flowers of Xanthus† spurn?

Was it yon desert shore
That held of yore
A thousand keels, and shook with war's alarms?
Or, o'er yon summits‡ proud,
Pavilion'd round with cloud,
Did the lone Thunderer launch his burning arms?—

Alas! long years yon sun
His race has run,—
And glory's rainbows in Time's cloud expire;
Yet gleams of splendours gone
Still gild their misty throne—
Themes of the sage's thought, the minstrel's lyre.

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* The author has taken no notice of the vulgar opinion, that the poet, who had seen so much, could not see at all; finding it impossible to read the Iliad, and to believe that Homer was blind.

† Xanthus his name with those of heavenly birth,
But call'd Scamander by the sons of earth. *Pope's Iliad.*

‡ Mount Ida.

Oh, idly glorious wave,
Where once the brave
Slaked their last thirst, and swell'd the crimson tide—
Lo, one sole lingerer roves,
To gaze on Ida's groves,
And dream of Troy by Dardan Xanthus' side!

Can *he* behold in vain
Thy haunted plain,
Thy river, murmuring still of days no more—
Nor strike the lofty shell,
Their deeds and fates to tell
Who bled, or triumph'd, on Scamander's shore?

No! Would the torch of Fame
Might wake to flame
His harp, and fire his soul with awful joy,
Till on bright Helle's flood
Immortal navies rode,
And Ida smiled upon a deathless Troy!—

So let Song's children live—
Mid thoughts that give
All the rich sunshine back of clouded years—
And cull the purest blooms,
From this, their world of tombs,
To crown the bowl, whose wine so oft is tears!

Free, fair as Ida's streams,
Melodious dreams
Should o'er their hearts in sunny beauty roll,
And lave their lives from all
That spreads a mournful pall
O'er the cold world, and o'er its votary's soul.

How rich the Minstrel's dower,
Were *his* the power
To bid for ever live the faded name—
To light his song sublime
By the dim waves of time,
Till farthest years roll'd brightening in his fame!

Such be the wanderer's lot,
Who, lone, forgot,
Strikes his loved lyre beside a stranger wave!
Not—oh not all in vain,
Be pour'd the enthusiast strain,
Which breathes his deep hope of a glorious grave!

Spirits of Song! O fire
His heart and lyre,—
To him the far and phantom Past unfold,—
Till bright o'er Lethe's tide
The Star of Glory ride,
And tinge its dark waves with prophetic gold!

Then, though this frame be clay,
Yet o'er my lay
Ages may pass, revering nations burn;—
Green Ida's floods may be
Immortal tears for me,
And even green Ida's self her Minstrel's urn!

J.

BRITISH GALLERIES OF ART.—NO. XIV.

The British Museum.—Part 2.

We have now to take a glance at that part of the collection of antique sculpture which consists of fragments alone. And first of the Egyptian ones.

The wonders which modern discovery has placed before us, in connexion with the arts of Egypt, exercise an almost painful and oppressive effect on the imagination, when we permit it to be directed fully and exclusively towards them. They aggrandise, to a vast extent, our notions of the physical power of the race of beings to which we belong, without in a proportionate degree—or indeed without in any degree—elevating our conception of the intellectual power which is allied to it. It is unquestionable that, since the authentic annals of the world, no human means could have produced the temples, tombs, statues, &c. in the presence of the merest fragments of which, as they exist in this collection, we cannot stand, without a feeling of awe-stricken amazement. What I mean is, not that the *art* of constructing them is lost, if we had the necessary materials; but that no single *will* could now so influence and direct the wills of others, as to achieve the works in question. And yet who shall deny that, in point of *knowledge*, the present day surpasses that of any other which has preceded it?—What becomes of the maxim, then, that "knowledge is power?" Leaving this question for the philosopher to solve, let us examine a few of these evidences of the past existence of a power which nothing but a new deluge can ever restore to the world—if we should not rather say, inflict upon it.—It may be worth while, however, first to say a few words on the characteristics of Egyptian sculpture in general, as distinguished from all other, and particularly from Greek and Roman, and the modern imitations of these.—As compared with the above-named, the character of Egyptian sculpture would generally be called *rude*. But I cannot think that this epithet is applicable to it; because I conceive that the effect which it produces upon the spectator is exactly that which it was *intended* to produce. I do not conceive that the sculptured objects we meet with in and about Egyptian temples were in any case intended to represent merely human beings; or that, in fact, they were intended to represent any natural beings whatever, in their natural state. The astonishing skill exhibited by the Egyptians in almost every art at present known among us, forbids the supposition that, if their object had been to present us with mere imitations of what they saw about them, they could not have succeeded better than they have done. They had, in fact, too little reverence and respect for themselves to think of perpetuating their mere outward and visible forms. They had high abstract notions of their *power*, as a race of people; and well they might—considering the stupendous evidences of that power which were constantly before their eyes! But they had but little respect for each other, or for themselves, individually; especially when thought of in connexion with those objects to which they paid worship and adoration. Was it likely, then, that they should one day be setting up a statue dedicated to one of their deities, and the next day to one of themselves?—It is only in a state of society verging towards over-refinement, that men set up graven images to one another.

—In conformity with this view, I conceive that no Egyptian sculpture is to be judged of with a direct reference to the human form in its natural state, or to be considered good or bad in proportion as it assimilates to or departs from the best models of that form. On the contrary, there is a *shadowy* character about it, added to a total absence of any thing like *perspective* (if the word may be so used) which seem to indicate that the forms, of whatever class, which it represents, were imaginative ones entirely;—that they were founded in something which the designer had actually seen; but that they were not intended to represent, or even to remind the spectator of any thing real.—The forms of Egyptian sculpture are, in their general character, like those which we see in feverish dreams, and which haunt us in that nervous affection called the *nightmare*; and these are obviously founded on something that we have previously seen, though they are more unlike any thing belonging to the real world than we could possibly *imagine* in our waking hours. In a word, Egyptian sculpture, properly so called, like the annals of the country which produced it, and the associations which we are accustomed to connect with those annals and that country, more resembles "a phantasma and a dream," than a reality. In Egypt, sculpture was *not* an "imitative art."

It would probably be difficult, even in Egypt itself, to find collected in one point of view, so many and such fine illustrations of the above remarks, as are to be seen in the room of the British Museum marked No. 9.—I have said that Egyptian sculpture has a *shadowy* character belonging to it. What I mean will perhaps be better understood by examining the fragment of stone which stands on the left hand immediately as you enter this room. (It has no number—being one of the new acquisitions.)—It consists of a solid block of granite, from the surface of which projects a company of figures linked together hand in hand, as if engaged in dancing. Now, though there is a total want of *expression* in these figures—a uniform smoothness of surface—which precludes all appearance of life or action—yet the workmanship cannot be called rude. In fact, the figures lie upon the surface, not like imitations of any thing real, but like shadows. There is nothing distinct about them—nothing made out. There is no detail. They are all like each other, too; and like nothing else. "There is no speculation in them." In a word, the huge block of stone before us is scarcely at all changed in its character by the sculptures that are upon it. It is not a piece of sculpture, but a piece of stone.—Now it is not improbable that this effect is what was intended to be produced. In Egypt sculpture was an art devoted exclusively to religious purposes; and in this instance the desired impression seems to have been that of shadowy forms, passing by us as if in a dream;—scarcely seen, and not to be remembered as visible objects; but only to be felt, as we feel the impression of a dream long after we have forgotten all the detail of its forms and circumstances.

Turning from the above-named object, to the beautiful head of the younger Memnon (so called)—(No. 11.) we shall find that a somewhat similar character prevails even in this, with all its high finish, and notwithstanding its enormous size. Nothing can be more beautifully executed, in point of mere workmanship, than the face of this noble fragment; but there is no life in it—no character—no expression. It is like a

beautiful mask. There cannot be a more striking evidence than is here afforded, that mere *features* do not make up a human face, however (what is called) *regular* and perfect they may be. We do not feel the least degree of human sympathy with this face; because there is nothing individualized about it. The impression is therefore merely shadowy—like that of an outline. And surely, supposing this figure to have represented a Deity, this want of individualized expression is more appropriately expressive than any thing else can be. The Jupiters and Apollos, the Minervas and Venuses, even of the Greeks, were actual likenesses of individual men and women that most of us may have seen in the course of our lives. But no one ever saw a likeness of this Memnon, any more than they did the Deity himself.—This magnificent fragment formed part of a colossal statue which stood in front of the great temple at Thebes, called the Memnonium. It is mentioned in the Synopsis as having been presented to the Museum by Mr. Salt and the late Mr. Burckhardt. But is it by an oversight, or an *intentional* omission, that the name of Belzoni is not in any way connected with it?—This is the object the acquirement of which for this country would have alone immortalized that extraordinary man, if there had been nothing else to do so. And though it is true that the actual *money* expended on the undertaking, of bringing it from Thebes to Alexandria, was paid by Messrs. Salt and Burckhardt, yet the time, trouble, and skill (which were undoubtedly of much more value) were all supplied by Belzoni. Nay—it is expressly stated by Mr. Burckhardt, in a MS. letter quoted in the Quarterly Review, that he particularly wished Mr. Belzoni's name to be mentioned in connexion with this curious relic "because" (adds he) "he was actuated by public spirit fully as much as ourselves *."

Opposite to the beautiful head of Memnon just described, is placed another head, of nearly equal dimensions, and but little inferior in beauty of workmanship. This also possesses the same characteristic want of character. It is, in fact, a block of granite cut into the representation of a *human* face, but without any individual expression whatever; and even without any sexual expression. It has a *national* character; but nothing more. Perhaps nothing that has been seen in this country, or even in Egypt itself, is calculated to convey a more true and at the same time favourable impression of Egyptian art, than this beautiful fragment: for the workmanship of it is exquisite—there is enough preserved entire to enable us to judge of the whole statue almost as well as if it stood before us—and as to the state of what is preserved, it is as fresh and perfect as on the day the sculptor's hand quitted it,—the stone of which it is composed being indestructible, except by force or fire.—There is no number to this object, nor any ac-

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* It may be worth while to correct an error into which the Quarterly Reviewer of Belzoni's book seems to have fallen, on this point. He says, "We regret to perceive any feeling of irritation on a matter which appears to us of no importance, and on a point, too, wherein the merit of our author has never been called in question. *The name of Belzoni alone is coupled with the bust of Memnon in the Museum; and this, we should think, ought to satisfy him.*"—*Qua. Rev. v.* 24. *p.* 144.

Now the fact is, that, in the Synopsis of the Museum, the object in question is described as "presented, in 1817, by Henry Salt, Esq. and the late Louis Burckhardt, Esq."—without a word of Belzoni!

count of it in the Synopsis; but if we mistake not, it was discovered by Belzoni about six or seven years ago, at Thebes; and was then considered to represent Orus. The head wears a lofty mitre-like cap; and the dimensions of it are ten feet from the neck to the extremity of the cap.—Behind this head lies a granite arm belonging to the same statue.

The next objects which claim attention in this room are two sarcophagi; one composed of a beautiful green *breccia*, and entirely covered with hieroglyphics, within and without; and the other of black granite, ornamented in a similar manner. The first of these (No. 5) which was brought from the mosque of St. Athanasius, at Alexandria, is that on which the late Dr. Clarke has written a most learned, ingenious and entertaining dissertation, tending to prove (and really with very considerable shew of probability) that it was actually the tomb in which the body of Alexander the Great was buried.

We must now quit this department of the Museum, and betake ourselves to the last and noblest portion of it—that containing the marbles from Phigalia, and from the Parthenon. On entering these rooms, (numbered 14 and 15), I feel at once that any thing like general reflections must be avoided. To say nothing of my plan precluding the necessity of these, the Elgin marbles have been spoken of in general terms by nearly all the most accomplished practical as well as theoretical authorities of the day, and nothing adequate to their claims has been said of them yet. I am therefore not disposed to add one to the number of the failures. But besides this, I very much doubt whether any thing *can* be said of them, that shall either increase the impression they are calculated to convey to those who are susceptible of that impression, or *create* any impression in regard to them which they cannot create for themselves. I shall therefore merely place the reader before the most striking and remarkable of these objects, and then let them as it were speak for themselves:—for it is as objects of immediate *sight* that these fragments are chiefly valuable; and those reflections and sentiments which they do not call forth from any given spectator at the moment of seeing them, they cannot be made to call forth at all by any adventitious means. It is true there are some noble and inspiring associations connected with them, which have little to do with their intrinsic merits. But it is of these latter that I am speaking; because it is on these that their chief, not to say their sole interest and value depend. If the sculptures from the Parthenon had possessed a less superlative degree of excellence than they do, it would have been a shame and a sacrilege to have brought them away from that hallowed spot. But as it is, all real lovers both of art and of antiquity must rejoice that they have been placed out of the reach of accident, and it may almost be said of Time:—for, being as they are the most perfect specimens of art in the world, England possesses in them a school of study that *may* lead to the production of something not absolutely unworthy of such models; while Athens is as rich in those associations which they, when there, did but assist in gathering around her, as she was before they were taken away: in short England is infinitely richer than before she possessed them, and Athens is no poorer than before she lost them.

The building at present containing the Elgin and Phigalian marbles is merely a temporary one. On descending the stairs which lead out of the principal gallery of sculpture, we find ourselves in a sort of anti-

room (No. 14) round the walls of which are ranged a most complete and interesting series of bas-reliefs, which formed two continuous pictures round the interior of the cella of a small temple, dedicated to Apollo Epicurius, and situated on an eminence near the ancient city of Phigalia, in Arcadia. The first eleven slabs represent a battle between the Centaurs and Lapithæ; and the remainder, one between the Greeks and Amazons. The different portions of these sculptures are by no means equal in merit, and none of them reach to the very highest pitch of excellence in the art; but on the other hand, every portion of them, even the least excellent, is instinct with spirit and vitality; and the whole produce an effect superior to any thing else of the kind that we possess, with the single exception of the sculptures from the Parthenon. Perhaps Nos. 5 and 6 may be pointed out as the best separate portions of the whole.—I must not forget to mention that these sculptures, and the temple to which they appertained, (fragmental specimens of the various parts of which will be found in this room) possess a peculiar source of interest, in the fact of our being authentically acquainted with the architect who raised the temple. Pausanias gives a particular description of this temple, and tells us that it was raised by Ictinus, the same architect who built the Parthenon itself.

This room should not be quitted by the visitor without his remarking a few other interesting objects which it contains. The most striking of these is undoubtedly the beautiful Caryatis, or architectural statue, (42) forming one of six which served as supports to the little Temple at Athens, called the Pandroseum. — From what has been said above, relative to the Elgin Marbles generally, it will be seen that I fully agree with those who look upon the outcry which was raised, on Lord Elgin bringing them away from their places, as mere folly, where it was not mere cant and affectation. But there is no denying that the arguments which defend and justify the proceeding generally, and in regard to *all* the objects from the Parthenon, in no degree apply to the statue before us. *That* was only in its true place where it stood, and there was no reason to fear that it would lose that place: for the Athenians themselves looked upon the whole six sisters with a kind of superstitious reverence. In fact, it evinced as little correctness of taste, as well as moral sentiment, to remove this particular statue from the spot where the hands of its sculptor had placed it, as I cannot help thinking it did in Dr. Clarke to remove the celebrated statue of Ceres (now at Cambridge) from *its* birth-place and home, amidst the mingled tears, entreaties, and prophetic execrations of the native peasants, who looked up to it as the chief object of their hopes and prayers.—The beautiful little temple from the façade of which this statue was torn, is, but for this unfortunate outrage, almost in a complete state. and if the present Greek government knows the true interests of the people and the country over which it presides, it will not think it an object beneath its consideration to take the first favourable opportunity of doing what it can to recover this lost treasure:—for a treasure it is in regard to the spot from whence it came, and to which it may emphatically be said to belong; whereas to us it is comparatively of little value—possessing, as we do, objects of a similar kind, but of a superior character of workmanship.

The only other objects that need be pointed out in this room, are some specimens of columns, capitals, &c. from some of the most celebrated temples of antiquity. What I would point out in particular, are those numbered from 44 to 47 inclusive.—The most remarkable of these is an exquisitely ornamented Ionic capital from the portico of the Erectheum—situated in the Acropolis of Athens. This is the temple which joins to, and forms a sort of moral as well as mechanical union with, that dedicated to Pandrosa, from which the Caryatis (42) was taken.

We now enter the fifteenth room, containing the marbles from the Parthenon—perhaps the most beautiful religious temple that ever was erected by human hands, and that ever will be; and also that which was most celebrated among the ancients themselves, and has been most talked of, visited, and written about, by the moderns.—Let us proceed at once to place ourselves before the noblest fragment which time and the Turks have left us of this exquisite ruin—for such, unhappily, the Parthenon has been for the last hundred and forty years; that is to say, since the explosion of a powder magazine, which took place in it during the siege of Athens by the Venetians, in the year 1687.—The fragment to which I allude is that of Theseus—as it is now pretty generally called (No. 71)—which occupied that triangular portion of the temple situated immediately above the entrance. This figure wants the hands and feet; and all the superficial part of the head and face has been destroyed by the effect of exposure to the weather. But, notwithstanding all this, I would ask the spectator to contemplate this statue from any point of view he pleases, and then to say if it is possible to stand before it, or even to think of it afterwards, without a sentiment of mingled surprise and delight, with which no other external object whatever is capable of inspiring him. There is an easy yet dignified elevation of character, which seems, as it were, to emanate from this noble work as a whole, added to an absolute truth, purity, and simplicity in all the various details, which perhaps does not belong to any other statue known to be in existence. And yet this, be it remembered, did but form one of an immense variety of figures, all executed with a corresponding, if not an absolutely *equal* degree of excellence, and all forming merely the *external* ornaments of a public building, and placed at a distance of between forty and fifty feet from the eyes of the spectator!—Of what then must have consisted the interior ornaments of the sacred places of such a temple?—I fear the answer to this question must go nigh to indicate that Art, at the era alluded to, was on the extreme verge from which it *must* descend when once it arrives there: for it cannot remain stationary at any point. The mere *skill* of the Greek sculptors at the period in question, was so fertile in its effects, and at the same time reached such absolute perfection, that *mere skill* was not sufficient to satisfy the appetites to which it was destined to administer. Accordingly, we find that the statue of the Goddess of the Parthenon, which was placed in the *interior* of the temple, was composed of *ivory* and *gold!*—From this period, the arts of Greece began to degenerate. And no wonder; for the taste which is not satisfied with absolute and intrinsic beauty of effect, unless it be allied to variety and costliness of material, is not a taste that can support art at the highest point of its perfection—that is to say, at the point where

it reaches, without passing beyond, the purity and truth of that nature on which it is founded.

Next in value and beauty to the Theseus is a figure, (No. 70) which about a hundred and fifty years ago occupied a portion of the western pediment, but had disappeared, and was considered to be entirely lost, until Lord Elgin recovered it by purchasing a house which had been built close to the spot, and digging where it was likely to have fallen. This figure is now considered to represent Ilissus, the god of the river of that name which formerly ran through the plain of Athens. The peculiar attitude of this figure, which is that of rising by a forcible action from the ground on which it is lying, prevents it from being so striking in its effect on the general spectator as the statue of Theseus. But perhaps this attitude adds to the value of the figure as a perfect achievement of art, because it increases, in a very great degree, the knowledge and skill required for that achievement. This figure is also more mutilated than its rival and companion. Nevertheless, with all the disadvantages under which it is seen, the Ilissus must be regarded as one of the most astonishing, if not the most striking and effective, works of art in existence. If the reader is scientifically versed in the construction of the human form, let him, if possible, make himself acquainted with the anatomical effect of the action in which this figure is engaged,—that of rising from the ground, while the whole weight of the body rests on one hand and arm; and then let him point out, if he can, a single error in the detail, from whatever point of view he may regard the figure.

Of the various other fragments of figures which occupied places in the two pediments, I must forego any detailed description, on account of the extremely imperfect state of their preservation. But I would recommend every one of them to the spectator's marked attention and admiration, if it were only on account of the noble draperies that enfold the greater part of them. But in fact, there is a certain air of simple and severe grandeur pervading these fragments, which nothing can deprive them of, so long as any marks of their maker's hand is left upon them. The two most striking of these fragments are, that of a group of two females immediately on the left, as you enter the room (No. 63); and another group of a similar description, on the right (No. 77). Both of these groups are magnificent in the highest degree. There is also another draped fragment which should be pointed out, on account of the extraordinary effect of motion which is given to it by means of the arrangement of the drapery. This figure is marked No. 74; and is said to represent Iris, the messenger of the deities, going on an errand connected with the story represented in the sculpture of the east pediment, from which it is taken.—The only other fragment that I shall mention from this department of the temple, is the Horse's Head, marked No. 68. This has always struck me as being, if not the most valuable, perhaps the most extraordinary object in this whole collection. However inferior it may be to some others in the intellectual power which it evinces, in mere *power of hand* it perhaps surpasses them all. There never before was such absolute vitality communicated to dead stone—such living and breathing fire struck out of such a piece of "cold obstruction."

We must now turn to the other departments of this sculpture; that which was introduced into the exterior frieze of this temple, above

the colonnade which surrounded it; and that which formed a continued sculptural picture in low relief, continuing all round the upper part of the wall which that colonnade immediately enclosed.—Of the metopes, or square slabs which were placed at equal distances along the frieze of the external entablature of the temple, there are fifteen specimens, ranged against the upper part of the wall on each side of the room. The whole of these are in an extremely imperfect state—so much so as to require a very careful and practised eye to discover their beauties. But though, from the surface being almost entirely gone, the mere *beauty* of them is greatly impaired; the *merit* which they include is perhaps almost as conspicuous as it was when they were in a perfect state. There is, in fact, not one of them that is not, even now, instinct with a spirit and truth which cannot be overlooked. No. 1 is extremely beautiful; the anatomical expression of Nos. 2, 6, and 7 are astonishingly fine; 9 is in the most perfect state of any, though not so fine as some others; 11 is highly animated and spirited, though the left leg of the centaur is bad; and the involved action of 14 is very striking. But perhaps one of the most remarkable qualities displayed in this portion of the sculpture of the Parthenon, was the wonderful invention which could produce ninety-two of these groups, each consisting of a single Centaur and a single Lapitha engaged in combat, and each group varying so entirely from all the rest, as to admit of all being placed on the same temple.

It only remains to speak of the sculptural frieze in low relief, which ran round the cella of the temple. Of this, there is a very considerable and valuable portion saved—no less than about fifty slabs, many of which are nearly in a perfect state, and offer unquestionably the most beautiful and valuable specimens in existence of this class of work. When the Louvre was in its glory, I remember to have seen there a single slab from this same frieze, which, though inferior to many in this collection, was then regarded as one of the most choice and valuable morçeaux of that unrivalled Gallery of Art. And certainly nothing can be more beautiful, with reference to their intended effect, than many parts of this frieze. There is a still and severe sweetness about them, added to a sort of shadowy and retiring effect, which is most delightful. And the general style of the design and composition is pure, and what must be called, for want of a better phrase, *classical*, in the highest degree. There can be little if any doubt, too, that the design was furnished by Phidias himself: which adds very greatly to their *extrinsic* value and interest at least

It may be worth while to take a glance at the details of what remains of this beautiful composition, as we pass before it from the left extremity on entering the room;—premising that it represents the procession in which *all* the Athenian people (hence called Panathenaic) joined once in every five years, in honour of Minerva, the goddess of the Parthenon.—The first two slabs, from 15 to 17, are very defective, and consist of draped female figures walking in procession towards a group, which seems to have been the central point of the whole, and towards which the procession moved from the right as well as the left. This group is said to consist of several of the celestial deities, and deified heroes. The attitude of one of them is *for a deity*, not a little remarkable. He is seated, with one of his knees elevated, and clasped between his inter-

woven fingers: one of those positions which idlesse "is very cunning in"—and which every one of us is in the habit of assuming spontaneously, and without ever having seen it assumed by others, though it is one which premeditation would never have taught us.—From 18 to 22, the draped figures, bearing offerings, &c. continue—but are in a very imperfect state. We now, from 23, all along the left side of the room, to 33—where the slab turns the corner—are presented with mounted horsemen, and charioteers. This part of the composition—from 25 to 30—is undoubtedly that which is most worthy of admiration—not only on account of its comparatively good state of preservation, but of the variety and elegance of the composition, and the astonishing life, spirit, and truth of the execution. From 25 to the end of this side of the room, the spirit and interest of the scene keep increasing; till at length there is scarcely an air or attitude which can be assumed by an accomplished horseman that we do not meet with. The whole, too, seem to crowd and press upon each other, with an effect of actual life and motion.—Just beyond the left angle, however, which occurs at this part of the room, there is a point in the picture which I cannot avoid noticing here; though it has already been mentioned, in a work which appeared a short time ago, entitled "Letters on England." I allude to the grossly defective execution of the fore legs of a horse which is introduced here. It seems to have been occasioned, either by some necessary alteration in the arrangement of this part of the composition, or more probably from the work having been for a moment intrusted to some inferior and incapable hand. At all events, it is highly curious and interesting, occurring as it does in the midst of objects which might almost seem to have demanded more than human skill to produce them.—At about No. 33, the composition turns the corner, on the same slab of marble; and then, during all the rest of its extent along the opposite side of the room, it is sadly injured and decayed; until towards the extreme end, where the sacrifices, &c. commence. Here, if anywhere, the execution is perhaps somewhat inferior. In conclusion, the reader may be assured, that in standing before the best parts of this frieze, (those, for instance, which occupy the left side of the room) he looks upon the most beautiful and perfect work of its kind now in existence.

SONNET.

How changed is Nature's aspect, late so gay!
  Spring danced along in beauty volatile,
  And Summer cheer'd us with her flowery smile,
But, transient like the rest, he pass'd away:
And Autumn came in harvest's rich array,
  And now is hush'd the joyous minstrelsy
  Of field and grove; save the lone redbreast,—he
Sits on the naked branch, trilling his lay
Plaintive and querulous, the sear leaf's dirge.
  It is a fearful time; the conquering blast
Riots in devastation, and doth urge
Tempestuous and wild his strong career,
  In cloudy chariot through the sky o'ercast,
Scattering the faded honours of the year.

SPECIMENS OF THE GERMAN BALLAD.—NO. I.

The ballad has nowhere been so completely naturalized as in Germany. The German ballads are not, like the most of our own, mere imitations of the rude songs and traditions of antiquity. They combine in a wonderful degree the polish and refinement peculiar to an advanced state of civilization with the simplicity and nature of the older fragments of popular tradition. Almost all the great poets of Germany have occasionally descended from the severer labours of more elaborate composition to the *delassement* of ballad-writing; and the consequence is that Germany is at this moment richer in this species of literature than all the rest of Europe (Spain excepted) put together.

We intend to present a few of these in an English dress, and shall begin with Goethe. This wonderful man, who has run through almost every department of science and literature, has displayed the same preeminence in the light and gay strains of the ballad, as in the magnificent creations of Faust and Tasso. Some of his ballads, such as Die Braut von Corinthus, are distinguished by a solemn supernatural effect; others, such as Die Spinnerinn, Der Müllerin Verrath, and Der Müllerinn Riche, by an exquisite archness and *naiveté*, and all of them by a captivating simplicity of language, which while it increases very much the effect of the original, presents a very formidable difficulty to the translator. That we have subjoined is versified nearly as literally as the differences of the language will permit.

THE FISHER.

From the German of Goethe.

THE water roll'd—the water swell'd,
  A fisher sat beside;
Calmly his patient watch he held
  Beside the freshening tide:
And while his patient watch he keeps,
  The parted waters rose,
And from the oozy ocean-deeps
  A water-maiden rose.

She spake to him, she sang to him—
  "Why lur'st thou so my brood,
With cunning art and cruel heart,
  From out their native flood?
Ah! couldst thou know, how here below
  Our peaceful lives glide o'er,
Thou 'dst leave thine earth and plunge beneath
  To seek our happier shore.

Bathes not the golden sun his face,—
  The moon too in the sea;
And rise they not from their resting-place
  More beautiful to see?
And lures thee not the clear deep heaven
  Within the waters blue,—
And thy form so fair, so mirror'd there
  In that eternal dew?"—

The water roll'd—the water swell'd,
  It reach'd his naked feet;
He felt as at his Love's approach
  His bounding bosom beat;
She spake to him, she sang to him,
  His short suspense is o'er;—
Half drew she him, half dropp'd he in,
  And sank to rise no more.

G. M.

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ELEVENTH VOLUME.

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END OF THE ELEVENTH VOLUME.

ERRATA.

Page 191, line 34, for "fifth act," *read* "third act."
301, —— 7, — "bipes implumis," *read* "bipes implume."
423, —— last but one, for "keart," *read* "heart."
In Absenteeism, No I. page 483, Vol. X. last note but one, for "Irish robbers," *read* "Irish hoblers;" page 487, line 33, for "state," *read* "stale."

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